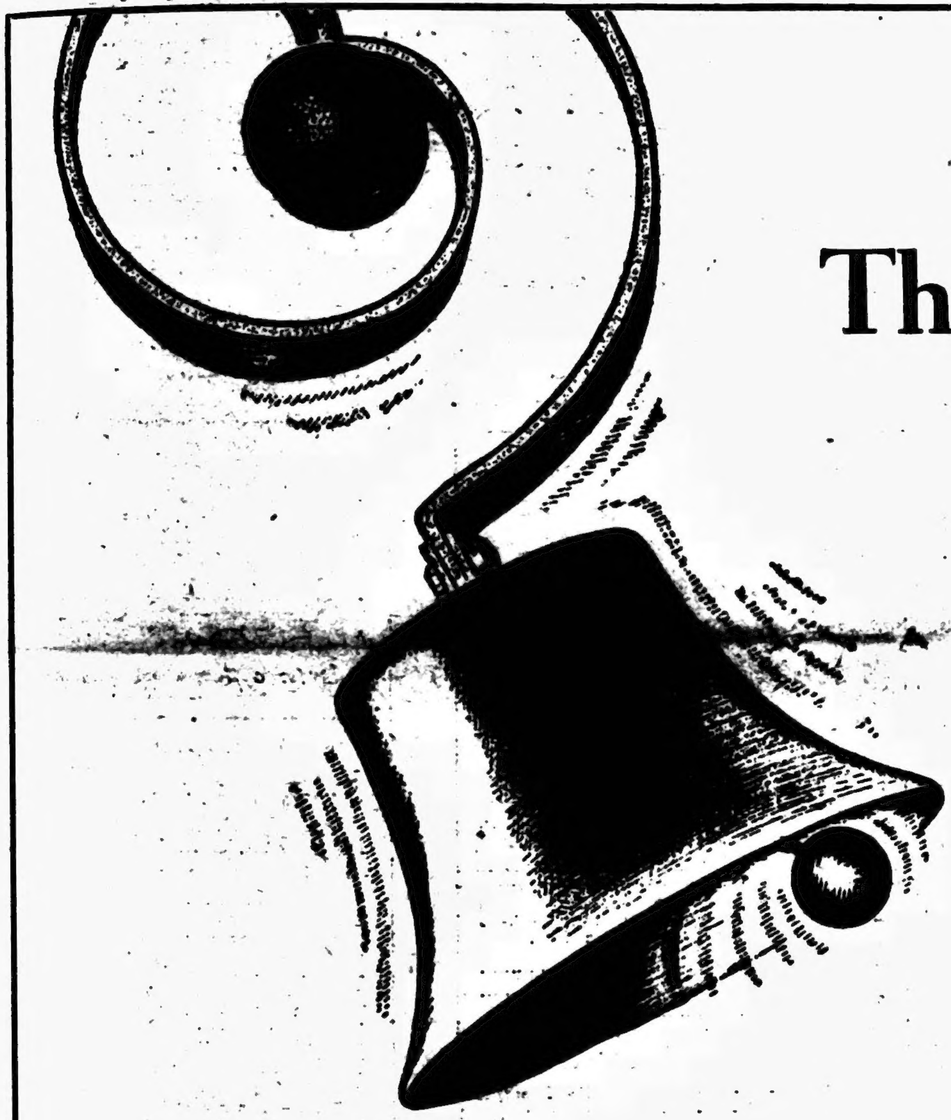
John Bull, April 1, 1933

TWOPENCE
Vol. LIII,
1398.

LAST DAYS TO WIN "BULLETS" BIGGEST SEE PAGES 42 AND 43

JOHN
BULL



That's the Guinness!

Once at least on Friday mornings the bell at "The Hollies" tinkles. It's the Guinness. The Brownes know the value to their health of a Guinness a day—and so they have given a standing order for Guinness to be delivered regularly every week. They enjoy a Guinness with their meals and it does them good. And if ever they cannot sleep, their doctor has advised them to take a Guinness just before going to bed.

A GUINNESS A DAY
IS GOOD FOR YOU

Order Half-a-dozen for the Home

G.E.326.C.

FOR SMALL TRADERS, SHOPKEEPERS.

YOU CAN MAKE MONEY. Cochrane & Sons help you to make money. Turkish Towels 3/11 doz. Ladies' Art. Silk Hose, 7/11 doz. Ladies' Apron Overalls, 4/11 doz. Gent's Wool Socks, 4/6 doz. Boys' Sports Hose, 4's to 8's, 4/9 doz. Quarter Dozens supplied. Good profits can be made. Come and see us or write for Free Catalogue.—Cochrane's Wholesale Warehouse, 1, Thomas St., Manchester.

PROFITABLE GOODS TO SELL in your spare time, every kind; good profits; 192-page Catalogue free. MAY (133), George St., Birmingham.

A BUSINESS of Your Own. Sell Hosiery, Drapery, etc. 50% profit; no risk. Catlg Free.—London Textiles, Ltd., Broadway Chambs., W.6.

FREE ILLUSTRATED LIST for dealers and Beginners for keen lines in Drapery, Hosiery, Haberdashery (wholesale only).—LEVY BROS., Dept. A., 39, Houndsditch, LONDON, E.C.3.

84-PAGE 1933 Wholesale Drapery Catalogue Post Free. Perfect and repeatable goods of Quality and Value. Keenest prices. All Depts. Ladies' Men's, Child's, Household, Boots and Shoes. Satis. gntd. Wholesale only to the trade. Myers & Co. (L. & H.) Ltd. 7 Trinity St., Leeds.

TRADERS, Marketmen, Beginners, etc. Sell our Drapery Remnants and build up a good business for yourselves. Cotton, Blankets, Wool Blankets, Towels, etc. Our new Catalogue sent free to all genuine traders. We help beginners. Send a postcard to R. Lonsdale & Son, Ltd., Dept. J.B., 59, Whitworth Street, Manchester.

"JOHN BULL'S SHOP WINDOW."
SEE PAGES 16 & 18.

AGENCIES, CLUBS.

TURN YOUR SPARE TIME
INTO CASH !!

A Genuine Offer to
John Bull readers.

There's extra money waiting for you through Messrs. Freeman's celebrated Spare Time Agency. Cash or credit trade in Boots, Gent's and Ladies' Clothing, Suits, Coats, Costumes and Underwear, Carpets, Lino, Drapery, Gramophones, Bicycles, Jewellery, Watches, Clocks, China, Toys, Baby Cars, etc. Largest stock in the Trade. Men in regular employment appointed agents on most generous terms. Absolutely no outlay. Liberal supply of samples and illustrated Catalogues.

Write NOW for particulars,
mentioning *John Bull*,
FREEMANS,
Lavender Hill, London.

BE £ £ £'S TO THE GOOD!! EARN EXTRA MONEY THE IDEAL WAY! GET JOHN NOBLE'S STUPENDOUS NEW CATALOGUE, JUST PUBLISHED! Truth in Advertising backed by Honesty in Service. ORGANISERS WANTED FOR THE IDEAL CLUB. Big commission, little trouble, no expense. Super-Bargains! Over 60 years' reputation for value and service. SEND P.C. NOW for 396-page wonder catlg. and partics. Never has so convincing a catalogue been available to club organisers . . . never has one offered grander bargains to club members! POST TO-DAY!—JOHN NOBLE, LTD. (Dept. A.7), M'CHESTER.

50/- BONUS and Commission paid on 1/- weekly Clubs. Commission paid weekly. Send P.C. for partics. and catalogue 208 pages all classes of goods.—Britannic Household Supply Co.,Ltd. (Dept. 93),Cheetwood Rd.,Manchester,8.

A STEADY INCOME ASSURED Sell Empire Teas. Unique offer. — Write, SEALON TEA CO., 71, Milton Street, LONDON, E.C.2.

LIVE AGENTS WANTED. Six exceptional lines. Big profits. One agent per town. SEND NOW for samples, terms and folder.—CYNOSIA SOAP CO., HYDE, CHESHIRE.

AGENTS, Either Sex. Readers are invited by one of the largest Mail Order Houses in Great Britain to write for particulars of their AGENCIES, which are being established everywhere. NO CAPITAL OR OUTLAY REQUIRED, and regular incomes of £7 to £10 monthly earned by numerous Agents. A splendid opportunity to make your spare time profitable.—Address: I. A. J.B. Dept., Ambrose Wilson, Ltd., 60, Vauxhall Bridge Road, London, S.W.1.

A GOOD Living.—Agents wanted to sell Fish direct from Trawlers, commission basis; references required.—Parsons, Billingsgate, Hull.

KNITTING WOOLS. — Spare-time Agents Wanted. Increase your present income easily. No hard work. A p.c. will bring you full particulars.—WRITE: BLUE PETER HOSIERY CO. (A.J.), 112, Thornton Road, Bradford.

A REAL CHANCE to earn a good income. Buy Trufit Hosiery to sell again. £2-£5 weekly can easily be made.—Write for free Bargain Catalogue, TRUFIT HOSIERY CO., Textile Exchange Bldgs., LONDON, E.C.4.

There are Money-Saving offers on pages 16 and 18.

EMPLOYMENT.

"WHY NOT BE A SALESMAN?" This was advice given to a man dissatisfied with his earnings and future prospects. The friend introduced him to Mr. Wallace Attwood, and to-day he is drawing £600 a year. Suitable men can be trained by Mr. Attwood by post in their spare time. Send to-day for 24-page book, "The Profession of Salesmanship," post free on request.—The Wallace Attwood College, 26T, Bedford Row, London, W.C.1. ('Phone: Chancery 7526.)

SMALL ADS. WORTH WATCHING

Prepaid Rate: 10s. per line averaging six words, minimum charge 30s.
Advertisements must be received not later than noon on Friday for the following Thursday's issue.
Address: The Advert. Manager, "John Bull," 57-59, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

MOTOR DRIVERS — COMMERCIAL and PRIVATE positions. The finest PRACTICAL training to standard R.A.C. Certificate at the lowest inclusive fee. Day or evening Free Employment Dept. Call (9-7) or write, THE BRITISH SCHOOL OF MOTORING, 5, COVENTRY ST., PICCADILLY CIRCUS, W. (Corner Rupert Street, next Lyons' Corner House).

A PAYING Profession. Become a certificated Chiropodist. Write partics. Home Study Course, 3, School of Surgical Chiropody, Leatherhead.

START Now! Sell Hosiery & Underwear. Excellent profit. Beginners assisted. Catlg. free. Royal Hosiery Co., 1/3, St. Paul's Churchyard, E.C.4.

ROYAL AIR FORCE.
AIRCRAFT APPRENTICES. — Vacancies will become available for boys of good education (who must have attained the age of 15 but not the age of 17 years on 1st August, 1933) for training as skilled tradesmen. Good training, pay and prospects. Examination at local centres. Full particulars from Royal Air Force (Aircraft Apprentices Department, J.B.), Gwydyr House, Whitehall, London, S.W.1.

WRITE to the BENNETT COLLEGE, LTD., Sheffield, for a free copy of "The Human Machine"—Secrets of Success. See advt. on p. 24.

"JOHN BULL'S SHOP WINDOW."
SEE PAGES 16 & 18.

BRITISH non-combine WALLPAPER from 2½d. Latest designs now ready. Write for FREE book. Eclipse Wallpaper, Shield Rd., Newcastle-Tyne.

THE NEW TYPE MOVING DIAL WRIST WATCH for only 7/6. See the Special Offer of Anglo Aircraft Watch Distributors on p. 16.

WALLPAPERS.—Wonder Book of Patterns for 1933 sent post free. All papers English Made.—Write to the original mail order firm.—Blakey Morris (London, Ltd.), Dept. J.B., 55-56, London Road, Southwark, S.E.1.

WOOLS.—Silky 1d., Sports 1d. oz., Crochet 2½d., 6-fold Rug 8d., Turkish 1/3½, Cable 1/4½. Thrums 6½d. lb. P.C. brings 800 spls free.—Scotia Wools, 158, New Bridge St., Newcastle-on-Tyne.

PEACH PRODUCTIONS. See 1933 New Catalogue Curtains, Nets, Casements, Cretonnes, Muslins, Linens. Finest Selection.—S. PEACH & SONS, LTD., 141, The Looms, NOTTINGHAM.

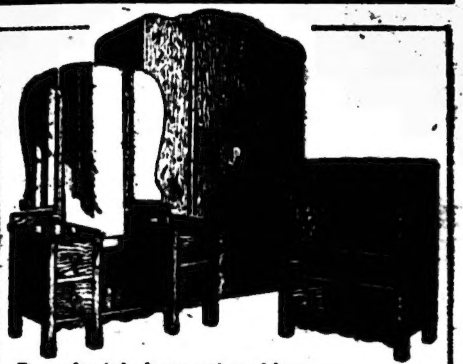
WONDERFUL opportunity to secure highest quality Toilet and Pharmaceutical products at bargain prices. A second package for only an extra Penny during the Rexall Special Sale.—Write for full list and address of nearest Rexall Pharmacy to United Drug Co., Ltd., Nottingham.

A CHROMIUM-PLATED FULL ROADSTER CYCLE for only 5/- deposit. Electric Lamp and BELL given FREE. See the Special Offer of Jas. Grose, Ltd., on page 18.

EASTER WEDDINGS

Everything for the really Ideal Home on JAYS Wonderful Credit Terms

Here are just a few of the FREE GIFTS offered to all customers of £10 or over.
FREE with a £10 order:
Tea Service for Six Persons.
Electric Iron.
FREE with a £15 order:
Lovely Down Quilt.
A pair of Woolly Blankets.
A Handsome Case of Cutlery.
FREE with a £20 order:
A box of High Grade Bed Linen.
A useful square of Lino Floor Covering.



Figured oak bedroom suite with 4ft. wardrobe, interior fitted hat shelf, rod and sliding hooks, dressing table fitted extra large cheval mirror, and side mirrors, useful millinery chest.

16 GNS. or 8/- monthly

JAYS TERMS

Worth	Monthly	Worth	Monthly
£10	6/-	£50	20/-
£20	8/-	£100	40/-

POST THIS COUPON

Send post free your Gravure Catalogue of Modern Furniture and Book of Free Gifts.

Name ....
Address ....
.... Dept. J.B.

JAYS FURNISHING STORES

(Oxford St. End) 248, 249, 250, TOTTENHAM CT. RD., W.1. (Phone Museum 2483)

Elephant & Castle	96-97 London Road	Stratford	379-381 High Street, E.15
Holloway	162 Holloway Road, N.7	Paddington	262 Harrow Road, W.2
Croydon	5 London Road	Upton Park	361 Green Street, E.13
Palmers Green	25 Green Lanes, N.13	Whitechapel	223 Whitechapel Road, E.1
Bow	165 Bow Road, E.3	Cricklewood	140 Broadway, N.W.2
Chelsea	363 Fulham Road, S.W.10	Westminster Bridge Road	225, S.E.1
Clapham	59 61 63 High Street, S.W.4	Stoke Newington	88-90 High Street, N.
Paddington	219 Shirland Road, W.9	Kentish Town Road	345 347, N.W.5
Watford	35-37 The Parade, High Street	King's Cross	212 Caledonian Road, N.1
Woking	11 The Broadway	Northampton	23 Gold Street
Hammersmith	120 King Street, W.6	Chester	22 Bridge Street
Wimbledon	81 Broadway, S.W.19		

BUSINESS SERVICES, ETC.

MAIL ORDER TRADERS. Advertisements inserted in 50 Provincial newspapers or London Suburban 7/10. Welsh 3/8. Large or small Mail Order Campaigns. Advice free. Write for Prospectus 60, Buttolph & Dickson, 323, High Holborn, London, W.C.1. (Chancery 8113.)

PRINTING. lowest prices. Samples 2d.
MEADS. Room 60. SANDY,
10,000 Handbills. 2/6 1,000. Memos. Dup. Books, Catlgs., etc.

PRINTING.—Billheads, Handbills, Cards, 2/6 1,000. All printing. Samples free. — Stanley Osborne & Co., Millbrook Street, Gloucester.

Have you read this week's Bargain Ads. on pages 16 and 18?

BARGAIN SALES.

KNITTING WOOL BUNDLES. 1½ lb. 4/6, for Socks, etc. Steel Grey, 2/4. Colours from 2/11 lb., post free. Patts., Wools, Serges, Tweeds.—Egerton Burnetts,W.B. W'house, Wellington,Som.

WALLPAPER DIRECT from 2½d. per roll. Send for patterns post free. — West Riding WALLPAPER CO., 52, TRINITY ST., LEEDS.

CARNIVAL, Dance and Party Novelties, Balloons. Send for free bargain list. "UNEEDUS," 70/72, Arundel Street, PORTSMOUTH.

WALLPAPERS from Mills from 2½d. roll. New designs. Patterns post free. — Osborne Mills (Dept. 5), Rochdale Road, Manchester.

FREE GIFTS for those about to furnish. Fill in the coupon in the large advt. on this page for a Cat. of Modern Furniture which can be obtained on Jay's famous credit terms. In addition Free Gifts are being included with every order. Solve your Furnishing troubles by sending the coupon now.

SEND a p.c. for the Hercules Cycle Catalogue. Mention *John Bull* when writing. The offer appears on p. 33.

DO NOT OVERLOOK Ambrose Wilson's Bargain Offer of a Matron's Frock on p. 36. 1/6 deposit secures.

FREE.—Fill in the coupon in the ROYAL ENFIELD CYCLE advt. on p. 38 for FREE CAT. The model illustrated can be had for 5/- down.

"JOHN BULL'S SHOP WINDOW."
SEE PAGES 16 & 18.

WIRELESS & MUSICAL.

GRAMOPHONES & Radiograms, How to make cheaply. Motors 7/6, Kits, parts, Repairs, 64-pp. ill Drawings 3d. Regentbuill,120,Old St.,Ldn.,EC1.

FREE.—Fill in the coupon in the COLUMBIA RADIO advt. on p. 25, for full details of the Battery Model 353 illustrated. This can be obtained for only 20/- down.

If you see it in John Bull's "Shop Window," it's a bargain. See pages 16 and 18.

DRESS.

REAL HARRIS and Lewis Homespuns, direct from makers; best quality only; patterns free.—Harris Tweed Depot, 1, James St., Stornoway.

BABY'S BEAUTIFUL LONG CLOTHES, 30/-. 75 Home-made garments. Worth £5. Handsome Shawl, Robes, Day Gowns, Flannels, Terry Napkins, Vests, Barras, Warm Nighties, Wool Coats, etc., etc. Everything complete and ready for use. Purchasers state "These materials alone would cost them more." Expectant Mothers, send 2/- for parcel on appro. (Bal. cash or terms).—Mrs. J. HOWARD, 66, DOVER RD., PORTSMOUTH.

MARKETING BY POST.

TEA. — Finest quality Indian and Ceylon Blended 2/- Tea, 4 lb. 6/-, 10 lb. 12/6, carr. pd. Special quotations for large quantities & Packet Teas. Portway Tea Co.,272,Portway,London,E.15.

CHEAP TEA! CHEAP TEA! Is injurious to your health. Buy Better Tea Cheaper. At Wholesale Prices Direct from the Actual Blenders. "Golden Digestive Tea Tipps," 4 lb. 6/-, 8 lb. 10/-, carr. paid. Satis. gntd.—Invicta Tea Tipps, 41, Brecknock Rd.,London,N.7.

TEA.—Choice Indian and Ceylon Blended, at Wholesale Prices, Loose or Packeted. Large or Small Quantities. Send for price list and samples. Ponker's, Dane Place, Bow, London.E.3.

MEDICAL, CURATIVE.

WORMS CURED.—Artico Brand Worm Tablets are a specialist's Positive and Permanent cure. They cure most violent cases by calmly removing the very cause of the worm's existence. No fasting, dieting, no interference with daily habits. Send 1/6 for generous supply, or 1½d. stamp for Free Pamphlet.—Ridyard Tablet Co., 34-36, [illegible], Derby.

HOW TO STOP SMOKING.—Genuine Remedy, proved by testimonials. — Write, the Stanley Institute (J.B.), 21, Warwick Lane, E.C.4.

BLADDER WEAKNESS, Kidney Trouble, etc., cured by Parker's Fluid Remedy, 1/3, 3/-, Boots, etc., or Parker's Remedy, Ltd., Liverpool. Spl. 2d.

BRONCHITIS.—By acting directly on the inflamed passages, Vapo-Cresolene gives quicker relief. Write for Free Booklet No. 29E to Allen and Hanburys, Ltd., London, E.C.3.

PILES relieved instantly by the wonderful Hemosol Treatment. No ointment, medicine nor appliance. Send 1½d. stamp for Free Booklet on this remarkable discovery.—Hemosol Laboratories, 1, [illegible] Road, London, S.W.12.

BACKACHE and sharp twinges when you bend or straighten are often signs of Kidney weakness. Get Doans brand BACKACHE & KIDNEY PILLS, which have been publicly recommended for 30 years. See p. 32.

SUFFERERS from Hæmorrhoids should not overlook the Pylitna offer on p. 36.

Send for a Guaranteed Bargain—see pages 16 and 18.

WANTED TO PURCHASE.

BEST PRICES paid for Jewellery, Diamonds, Platinum, Old Gold and Silver, Antiques, Dental Plates (not Vulcanite). Valuable property, etc. Nothing too large nor too small. Cash per return. Bentley & Co., 7a, New Bond St., London, W.1.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ANY kind old Gold, Jewellery, Sovereigns, Diamonds, Old False Teeth, Platinum Scrap bought. Highest cash per return.—Bell's, Headrow, Leeds.

HAVE you yet tried "JIF," the new Shaving product introduced by PEARS, the makers of the famous Pears' Soap? It can be obtained in either Stick or Cream, and it only costs 6d. Turn to the announcement on p. 25.

FREE.—A copy of "The Book of the Raleigh," which tells all about RALEIGH CYCLES. This is offered in the advt. on p. 29. When writing, mention *John Bull*.

MADE from golden ripe Indian corn. "POST TOASTIES" are the most delicious Corn Flakes obtainable. Buy a packet to-day! Turn to p. 26.

KEEP FIT by STRONGFORT'S METHOD. A 64-page book is offered in the advt. on p. 38.

A FREE PACKET of "Bondman" Empire Blend Tobacco, sufficient for a good trial, will be sent on receipt of a p.c. with name and address in block capitals. The offer appears on p. 39.

FREE SAMPLE tube of "SHAVEX" Simply cut out the coupon in the advt. on the Back Cover, attach your name and full postal address, together with a 2d. stamp.

A FREE SAMPLE OFFER. A large tin of FRY'S MALTED MILK COCOA WITH EGGS will be sent to readers who fill in the coupon in the advt. on page 27. Attach a 1½d. stamp—pin it, do not stick it—to the coupon, to cover cost of postage, etc. Send this in an envelope, which must be sealed, to J. S. Fry & Sons, Ltd., M.M.C. Dept., 8E, Union Street, Bristol. Try this perfect British-made drink to-day by accepting this free offer.

FREE LEAFLET—how to use "ROBBIALAC" on (1) Cycles or Motor-Cycles. (2) Cars. Send p.c. for the one you need to Robbialac Works (Dept. J.B.3), Stratford, E.15. See offer on p. 34.

READERS' attention is drawn to the SHAVEX-ZEEKOL offers on the Back Cover.

FREE.—Accept the wonderful offer of a choice of either of the Art Gift Pictures in colour gravure on p. 31. No obligation entailed. Simply fill in the coupon, after you have chosen which picture you would like, and enclose necessary stamps for postage. Be sure to act at once, as the offer is made for a limited time only.

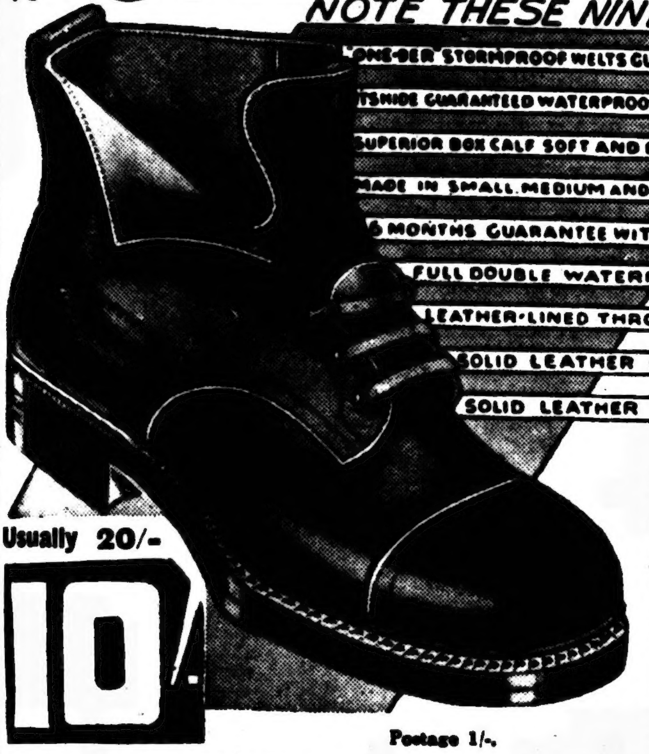
"JOHN BULL'S SHOP WINDOW."
SEE PAGES 16 & 18.

BOLSOM BROS. HUGE FOOTWEAR STOCK DISPOSAL 50% OFF

You have never had a greater opportunity than this of securing High-Grade Footwear at prices which in many cases are below normal cost of production. Post your Order Now! while stocks are available.

The New ONE-DER STORMPROOF WELTED FOOTWEAR

NOTE THESE NINE POINTS



1. "ONE-DER" STORMPROOF WELTS GUARANTEED WATERPROOF
2. ITSHIDE GUARANTEED WATERPROOF SOLES AND HEELS
3. SUPERIOR BOX CALF SOFT AND PLIABLE UPPERS
4. MADE IN SMALL, MEDIUM AND LARGE FITTINGS
5. 6 MONTHS GUARANTEE WITH EVERY PAIR
6. FULL DOUBLE WATERPROOF TONGUE
7. LEATHER-LINED THROUGH TO TOE
8. SOLID LEATHER UNDER SOLE
9. SOLID LEATHER INNER SOLE

Usually 20/-

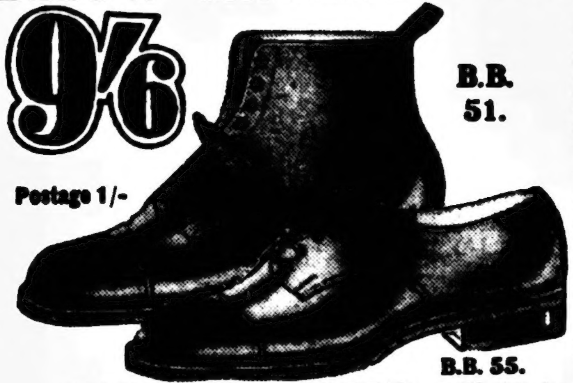
10/-

Postage 1/-.

GUARANTEED 6 MONTHS

This new production of our World Famous "One-Der" Brand—built to a high standard of quality—and generally priced by us at 20/-, is the subject of the most Sensational Offer of the Season. ORDER NOW and be sure of securing your pair! B.B. 2332. A stoutly-built Stormproof Welted long service All-Weather Derby BOOT in bright full-chrome Black Box Calf or Tan Calf uppers. Guaranteed six months. Also supplied without Toe-cap. 10/- per pair. In sizes 5-10 (11 1/- extra, 12 and 13 2/6 extra).

HIGH-GRADE WELTED FOOTWEAR AT 25% BELOW MAKER'S COST



9/6

Postage 1/-

B.B. 51.

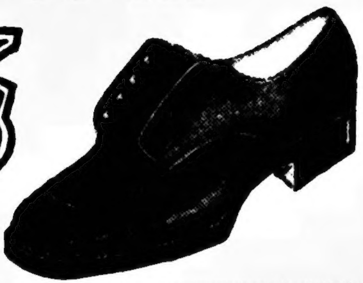
B.B. 55.

A Special Range of High-Grade Welted Footwear of smart appearance and perfect workmanship. Boots and Shoes in full chrome black box calf uppers, with ITSHIDE Soles and Heels. Boots in Balmoral (**B.B.52**) and Derby (**B.B.51**) styles. Shoes in Oxford (**B.B.50**) and Gibson (**B.B.55**) styles. Quote Boot or Shoe No. when ordering. Sizes in stock: 5 to 10 (Size 11, 1/- extra; 12 and 13, 2/6 extra). **Postage 1/-.**

ORIGINALLY SOLD AT 16/9

CLEARANCE! OF MANUFACTURER'S ENTIRE STOCK OF SPORTS SHOES

B.B.2870.—Remarkable offer of Sports Shoes in the popular and serviceable Ski pattern, in thick grained leather with studded ITSHIDE Soles and sports heels. In black or tan, leather lined. All sizes 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10. (Size 11 1/- extra, 12 and 13 2/6 extra.) Honestly worth 17/6 per pair.



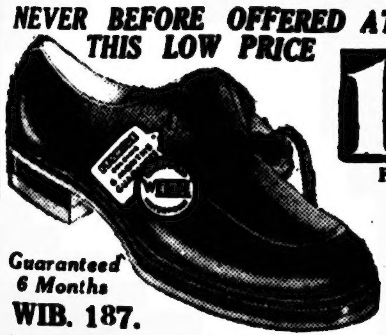
7/6

Postage 1/-.

THE WORLD'S FINEST SPORTS SHOE

The 'Webide' Shoe

NEVER BEFORE OFFERED AT THIS LOW PRICE



Guaranteed 6 Months

WIB. 187.

12/6

Postage 1/-

WEBIDE, The Leather which is GUARANTEED WATERPROOF and will retain its life indefinitely. **ITSHIDE** Wears three times as long as best leather and is guaranteed waterproof.

Uppers and soles GUARANTEED 6 MONTHS.

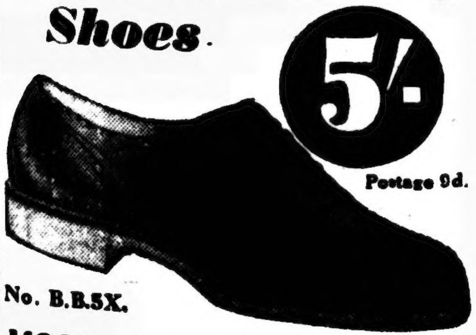
Stocked in all sizes 5 to 10 (sizes 11, 1/- extra, 12 & 13, 2/6 ex.)

A stout ski-pattern Shoe for golf and sports wear generally. 'Webide' uppers in black or tan. Rubber sealed stormproof welts and ITSHIDE studded soles and heels. Uppers and soles absolutely waterproof. **12/6.** Postage 1/-. Also in Oxford style, Black or Tan.

GUARANTEED 6 MONTHS

SPECIAL CLEARANCE

700 *Pairs Hiking Shoes.* AT BARELY COST!



5/-

Postage 9d.

No. B.B.5X.

MOST AMAZING VALUE!

No. B.B. 5X. An improved shoe specially produced for "Hiking." Also ideal for every-day wear. In pliable unlined Tan leather, with heavy Crepe soles and heels and one-piece vamps. Sizes 5–12. 700 pairs only. This line cannot be repeated under double the price once present stocks are cleared.

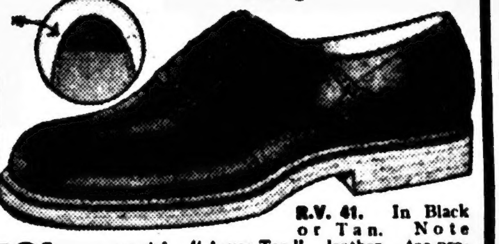
SPECIAL PURCHASE

QUALITY HIKING SHOES.

10,000 Pairs of Hiking Shoes purchased at less than cost to keep factories going. These shoes would cost twice as much elsewhere!—Buy now while stocks are available!—One-piece uppers in soft pliable leather, extra thick pure crepe rubber soles and heels, correct comfortable fitting.

NOTE TOE PROTECTION

MEN'S

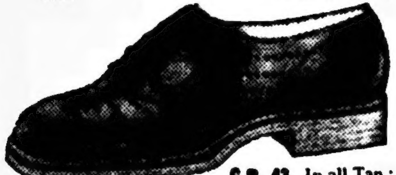


7/6

Postage 9d.

R.V. 41. In Black or Tan. Note special "Arvee-Toe" leather toe-protector let in flush with sole which strengthens and ensures long period of wear. Sizes 6 to 12.

LADIES'

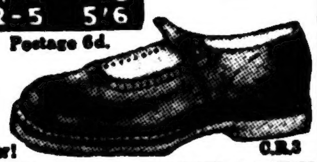


6/6

Postage 6d.

C.R. 43. In all Tan; also in Tan and Stone and Tan and Beige combinations. The Shoe you cannot be without. There is no finer shoe for walking and hiking. Sizes 3 to 7.

CHILDREN'S



C.R.3

7 - 10	3/6
11-1	4/6
2-5	5/6

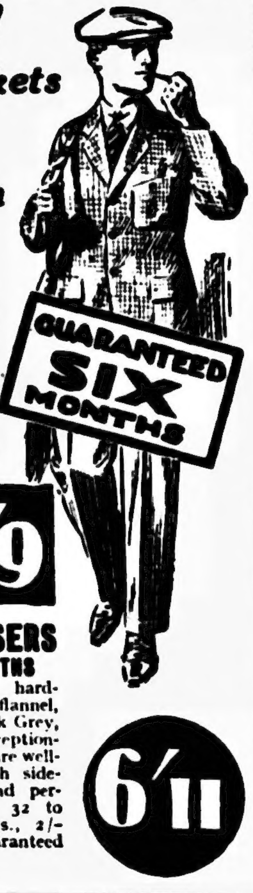
Postage 6d.

C.R. 1. In Black or Tan pliable uppers. (No. C.R.1), Lace style (No. C.R.3) One-Bar style as illus. **The shoe your children will wear for ever!**

SPECIAL

PRE-HOLIDAY OFFER!

Sports Jackets and Flannels at less than Cost!



SPORTS JACKETS

1557—Only the special purchase of an entire stock on particularly advantageous terms enables us to offer these well-tailored Sports Jackets at such a ridiculously low price. In strongly-woven sports Tweeds, with 3 patch pockets to button, and stitched half-belt at back; in Medium and Dark Grey, Fawn and Heather mixtures. All sizes, 34 to 44 ins. chest. **Postage 1/- extra.**

8/9

FLANNEL TROUSERS

GUARANTEED SIX MONTHS

T.272—Smartly cut from hard-wearing, thoroughly shrunk flannel, in light, medium, and dark Grey, these Trousers represent exceptional value at the price. They are well-tailored and finished with side-pockets, straps, loops, and permanent turn-ups. Sizes 32 to 42 ins. waist. (44-46 ins., 2/- extra.) Every pair guaranteed for 6 months. **Postage 6d. extra.**

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OUR ONLY FOOTWEAR BRANCHES.

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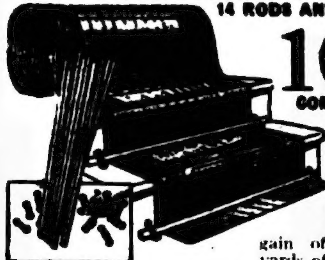
ONLY Bolsoms with their vast resources and highly specialised organization can offer such an amazing selection of "Star" lines as are displayed here. The Directors and Buyers of this huge concern combed London to secure yet greater Bargains to satisfy the ever-growing demand. The B.I.F., the Large Manufacturers, and the Cabinet Makers all contributed the pick of what they had to offer, and the result is that you will find advertised on this page the most amazing selection of outstanding Bargains ever offered through the daily Press.

10/- BARGAINS

7½ YDS. STAIR CARPET,
14 RODS AND 28 EYES



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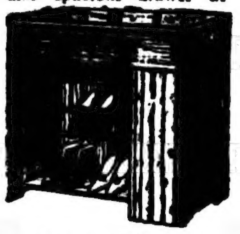
COMPLETE

Part Packing and Carriage 1/9 extra.

No. S.P. 54. A Bargain offer of 7½ yards of Stair Carpeting 18 in. wide. 14 Solid Oak Stair Rods, polished a rich Brown shade, 24 ins. long, and 28 oxidised eyes for 10/- complete. Carpeting available in following colours: Red, Blue, Green or Gold Border with Mottled Centre.

BOOT RACK with DRAWER

No. S.P. 1. Made of Solid Oak finished rich Brown shade. Fitted two racks (4 rails) and curtain rail with rings, also spacious drawer at top for brushes, polishes, etc. Height 25¼ ins., width 21 ins. depth 13 ins.



10/-

Usual Price 20/-.

Part Carriage and Packing 1/9 extra.

FULL SIZE RECLINER CHAIR
ADJUSTABLE TO 3 POSITIONS

Back is Adjustable to 3 Positions.

10/-

No. S.P. 2. A full size Reclining Chair at ridiculously low price. Strongly made of seasoned Oak and polished a rich Brown. The amply filled loose cushions are covered corded Velveteen and the back is adjustable to three positions. Width 22 ins., depth of seat 22 ins., height 24 ins.

Part Carriage and Packing 1/9 extra.

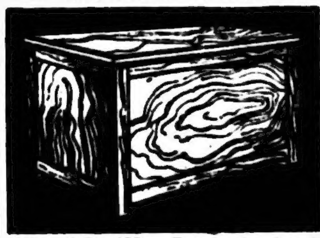
NEST OF 3 OAK TABLES
FOLD INTO ONE.

No. 2268. Exceptionally useful set of Tables. Well made. Finished Jacobean shade. Outside Table, Height 21 ins., Top 17 x 11 ins. Other two slightly smaller. Fold into one.

Previously 20/-.

10/- *Packing and Carriage 1/9 extra.*

Whitewood LINEN or BLANKET CHEST

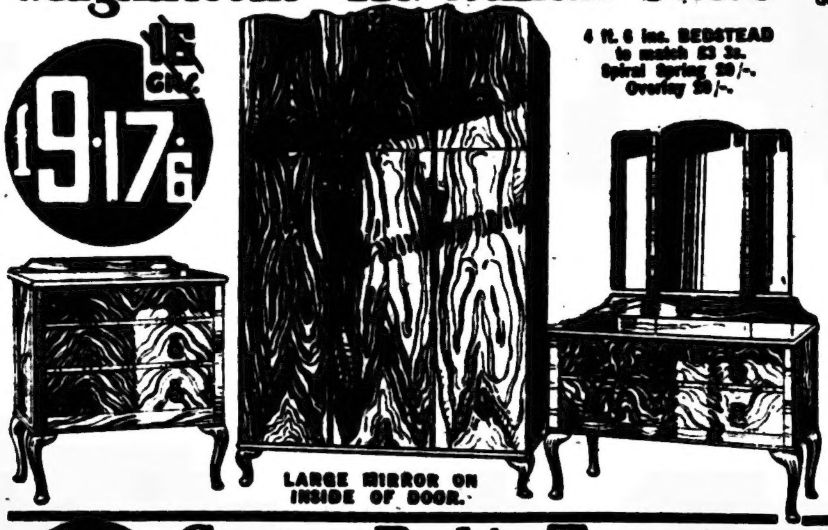


10/-

No. S.P. 108. Extremely handy whitewood Chest with a variety of uses. Sanded smooth ready for staining or painting. Particularly useful as Linen or Blanket Chest. Measures 30 in. wide, 18 in. deep, and 20 in. high.

Part Carriage and Packing, 1/9 extra.

Magnificent 4ft. Walnut Suite



~~15 GNS.~~ £19·17·6

4 ft. 6 ins. BEDSTEAD to match £3 3s. Spiral Spring 20/-. Overlay 20/-.

LARGE MIRROR ON INSIDE OF DOOR.

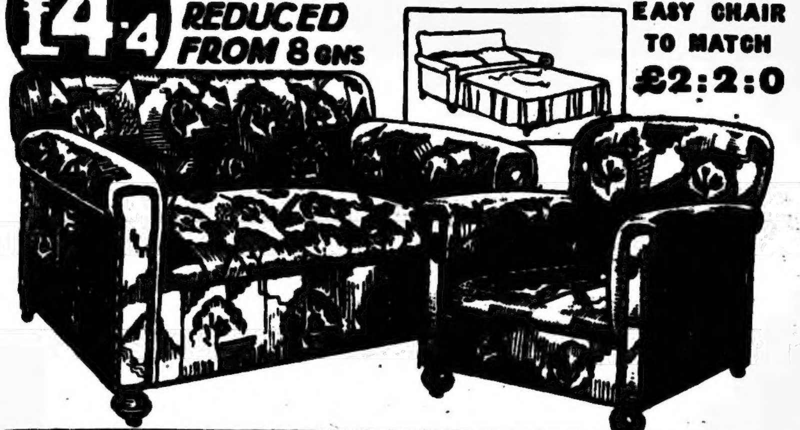
No. S.P. 13. A very handsome and original modern design in **WALNUT BEDROOM SUITES**, with matched veneering of remarkable beauty. Expertly made with a rich medium finish and in every way a real craftsman's job. The 4 ft. Wardrobe is fitted with large plate glass mirror inside door, and sliding hanger rail with hooks, etc. 3 ft. 6 ins. Triple Mirror Dressing Table with Queen Anne Legs, and Chest of 3 Drawers.

Part Carriage and Packing 15/- extra.

CLUB AGENTS WANTED.
Full particulars on application.

Settee-Bed in Tapestry

£4·4 *REDUCED FROM 8 GNS*



EASY CHAIR TO MATCH £2:2:0

125 Only for Disposal. No. 701 X. A luxuriously appointed **SETTEE** that is easily converted by two simple movements into full size double bed 72 x 52 ins. Upholstered in heavy quality Tapestry or Damask of pleasing modern design in Brown, Dark Green and Old Gold. 24 Coil Springs in Seat.

Part Carriage and Packing 5/- extra.

EASY CHAIRS to match with sprung edge seats can be supplied. **Each £2 2s.**

Part Carriage and Packing 2/6 extra.

Handsome 2ft. 6 Oak Bedroom Suite

WARDROBE 40/-

TOILET PAIR 45/-

~~8 Gns~~ £3·19·6

No. S.P. 103. A soundly built 2 ft. 6 ins. **SUITE** in nicely grained Oak, polished a rich medium Brown and well finished throughout. The **WARDROBE** is fitted with nickel-plated hanger rail and hooks, with mirror on inside of door, and stands 6 ft. high. The **MIRROR** on the dressing table is of bevelled plate glass. The greatest Value for Money it is possible to obtain anywhere.

Part Carriage and Packing 5/- extra.

CARRIAGE FREE IN GREATER LONDON AREA.
Carriage Charged extra on Country Orders in England and Wales.

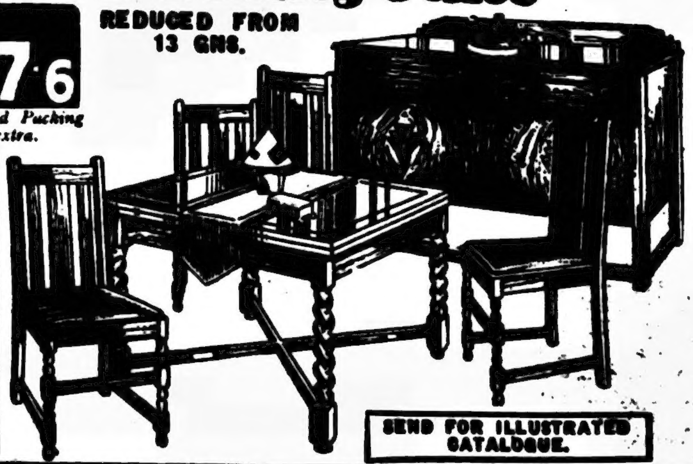
Fine Oak Dining Suite

£5·17·6

REDUCED FROM 13 GNS.

Part Carriage and Packing on Suite 5/- extra.

A SMALL DEPOSIT will secure any suite or article, which will be stored FREE until required for delivery. We make free delivery in the Greater London area. Carriage is charged extra on country orders in England and Wales.



SEND FOR ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE.

No. G. 2. A solidly constructed **SUITE** of fine proportions and high-grade workmanship, and representing most amazing value at our price.

Part Carriage and Packing on Suite 5/- extra.

SIDEBOARD of modern design in figured Oak, with 2 drawers, 2 large cupboards, with shelves, 4 ft. wide. Sold separately. 40/-.

Carriage and Packing 2/6

Draw-Leaf TABLE, 3 ft. square, opening to 5 ft x 3 ft. Sold separately. 40/-.

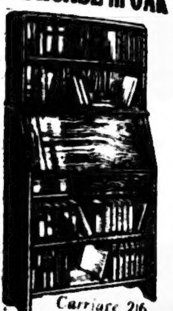
Carriage and Packing 2/6

OAK DINING CHAIRS. Drop-in seats covered Rexine. Each 10/-.

Carriage 1/-.

BUREAU BOOKCASE in OAK

No. S.P. 43. A neatly designed **WRITING BUREAU BOOKCASE,** well made in Oak, polished a rich Brown, 2 ft. 3 ins. wide, 4 ft. 8 ins. high, 9 ins. deep. Reduced from 40/-.



20/- *Carriage 2/6 extra.*

RECORD CABINET TABLE
IN OAK OR WALNUT

20/-

Usual Price 39/6.

No. 270. Compact Record Cabinet of fine workmanship and neat design. Thoroughly well made in selected Figured Walnut or Grained Oak and fitted with 2 shelves and 2 side flaps. Polished light Brown. Size 2 ft. 6 ins. high, 18 ins. wide and 14 ins. deep, 32 ins. wide with flaps extended.

Part Carriage and Packing 2/6 extra.

BOOKCASE TABLE
WITH FOLDING TOP.

Reduced from 40/-

No. S.P. 19. Of finely grained Oak. The side flaps are raised to form a really spacious table top, which, in combination with the extensive shelf space, makes this a Table of great utility. Height 24 ins. Table top 42 ins. x 24 ins., with flaps raised.

20/-

Part Carriage and Packing 2/6 extra.

Comfortable BED-CHAIR
BACK ADJUSTABLE TO 3 POSITIONS.

Chair by day or Bed by night.

Useful in any home.

Usually 30/6 each. 20/-

No. 160 G. Width 24 ins. Depth of seat 22 ins. Extends to 5 ft. 5 ins. Strongly built. Cushions covered good quality Brown Corduroy.

Part Carriage and Packing 2/6 extra.

COT, MATTRESS, OVERLAY, PILLOW

No. 218 BX. Sturdily constructed folding Cot of stout selected wood, stained, polished and fitted with a strong wire mattress, well-filled overlay and pillow in strongly sewn covers. One side can be dropped when necessary, and the whole cot is easily fitted up or taken down. Mounted on castors. Size 4 ft. long x 2 ft. wide. Height about 2 ft. 10 ins.

20/- **COMPLETE.**

Part Carriage and Packing 2/6 extra.

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OUR STRAND DEPOT Open Daily 9 to 8. Close Thursdays 1 p.m. Open All Day Saturday to 9 p.m.

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The GREATEST BARGAINS in the History of Furniture Trading!

50% OFF

20/- BARGAINS

CHROMIUM KERB SUITE

20/-

Usually 30/-

With Rex Covered Seats. *Part Carriage and Packing 2/6 extra.*

No. S.P. 77. A soundly built job of unusually effective design. In Untarnishable Chromium with Rex-covered seats (lined loose metal boxes for coal).

6 ft. FIGURED OAK HALLSTAND

FITTED WITH MIRROR, ETC.

No. S.P. 24. Well and strongly made of well-seasoned Oak beautifully panelled. Latest Modern Design, fitted with oxidised hat and coat hooks, and umbrella drip-pans, with commodious locker below, which also constitutes a convenient seat. Finished rich Jacobean. One of the biggest Furnishing bargains ever offered.

Height 72 ins.,
Width 24 ins.,
Depth 12 ins.

20/-

Usually 40/6.
Part Packing and Carriage 2/6 extra.

NEST OF FIVE OAK TABLES

Usually 79/6.
Part cost of Packing and Carriage 2/6 extra.

20/-

No. S.P. 10. A most useful set, consisting of one large and four small Tables. Beautifully made. Diameter of circular top table 24 ins., Height 22 ins. Highly polished and finished rich Jacobean shade.

In Oak, Walnut, or Mahogany Finish.

BOOKCASE CABINET WITH LEADED GLASS DOOR.

No. S.P. 47. Of finely grained Oak, beautifully polished. The interior is fitted with bookshelves, enclosed by door which has upper part fitted with leaded glass panes. A furniture piece of beauty at an outstandingly low price.

Height 44 ins.,
Width 24 ins.,
Depth 9 ins.
Reduced from 40/-.

20/-

Part Carriage and Packing 2/6 extra.

FURTHER BARGAINS IN 3-PIECE and BEDROOM SUITES

3 Piece Fine Rexine Suite WITH LOOSE CUSHIONS

No. S.P. 101. The Suite is heavily padded all over, with deeply sprung seats and upholstered in Rexine, fitted with four well-filled loose cushions.
Settee 44 in. wide between arms, depth of seat 42 in., Easy chairs 21 in. wide between arms, depth of seat 24 in.

Usually 12 Gns.

£5.17.6

Part Carriage and Packing 7/6 extra.

Handsome 4 ft. Oak Bedroom Suite

SEND FOR ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE

12 Gns.

£6.10

Oak 4 ft. 6 in. BEDSTEAD to match, 20/-. Spiral Spring Mattress 20/-. Overlay Set, 20/-.

No. S.P. 27. Bedroom Suite of simple yet pleasing character and a splendid example of first-class workmanship. The Oak used is specially selected for its graining and is finished a rich Jacobean Brown. The 4 ft. Wardrobe has a plate mirror on front, and interior is fitted hanger rails and hooks. 3 ft. Dressing Table has triple frameless mirrors and three drawers. Chest has three spacious drawers.
Part cost Carriage and Packing 7/6 extra.

KITCHEN BARGAINS

We are Exhibiting in the Kitchen Cabinets Section
IDEAL HOME EXHIBITION
Stand 351 Gallery, Grand Hall.

2 ft. DRESSERETTE

FITTED WITH DRAWER.

No. 722 CDX. Very strongly constructed of well-seasoned Deal, sanded ready for staining or painting, fitted with drawer and one removable shelf. Lock and key. Height 3 ft. 4 ins., Width 24 ins., Depth 16 ins. Usually 20/-.

10/-

Part cost of Packing and Carriage 1/9 extra.

Whitewood KITCHEN DRESSER

No. 2272. Built of carefully selected timber, every joint mortised and tenoned. Has a laminated birch top which will not warp or shrink.

Height 6 ft.,
Width 3 ft.,
Depth 16 ins.
Usually 39/6.

20/-

Part Carriage and Packing 2/6 extra.

HOUSEHOLD WRINGER & STAND.

No. 9002. Of great strength and mechanical perfection. **GUARANTEED** 5 years. 16 ins. rubber rollers. 2-way clamps for either table or wash-tub. Double clothes slide and metal frame. Strong wooden stand with foot board.

Part Carr. and Packing, 2/6 extra.

COMPLETE **20/-**

KITCHEN CABINET USUALLY 5 Gns.

No. 514 X. Made of Laminated Birch. Guaranteed not to warp. Sanded ready for staining or polishing. Fittings include: Four 2 lb. airtight Jars, Flour Bin, Egg Rack, etc.
Height 6 ft., Width 2 ft. 6 ins., Depth 15 ins.

40/-

Part Carriage & Packing 2/6 extra.

LONDON'S GREATEST FURNITURE VALUES!

OAK HALL 'ROBE

No. B.B. 2. A sturdy 'Robe of pleasing design, constructed of figured Oak, well polished a rich medium Brown. Interior is fitted with shelf and sliding hanger rail, and has commodious full length hanging space. A low-priced Wardrobe that has all the advantages of an expensive production.

Height 72 ins.,
Width 30 ins.,
Depth 16 ins.

40/-

Part Carriage and Packing 2/6 extra.

FITTED 'ROBE for Lady or Gent.

No. S.P. 50. Strongly made in Whitewood and fitted Sliding Rod Coat Rail, Hooks, 4 Shelves, Boot Rail, Tie Rail. Sanded ready for staining or painting.

Height 6 ft.,
Width 3 ft.,
Depth 16½ ins.

30/-

Usually 4 Guineas.

Packing and Carriage 3/6 extra.

12 in. LAWN MOWER Complete with Box

No. 906. A strong Mower with long wheel-base, ensuring easy running. Special full-size 12 ins. 5 bladed revolving cylinder, with high gear ratio. Adjustment for close cutting.

Complete with grass box and shield (Foreign).

20/-

Part Carr. 2/6 extra.

4 ft. or 4 ft. 6 in. Solid Oak BEDSTEAD

Part Carriage and Packing on each item, 2/6 extra, If ordered as one lot 5/- extra.

20/-

Usually 40/-.

No. 210 D. Full double size Bedstead with solid Oak ends and strong iron sides with patent fittings. Polished a rich Jacobean Brown. Size 6 ft. 6 ins. x 4 ft. or 4 ft. 6 ins. 40-Coil Spring Mattress of the finest and most reliable manufacture, 20/- extra. Overlay Mattress, 4 ft. or 4 ft. 6 ins., 20/- extra.

FIRESIDE ROCKING CHAIR

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Usually 30/-.

No. 348 C. The most comfortable Fireside Chair ever designed. Strongly made of solid Oak. Height 27 ins., Width 21 ins. Rockers 27 ins. long. Cushion covered Brown plush, curved back covered leather cloth. Finished Jacobean shade.

Part Carriage and Packing 1/9 extra

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Solid Oak BEDSTEAD Complete with SPIRAL SPRING

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With Bedding **30/-**

AN AMAZING BARGAIN

No. 2210 B. Solid Oak Spiral Spring 3 ft. BEDSTEAD. Strongly built, with 1 in. solid Oak panels, fitted with spiral spring Mattress. Usually 40/-.

Flock filled Mattress, Bolster and feather filled Pillow, in best English Ticking, 10/- extra. *Part Carriage and Packing 2/6 extra.*

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Here, in one large fascinating volume, with a special introduction by Dr. Cyril Norwood, Headmaster of Harrow, is the wondrous knowledge of all time and all things—over 760 large pages of specially chosen, glazed paper containing more than 300,000 words in large clear type—millions of facts—nearly 1,200 marvellous illustrations—the most wonderful single-volume library for children ever devised. The production of this colossal edition is costing over £50,000.

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This unparalleled work is the "Open Sesame" to the enthralling story of the universe and all that it holds and means. *It takes the children on a never-ending voyage of discovery into dazzling wonderlands of knowledge.* The mysteries of the heavens—marvels of animal life—secrets of Nature, progress and achievements of mankind—things to make and do—all about hobbies and pets—great stories from all nations—here in simple words and vivid pictures your children will find the most fascinating array of knowledge ever assembled in one volume.

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First read the simple conditions on the right, then post without delay Form "A" together with the label to "John Bull." On receipt of Form "A" with label attached bearing a halfpenny stamp, you will receive your Presentation Voucher on which you are asked to affix Tokens cut from the LEFT-HAND bottom corner of the back covers of 12 successive issues of "John Bull." You may commence with the Token from the bottom left-hand corner of the back cover of this issue. As soon as your voucher is despatched to you arrangements will be made for your Presentation volume to be specially set aside and reserved in your name.

In addition, it is a condition of this offer that if your newsagent has not already received from you a written order to deliver "John Bull" every week, you should hand Form "B" to him at once.

IMPORTANT "John Bull" is extending its remarkable "Surprise" Gift Offer to every applicant whose Reservation Form is received by not later than Thursday, April 6th. When you receive your Voucher—look out for the envelope marked "Surprise," which will be enclosed with it! This contains details of "John Bull's" Special Surprise Gift—it's something you must not miss!

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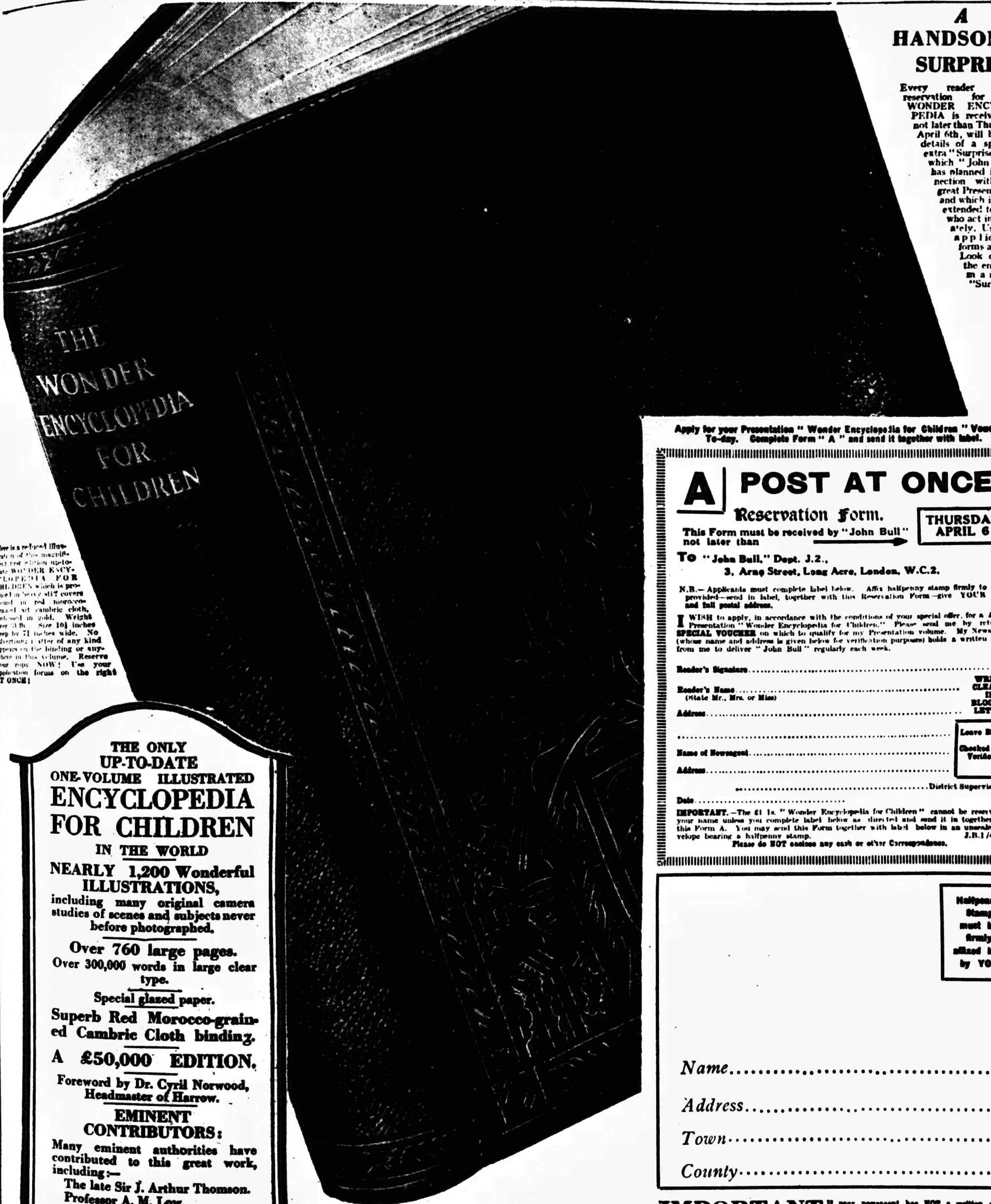

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Tokens eligible for this Presentation commence with No. 44, which appears in the issue of "John Bull" dated March 25th. Applicants may start with this number or subsequent numbers, but no other Tokens from "John Bull" or Tokens prior to No. 44 will be accepted. When your Voucher is complete —that is, after the twelve weeks—you are asked to send a Postal Order for 2s. 9d. (Two Shillings and Ninepence), which includes carriage, packing and insurance, etc. There is absolutely nothing more to pay.

Each applicant who is qualifying for this Presentation must see that his or her Newsagent holds a written order for the regular and uninterrupted delivery of "John Bull." Copies of "John Bull" must be paid for in the ordinary way. No person may qualify for more than one Wonder Encyclopedia for Children, and no Wonder Encyclopedia will be awarded to more than one member of the same family living at the same address. This offer applies only to persons residing in Great Britain, Northern Ireland and the Irish Free State. N.B.—Applicants from the Irish Free State will be required to pay any duty that may be chargeable.

Apply for your Presentation "Wonder Encyclopedia for Children" Voucher To-day. Complete Form "A" and send it together with label.

A POST AT ONCE!

Reservation Form.

This Form must be received by "John Bull" not later than → THURSDAY APRIL 6

TO "John Bull," Dept. J.2.,
3, Arne Street, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

N.B.—Applicants must complete label below. Affix halfpenny stamp firmly to space provided—send in label, together with this Reservation Form—give YOUR name and full postal address.

I WISH to apply, in accordance with the conditions of your special offer, for a £1 1s. Presentation "Wonder Encyclopedia for Children." Please send me by return a **SPECIAL VOUCHER** on which to qualify for my Presentation volume. My Newsagent (whose name and address is given below for verification purposes) holds a written order from me to deliver "John Bull" regularly each week.

Reader's Signature..............................

Reader's Name.............................. **WRITE CLEARLY IN BLOCK LETTERS**
(State Mr., Mrs. or Miss)

Address..............................

....

Name of Newsagent..............................

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Leave Blank

Checked and Verified.

..............................District Supervisor,

Date..............................

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Please do NOT enclose any cash or other Correspondence.

Halfpenny Stamp must be firmly affixed here by YOU.

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2D. "JOHN BULL" WEEKLY ORDER FORM

To Mr..............................(Newsagent)

Address..............................

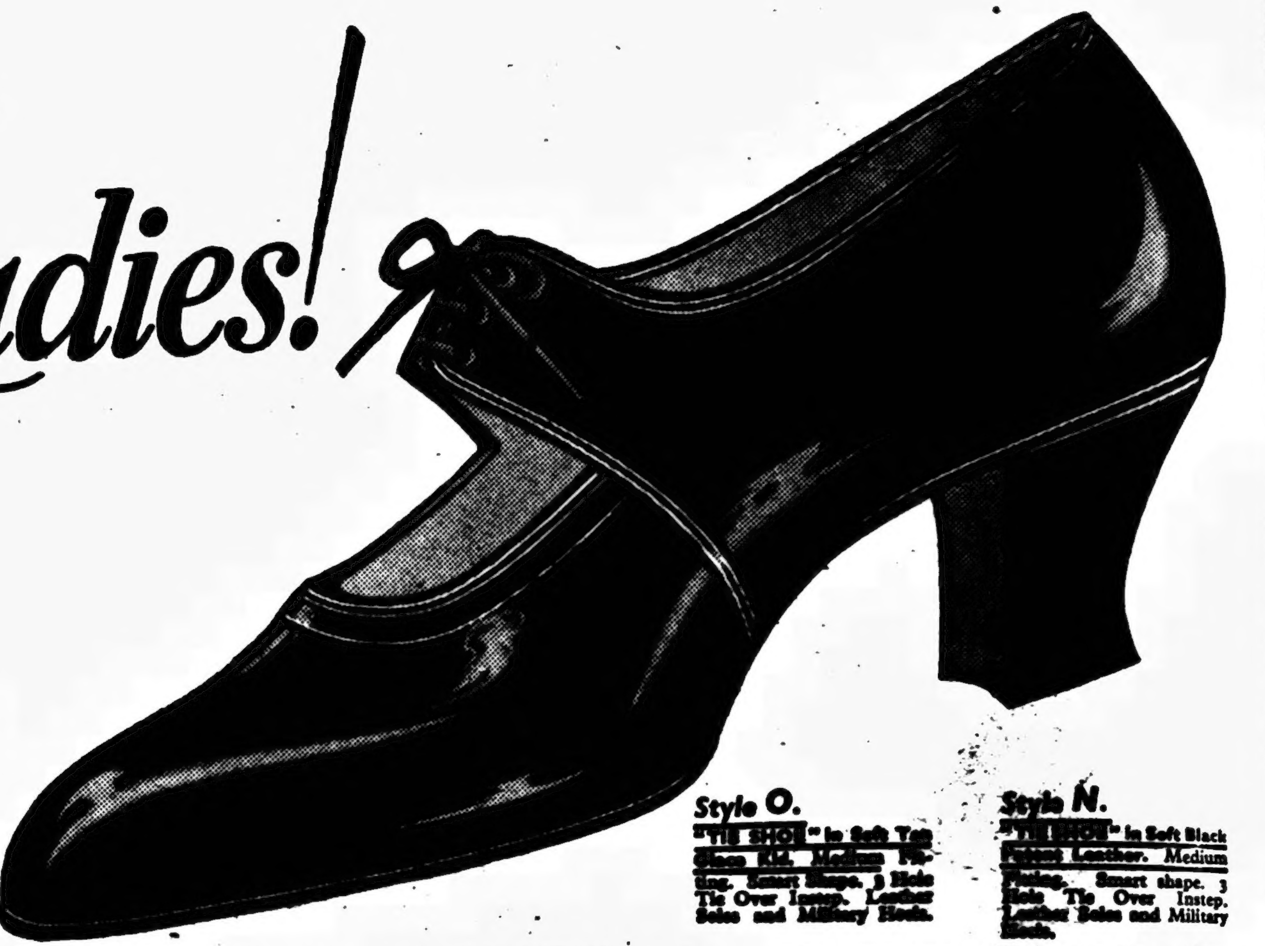
Please deliver or reserve "John Bull" for me weekly until further notice.

Signature..............................

Address..............................

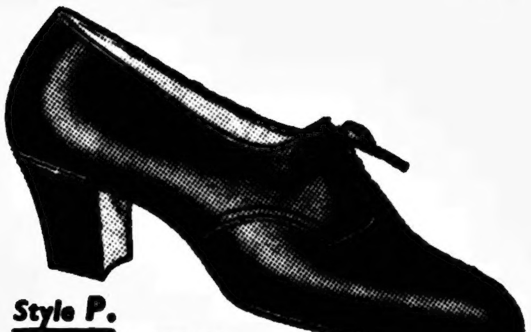
Date..............

and now— the Ladies!



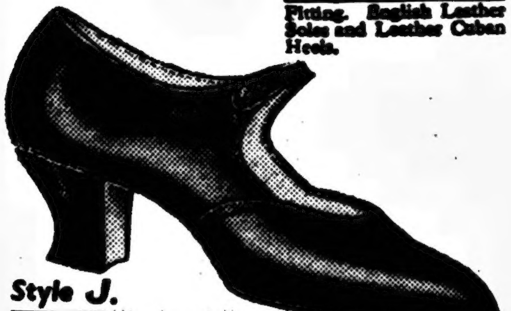
Style O.
"TIE SHOE" in Soft Tan Glace Kid. Medium Fitting. Smart Shape. 3 Hole Tie Over Instep. Leather Soles and Military Heels.

Style N.
"TIE SHOE" in Soft Black Patent Leather. Medium Fitting. Smart shape. 3 Hole Tie Over Instep. Leather Soles and Military Heels.



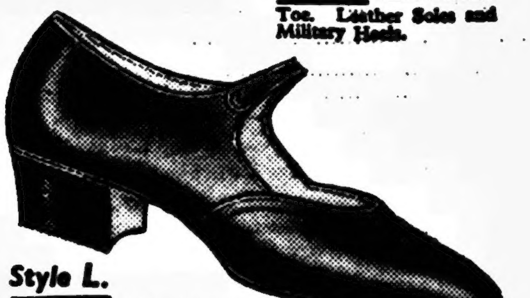
Style P.
'THE NEW GIBSONETTE' in Black Box Calf Medium Fitting. English Leather Soles and Leather Cuban Heels.

Style Q.
"THE NEW GIBSONETTE" in Genuine Tan Willow Calf. Medium Fitting. English Leather Soles and Leather Cuban Heels.



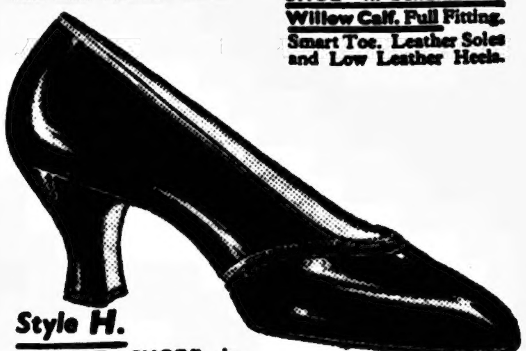
Style J.
"LIGHTWEIGHT ONE BAR SHOE" in Soft Black Glace Kid. Smart Pointed Toe. Leather Soles and Military Heels.

Style T.
"LIGHTWEIGHT ONE BAR SHOE" in Tan Glace Kid. Smart Pointed Toe. Leather Soles and Military Heels.



Style L.
"COMFORT BAR SHOE" in Soft Black Glace Kid. Full Fitting. Smart Toe. Leather Soles and Low Leather Heels.

Style M.
"COMFORT BAR SHOE" in Genuine Tan Willow Calf. Full Fitting. Smart Toe. Leather Soles and Low Leather Heels.



Style H.
"COURT SHOE" in Soft Black Patent Leather. Medium Fitting. Smart Toe. Leather Soles and Louis XV Heels.

Style I.
"COURT SHOE" in Soft Tan Glace Kid. Medium Fitting. Smart Toe. Leather Soles and Louis XV Heels.

These LADIES' SHOES ARE:—
FULLY CHROMED and have
REAL ENGLISH LEATHER SOLES

QUALITY SHOES

FOR SMOKERS OF CARRERAS'

'CLUBS'

The Best 5 for 2d. cigarettes

ALSO AT 10 FOR 4d.

A PAIR OF THESE FINE QUALITY LADIES' SHOES FOR ONLY—

250 EMPTY 'CLUBS' FIVES PACKETS
OR 125 TENS PACKETS

WE could have offered ladies' shoes for less packets by giving an inferior quality shoe with less attention paid to workmanship and style, and with semi-chromed uppers and thinner soles—a cheaper shoe altogether. We prefer to give a good stylish, long-wearing shoe for the ladies (as we do for the men)—one which will give the same standard of QUALITY to 'CLUBS' smokers as they enjoy in their 'CLUBS' Cigarettes.

These shoes are made from ALL BRITISH MATERIALS by a group of British Shoe Manufacturers who have a quality reputation for FINE FOOTWEAR.

Available in these sizes:—

2, 2½, 3, 3½, 4, 4½, 5, 5½, 6, 6½, 7, 7½, 8.

State clearly size and style required.

Send your empty packets to:—

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London, N.W.1.

Quality tells!

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★ SEE GUARANTEE ON BACK OF EVERY PACKET ★

MEN'S BOOTS & SHOES 285 EMPTY 'CLUBS' FIVES PACKETS BOYS' & YOUTHS' BOOTS & SHOES 260 EMPTY 'CLUBS' FIVES PACKETS

"John Bull," 1/4/33.

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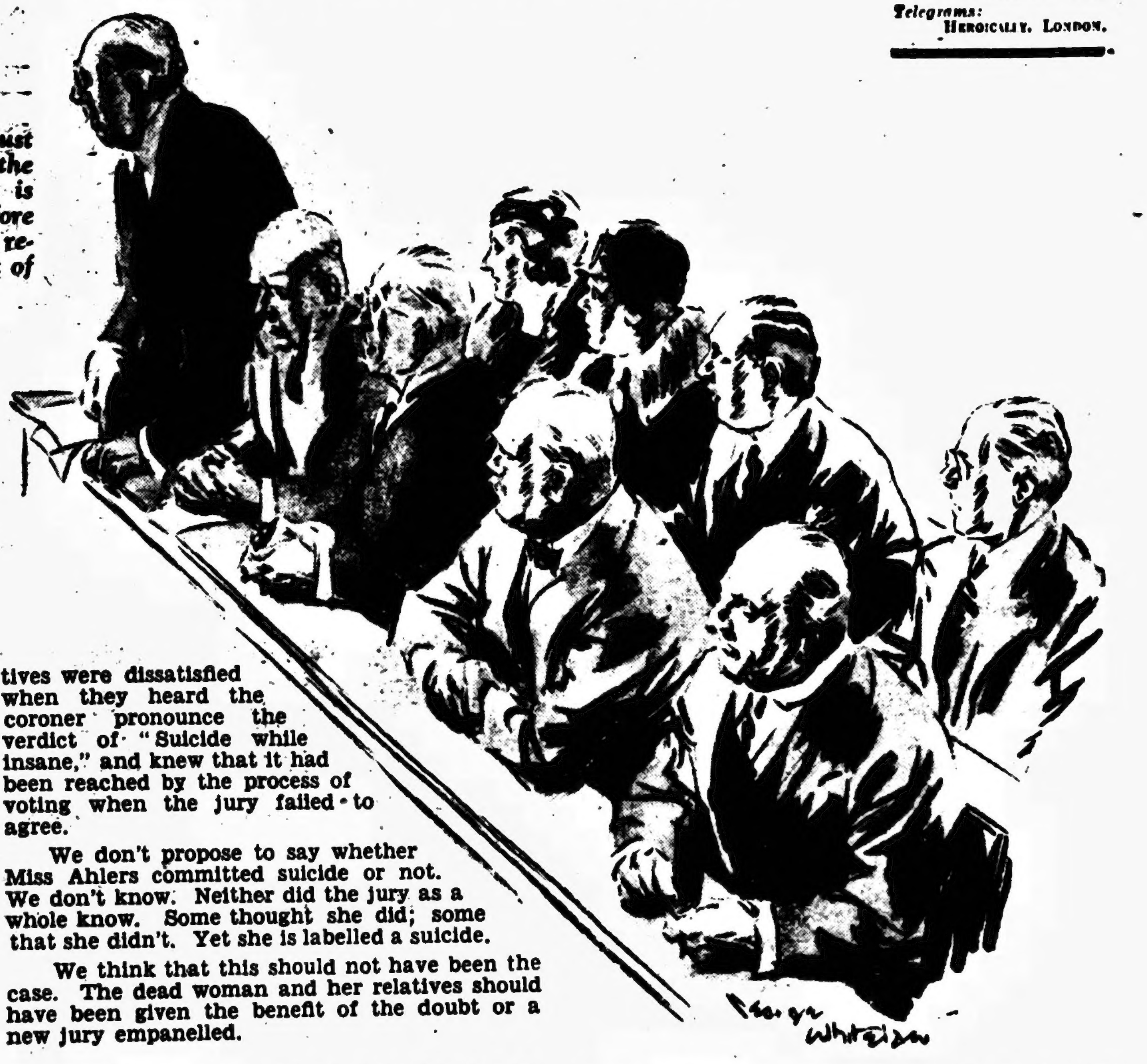
Cruel Inquest VERDICTS



The foreman must declare that the jury's finding is unanimous before the coroner records a verdict of "Suicide"

THERE seems to be a growing tendency for coroners to accept majority verdicts of the jury on the question of whether the deceased person committed suicide or met death accidentally.

Two recent cases—those of the actress, Anny Ahlers, and Sir William Veno—are fresh in everyone's mind. In each instance the coroner recorded a "Suicide" verdict on the findings of a majority of the jury.

Probably there have been several others that did not obtain the wide publicity of the two quoted above because they concerned less prominent people.

But that does not mean that their relatives suffered any the less from the stigma of the verdict.

AND that is why we protest against this new fashion for majority verdicts.

"Suicide" is a nasty thing to have in a family. It may harm the members in many ways throughout their lives. Mothers, fathers, brothers and sisters feel there is a slur on them.

That being the case, it is only right that before a verdict of "Suicide" is returned there should be no possible doubt that it was suicide. If there is any doubt (as there was in the Ahlers and Veno cases), surely the relatives should get the benefit of it.

Why not—when the meanest criminal always gets the benefit of the doubt at a trial—at least, to the extent of having a new trial ordered?

The power of coroners to call for a majority verdict when a jury intimates that it cannot reach unanimity exists for the enforcement of justice in times of national emergency—to deal swiftly, in fact, with cases of assassination or incendiarism.

IN such emergencies it is conceivable that there might be one or two members of the inquest jury with revolutionary sympathies who would deliberately remain deaf to the evidence, blind to the facts.

While they held out, the coroner would be impotent to issue his warrant against the criminals. Hence his power to seek and accept a majority verdict.

But it is a vastly different matter when that power is exercised, as is now being so freely done, in the simple tragedies of everyday life. In these the consequences are always cruel and far-reaching.

Is it any wonder that Miss Anny Ahlers' relatives were dissatisfied when they heard the coroner pronounce the verdict of "Suicide while insane," and knew that it had been reached by the process of voting when the jury failed to agree.

We don't propose to say whether Miss Ahlers committed suicide or not. We don't know. Neither did the jury as a whole know. Some thought she did; some that she didn't. Yet she is labelled a suicide.

We think that this should not have been the case. The dead woman and her relatives should have been given the benefit of the doubt or a new jury empanelled.

CORONERS' juries, as everyone knows, are picked at random, and it is a fair deduction that if any other nine men or women had been chosen for a rehearing of the case, their majority finding might have been the reverse of that now entered upon Miss Ahlers' death certificate.

The truth is that with coroners accepting majority verdicts it becomes a sheer matter of luck whether the verdict is "Suicide" or 'Accidental Death."

If you are unlucky you get a jury in which some members say "Suicide" and others "Accidental death." If you are lucky with a jury the votes are reversed.

We think it much to be deplored that such a grave issue should hang so much on the chance composition of the jury.

Exactly the same thing happened at the inquest on the manufacturing chemist, Sir William Veno, as at the Ahlers inquest. The evidence was conflicting as to the cause of death and the jury failed to agree.

Some thought suicide, some thought not. But, again, the majority verdict of "Suicide while insane" was returned—and we must say that we have every sympathy with the widow in her protest against such a verdict when the jury's opinion was so divided.

To justify the demand for majority verdicts in doubtful circumstances, it is pleaded that this course saves the relatives of the dead from having to undergo the pain of a second public examination in court.

The excuse is a poor one. There must be few cases in which relatives would not willingly repeat their evidence if there was a prospect that it would absolve a lost one and his family from the stain of suicide and insanity.

It is a stain which persists and spreads. There are material consequences when life insurance policies contain suicide clauses. There are unjust reflections upon the living whenever the question arises of whether or not there has been insanity in the family.

THE stigma may be a serious handicap upon the future of an unmarried daughter. It is always an obstacle in the career of a son who may seek to enter the public services, or emigrate, or insure his own life. A candidate for any of these things has to disclose any instance of insanity in the family.

Considering, then, the far-reaching effects of "Suicide while insane" verdicts, it must be obvious to everybody that they should not be recorded except as unanimous findings of a jury.

Such verdicts, arrived at by a vote when the jury leave the box, should be stopped at once.

We hope to see a swift end put to the pernicious practice.

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER . . .

A Good Way to Start an Epidemic

Blind Boy Shows How

Hero of the Quarries

THE Government has sent out many astounding edicts in the sacred name of Economy.

But none more absurdly short-sighted, we think, than the order that has just gone forth from the Ministry of Health to local health authorities.

It instructs them to shorten the period of isolation in scarlet fever cases and discharge the patients sooner; to have the milder cases treated at home, and to give up the disinfecting of homes in both scarlet fever and diphtheria cases.

This strikes us as being a good way to start an epidemic.

Bigger bill

We refuse to believe that this form of parsimony will commend itself to local health authorities.

Certainly it will not impress anybody with the least spark of humanity in them—least of all ratepayers, whose bill, if such proposals are ever enforced, will in the long run be bigger, not smaller.

Think again !

With patients being discharged before they are completely well, and with all the increased risk of infection resulting from home instead of expert treatment, we should have not isolated cases of fever, but epidemics.

Sir Hilton Young, the Minister of Health, must think again. And then scrap his astounding order.

Worst panel squeeze

And here is something else about which the Health Minister should change his mind.

Sixty thousand or more men and women are to have their National Health Insurance benefit stopped at the end of the year.

Why? Because they are out of work and so haven't been able to get their cards stamped.

They will therefore have no panel doctor and no free medicine.

Gratifying

Legal reforms which we have been demanding for years are at last to be made.

A Bill is to be brought into Parliament to abolish grand juries, to limit the use of petty juries, and to shorten the Long Vacation.

Next, please!

Blow for dope fiends

A world drive against the dope gangs is beginning.

In the next few weeks the British Government is bringing in a Bill to ratify the World Anti-Drug Convention, and other countries are taking simultaneous action.

An international secret service will be set up, illicit dope factories closed down, and every ounce of drugs traced from its production through all the stages of distribution.

Shall we at last see the end of one of the most infamous evils in the world?

More and less

Though the miner's output has been increased by half since 1920, his wages have fallen by half.

And, as many miners now work only four or five days a week, they take home less than thirty shillings at the end of the week.

Could there be a stronger argument against the owners' claim for district agreements that would make these conditions still worse?

Will the mighty fall?

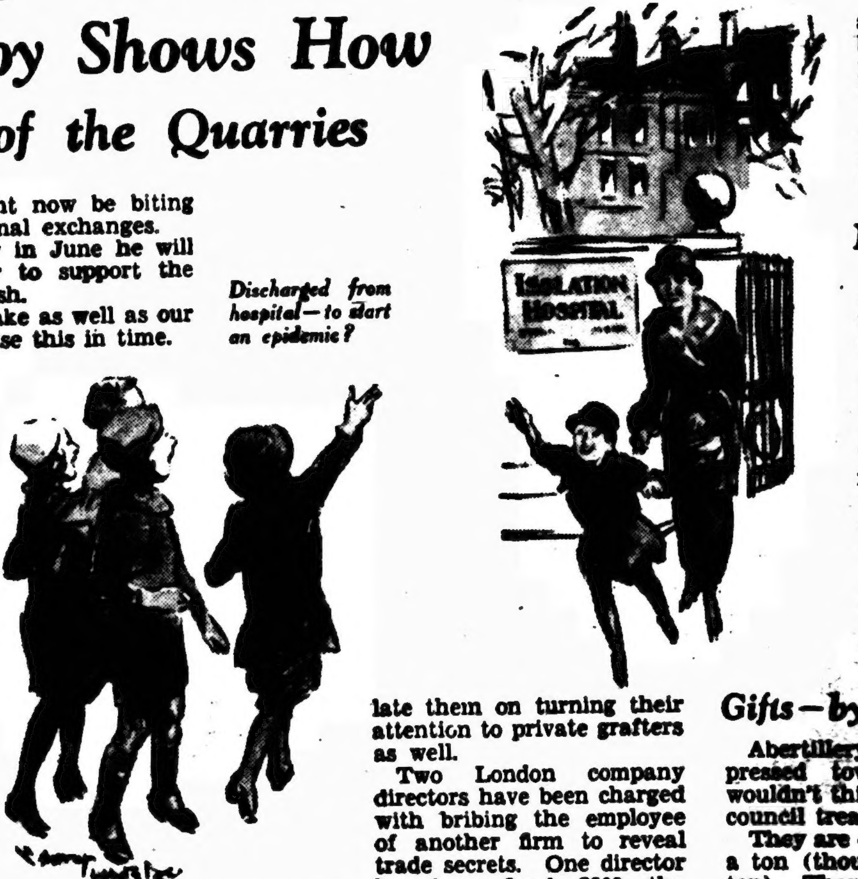
Apparently it is still possible that the United States will demand another war debt payment from Britain in June.

So Uncle Sam doesn't seem to have learnt the lesson of his banking crisis.

Nor does he realise that but for the action of the British Government "the almighty dollar" might now be biting the dust in international exchanges.

If he makes us pay in June he will take away our power to support the dollar—and it will crash.

Let's hope, for his sake as well as our own, that he will realise this in time.



Discharged from hospital—to start an epidemic?

Blind

This week's happiest story is about a little Welsh boy, Eddie Keep.

Though blind from birth, he recently entered an essay competition. As he couldn't "read up" the subject, he got other boys to read to him and so thoroughly mastered pages of information that he won the coveted prize.

One day he intends to enter the Congregational Church as a minister. We should be surprised if he found much difficulty in doing so.

Demon with a poker

The week's most revolting story comes from Felling-on-Tyne, near Gateshead.

An elderly man, James Scott, suddenly flew into a rage, accused his blind son of "always sitting about," and attacked him with a heated poker. Now Scott has gone to jail for three months.

If the doctors had not testified to his sanity we should have said that a parent guilty of so terrible a thing must be mad.

As he isn't, those three months should cool his temper.

A quarry hero

We admire the pluck of William Thomas Chapman, a Somerset quarryman.

A gust of wind blew his coat into the cogs of a crushing machine, and in a second his arm was practically wrenched off.

Yet, thinking first of others, he climbed a rocky path down the steep side of the quarry and stopped the machinery before going to hospital to have his arm amputated.

We know of no finer bravery than that.

Pension hardship

Wounded in 1915 and discharged two years later, an Army pensioner of Ipswich died last November as a direct consequence of his wound.

Yet the widow's claim to a war pension has now been rejected because her marriage took place after her husband was wounded, though he was still serving at the time.

We repeat that the Royal Warrant should be amended to end scandals of this sort.

The law's warning

We are very glad to see that the "Fascist bodyguard" who laid about him with a coil of lead and rubber at a Lancashire political meeting has gone to jail for three months.

It should serve as a useful hint to others who believe that force is the best form of argument.

Trade spies

A week ago we told how the authorities are at last tackling the evil of municipal graft. This week we can congratulate them on turning their attention to private grafters as well.

Two London company directors have been charged with bribing the employee of another firm to reveal trade secrets. One director has been fined £300, the other £150, and the employee £60.

Let that be a warning to others.

Artful dodgers

Why are people who owe large sums for rates not sued as vigorously as those who owe only a pound or two?

A Liverpool firm owing £4,000 was summoned and then paid £3,000 on account. But, as the magistrate pointed out, those rates were due nearly a year ago, and by waiting until summoned the firm had probably made 6 per cent. on the money.

He suggested that it should be made to pay interest to the corporation. Yes, why not?

Life and death

Let us pay tribute to the memory of the Rev. Frank Colson, a Portsmouth vicar, who has just died.

He asked that there should be no elaborate signs of mourning, and that instead of money being spent on flowers it should be given to the parish's unemployment fund.

This seems to us to be as good an interpretation of the spirit of Christianity as anyone could wish for.

The Church awakes

In the next few weeks the Church of England will hold a special moral welfare conference.

It will discuss helping unmarried mothers and their children, and the question of taking children out of the custody of drunken or immoral parents and placing them in the care of suitable foster-mothers.

Everyone will welcome the Church's courageous attitude in tackling problems of this sort.

Gentle hint

Scotland Yard, we are glad to see, is urging owners of revolvers to give them up to the police in the interests of public safety.

But the response would probably be greater if it was made clear that those who surrender weapons for which they have no licence would be immune from penalties.

Who cares?

The people of Rayleigh, Essex, have made us just a little discouraged with our fellow-countrymen.

Their local council decided to allow Sunday games in its park. This raised such a storm of protest that a poll was ordered.

It has resulted in a majority of 112 against the proposal. Yes, but out of some 4,000 ratepayers only 419 took the trouble to vote.

We can only say that the others don't deserve Sunday games even if they want them.

New use for gas

The other day a man put a cat in a gas-oven and turned the taps on. No—don't be horrified.

The cat had a needle lodged in its palate, and violently resisted all efforts to remove it. But the "operation" was successfully performed under the "anæsthetic," and a dose of castor-oil completed the cure.

Mr. J. A Taylor, a motor patrolman, was the surgeon. We hope he doesn't arouse professional jealousy in Harley Street.

Gifts—by order

Abertillery is one of the most depressed towns in Wales. But you wouldn't think it from the way the local council treats its employees.

They are entitled to buy coke at 8s. 4d. a ton (though it costs ratepayers £1 a ton). They can get coal at cost price, plus haulage. Some get 'bus season tickets, some motor-car allowances, others travelling allowances as well as £2 10s. a year for boots.

Who wouldn't work for the Abertillery U.D.C.!

Muzzling them

There are so many societies in Britain already that we hesitate to welcome yet another.

But the latest is one for the Prevention of Gossip which has been started in the Somerset village of Beckington, claimed to be the worst centre of chit-chat in the country. Offenders are to face a mock-trial in public.

If the idea proves successful, we know quite a lot of other places that should adopt it.

The real offenders

One can't but sympathise with the Tooting unemployed man who stole a sack of coal because his invalid wife needed warmth. He got 29s. a week relief, his rent was 16s. 6d., and he had three children.

But these cases are becoming too common.

The real trouble lies with the public assistance committees who inadequately provide for the worst-hit families.

"It's amazing how you manage to keep going at all," the magistrates remarked to the Tooting man. And that is equally true of a great many other workless fathers.

The best reason

You must have been as surprised as ourselves to see that a man whose wife has been living with another man for twenty years has been refused a divorce at Leeds Assizes.

He was told he should have applied before.

Of course he ought.

But we can't think of a better reason for divorce than twenty years' infidelity Can you?

Golden rule

Despite our frequent advice about the home-work dodge and our exposures of various firms and individuals, we continue to receive complaints from those who have been victimised.

So, once again, we give a word of warning.

Never part with money to obtain home-work—*no matter what the pretext.*

11 MAY 33

O.G.P.U.— what it is *and* what it does

THE arrest of the six Metropolitan-Vickers officials in Russia has once more centred interest in the activities of O.G.P.U., the Soviet secret political police force.

This body is the most celebrated of its kind since the days of Fouché's police, which were the eyes and ears of Napoleon I. throughout France.

In later times the only organisation to be compared with it is the Austrian secret police that functioned in Italy before Cavour, Mazzini and Garibaldi became the saviours of their country.

Amazing stories of the activities of the O.G.P.U. have been spread about the world, some of them very sinister indeed. But the truth is that wherever you get a secret police legends of this sort are bound to spring up and to find believers.

Fantastic stories were told in the days of the War about the doings of our own Special Branch at Scotland Yard. Most of them were exaggerations, and, in the same way, a good deal of the luridly coloured material spread about the O.G.P.U. is pure imagination.

Still, the fact remains that where you have a powerful secret police of this sort peculiar things do happen.

It has been so in Russia with the O.G.P.U., to use the word made by the initial letters of Internal State Police Department. But it was just the same in Russia with the Ochrana of Tsarist times. The O.G.P.U. is only the lineal descendant of the Ochrana, having graduated by way of the Cheka, which was the first Bolshevik secret police.

In fact, Soviet Russia only puts into practice with the O.G.P.U. what Tsarist Russia taught with the Ochrana, from the days of Peter the Great until the Bolshevik revolution.

The Ochrana split its work between two main departments known as the Inner Eye and the Outer Eye, for instance. The O.G.P.U. does its work in just the same way—and one can well imagine why a certain amount of lurid romance has grown round its secret Inner Eye.

Vast corps

IT is comprised of a vast number of people, most of whom have been distributed among the ordinary populace in such a way that the identity of a single one of them is not even guessed at.

They work as porters, doorkeepers, caretakers, newspaper sellers, railway officials. They sit as officers in officers' messes. They go into the house of a suspect to repair a bell, to repaper a room. They are to be found among leading politicians, the real nature of their work being unknown to their colleagues. They are on every Soviet ship, in every barracks, on public vehicles, in every big block of flats.

At every railway station there is a store of money, kept there to enable a police agent to follow a suspect at any hour of the night or day without revealing, by production of a special pass, that he is working for the secret police.

There is a staff of trained experts in the background — photographers, handwriting experts, chemists, metallurgists—men who can test for invisible ink, read a sealed letter without opening it, tell how a fire was started, and so on.

A recruit of O.G.P.U. can only graduate when he can describe, with his eyes closed, ten of twenty men he has looked at for five minutes in an adjoining room. And every description must be one enabling another recruit to pick out the man. "Once seen, never forgotten" is the maxim on which these secret police work as far as faces and photographs are concerned.

And they are taught to cultivate their powers of observation, too.

A man tears up a sheet of paper in small pieces and throws it away—he may or may not be destroying an incriminating document. Another bears signs of chemical poisoning, though there is no chemical work in the vicinity—people working in hidden arsenals usually look like that.

No, O.G.P.U. doesn't arrest them for that; but such people are worth watching, for a time; worth including in the "List of New People who came under My Observation during the Day," which every O.G.P.U. official hands in every night.

The silliest statement ever made about these secret police is that they arrest people for very trifling reasons. They are too subtle for that. What they do is to begin dossiers on suspects, dossiers that grow fatter and fatter with each day of shadowing.

But the aim of O.G.P.U., as far as these people are concerned, is different from that of Ochrana in the old days. O.G.P.U. leaves them alone, treating the minor suspect as somebody who may one day lead it to discover a real counter-revolutionary.

The Ochrana's way was to put ideas of assassination into the suspect's head, provide him with a weak sort of bomb if necessary, and, after he had tried to throw it, make a clean sweep-up of the man himself and every confederate he had gathered round him.

The Soviet's Outer Eye is no less efficient, but different. Its members work openly from their headquarters in the different cities—in the case of Moscow from a building that looks like a huge block of mansion flats, and is known as No. 2, Lubjanka Street. This building is both the executive office and the O.G.P.U. prison for the whole of Moscow.

"You are wanted"

IN what is known as Room 27 C.R. people accused of counter-revolutionary activities are examined, and it is there, it is alleged, that Third Degree methods are sometimes applied. But, if they are, they are certainly not Third Degree methods in the American sense. The questioner prefers to coax and wheedle rather than bully, often promising absurdly light treatment to the man who confesses if by doing so he brings more important prisoners into the net.

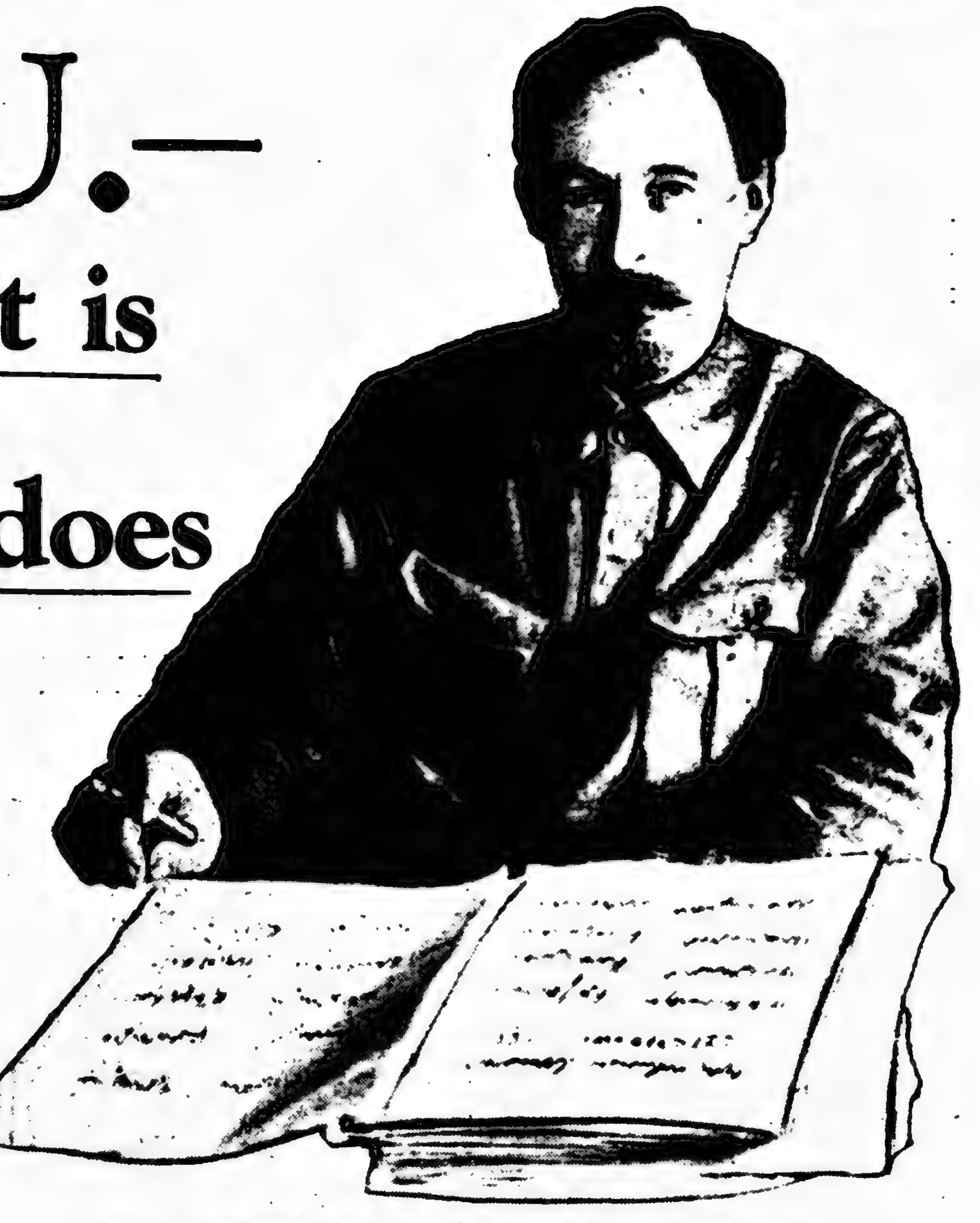
To and from this building pass the uniformed officials of the Outer Eye—tall, broad-shouldered men in high fur caps and capelike cloaks, always with a Mauser on their belts, whose duty it is to tap people whom they seek on the shoulder and say: "Come with me. You are wanted."

True, prisoners are sometimes sentenced without a public trial. The alternative is to take them to the People's Courts, which, according to the Soviet's critics, are so much under the influence of the secret police that it amounts to the same thing.

O.G.P.U. never pronounces sentence of death. "We have decided to take the supreme measure for the defence of the State" is how they put it, after the prisoner has been removed without being told the decision of the court.

The condemned man is shot, maybe before he has even guessed that he is to die. Then his name is entered up in a book labelled "Outgoings"—and the authorities have been satisfied without the word "death" ever being used.

Although much that has been said against the Soviet secret police is undoubtedly untrue, there is no question that their methods are harsh and detestable from the British point of view.



Felix Jershinsky built up the O.G.P.U. "Lenin was the only leader who did not fear him."

Lurid rumours

THE fact is that while Communism is changing, O.G.P.U. changes more slowly. Long after Lenin watered down his policy to permit a measure of private trading, O.G.P.U. continued to punish people guilty of private trading on the grounds that it was wrong.

Felix Jershinsky, the man who rebuilt the secret police after the Bolshevik Revolution, basing it on the Ochrana model, was always more extreme than other Soviet leaders, even than Lenin. In fact, it has been said that Lenin was the only leader who did not fear him.

Ever since then O.G.P.U. has always been more extreme in its methods than the Soviet Government itself. Yet even O.G.P.U. is moderating itself, according to well-informed observers.

The secret police service has been blamed for the kidnapping of General Koutopoff, who disappeared in Paris in 1930, and has never been seen again. It has been accused of stealing girls from their homes and sending them to prison. It has even been said that it turned old women into the street for no reason at all. Such accusations need not be taken too seriously.

The O.G.P.U. is the secret police arm of what amounts to a dictatorship, and the methods of dictatorships are notoriously harsh when compared with the slower and more tolerant justice of democracies like our own.

For that reason, while recognising that the Soviet police, like any other secret service, may be guilty of excesses, we should not be too ready to believe all the fantastic and sinister stories that we read about it.

BRANDED! . . .

He comes bac to the haun of men bravely face the future a free man—but dog ging his footsteps is th man he was, a convict. . "It is as a prisoner that tramp the streets, it is as prisoner that I see in ever glance detection of m shameful secret," he say

I HEARD the rattle of keys. Somewhere near me a gate opened. I walked out.

I was free . . . free at last to try and turn into realities the dreams which had haunted me day and night ever since I had realised that my sentence of three years' imprisonment was nearing its end.

I must have been still dreaming as I walked out of the prison gate, for everything around me seemed vague and unreal—the early morning crowds hurrying to work forming, as I thought, a cavalcade of marionettes; the struggling sun, bleak and watery; coldness and aloofness everywhere.

Then I suddenly realised that I was the marionette, and that the coldness, aloofness, vagueness and bleakness came from within myself.

I was numbed body and soul by the shame and misery which, easy enough to suppress when I had been hidden in a cell, now came to the surface once I was back again in the world.

A tired-looking man in drab clothes moved hesitatingly towards me and murmured something about a substantial breakfast at the expense of a society interested in discharged prisoners.

I little knew . . .

A Salvation Army officer introduced himself with a heartiness which would have been welcome at any other time, and, calling me "Brother," asked me to join two other ex-prisoners he had collected and be his guest with them at a meal.

A third stranger offered me a booklet, presumably of a religious character, and said not a word.

I looked at them all in turn without being able to speak, my thoughts a mixture of self-reproach and hope, my eyes on the ground because I was afraid *she* might not come, acutely aware that on her depended everything in the future now that everything in the past was irretrievably lost.

They had been very kind to me in the prison that morning.

The governor had said the best thing he could wish me was that he and I would never meet again. The head warder had complimented me on the fact that they had preserved my dark blue suit so carefully that it now looked like new. And the chaplain, a tactful person who never asked unnecessary questions, had casually mentioned the Prisoners' Aid Society in case I had no friends.

They had been unanimous in congratulating me on leaving the prison, not knowing—and I shared their ignorance at the time—that the real punishment begins after you have left prison. But they ought to have known that Freedom is not of the body, but of the mind. . . .

I was thinking of this when I heard a voice and started convulsively. I half-turned and saw my wife, her cheeks pale and her clothes shabby.

"Come along, Jack," she said cheerfully. "I'm simply starving."

She did not say she forgave me. Far better than that, she acted as though there was nothing to forgive.

It was characteristic of her, too, that without another word she got me away as quickly as possible from the prison-haunted, prison-infested district.

A short walk and a 'bus ride did it, and she found a convenient teashop.

As I entered I noticed that the two waitresses on duty stared curiously at me.

I jumped to the conclusion that they had guessed I was an ex-convict, that about half an hour previously I had been in a prison cell.

The truth was that it was merely careless curiosity on their part, due to the fact that we were the first customers and that my spruce appearance showed up my companion's shabbiness.

During the meal my wife told me all the news I wished to hear. The two children were well. Islington suited them better than Blackheath.

I winced and understood. Of course, she could not remain in the neighbourhood where we lived at the time of my disgrace. The wife and children of a convict were pariahs and outcasts. It was not that friends and neighbours proved deliberately unkind. It was simply that the position was impossible. The children might be too young to understand, but their mother did, and so she fled with them.

Innocent sufferers

Thank heaven, London is the best place in the world to hide in, to be forgotten in and ignored by the crowd.

My wife had emigrated to Islington and found employment in a restaurant there. It was slavery, from seven in the morning until ten o'clock at night, but she had to refuse better jobs because awkward questions were asked about her husband.

That is the tragedy of earthly Justice—it punishes the innocent more than the guilty. My wife had been free to work some fourteen hours a day. I had been imprisoned to work four.

"They think at the restaurant I'm a widow, but it doesn't matter now," she said with an encouraging smile. "I'll stay at home and look after the children. You can get a job, Jack."

Our home had once been a little flat near Blackheath, of which we had been very proud. Now it was a miserable room in a North London slum.

Doris, aged four, received me with a childish stare; Harr aged seven, backed awa and clung to his mother skirt. I was a complet stranger to them.

Their mother wisely did not attem to explain matters. She introduced m as their father and left it to time complete the introduction. I was grat ful, but then every minute she was pu ting me further in her debt, this woma whose life I had blasted and who y met every disaster with a courage to beautiful to be described.

But a discharged prisoner has no roo or time for sentiment. Facts have be faced, and one has always to reme ber that in the battle of life quarter seldom given even to the wounded.

I was hopeful that I might be luck for Islington was an unknown land me. North London had, in the old day

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Our Great Presentation

THERE has been a magnificent response to the Presentation Offer of an entirely New Guinea *Wonder Encyclopedia for Children* which was made in last week's JOHN BULL.

If you searched the bookshops of the world you would not find its like—yet it is yours for the asking! You, as a reader of JOHN BULL, are entitled to secure this fine volume.

But you must act promptly. The offer is closing very shortly and unless you seize it immediately you may be disappointed.

The *Wonder Encyclopedia for Children* has been specially written for this presentation and is nowhere else obtainable. Not until the volume itself is actually in your hands can you fully appreciate the enormous interest and value it contains for every child—and even for grown-ups.

Fascinating as a fairy tale, yet bearing the authority of the world's greatest scholars, scientists and historians, it unfolds in its enthralling pages the history, learning and pageantry of the ages, the wonderful story of the Universe, the life and work of mankind.

In nearly 1,200 photographic illustrations, many of them entirely new, it lays before you an awe-inspiring panorama of the marvels of nature and achievements of man, a vivid permanent record that will give you many a thrill.

Don't miss this opportunity to give some child this golden key to happiness and new realms of knowledge. Turn now to pages 6 and 7! If you have already reserved your copy of the *Wonder Encyclopedia* you will earn your friends' gratitude by telling them all about this great offer.

Point out that they must act at once or it will be too late!

—The Man Fresh from Prison Begins his Real Sentence

twenty grocery shops, did give me employment, but for his own sake as well as mine, he explained, he had to impart "in the strictest confidence" to the manager the information that I was an ex-convict who had been convicted of embezzlement.

The job lasted a week, the manager making things unpleasant for me because the task of watching me every time I took a customer's money added considerably to his duties.

I had sunk so low by this time that I was humbly grateful for the week's wages and almost cheerfully went to interview another of the philanthropists interested in discharged prisoners.

This one, however, would have nothing to do with me because I was not a member of a certain religious body, but he passed me on to a friend who had invented a nice, easy system of making money.

He was a small builder and employed ex-convicts to do the unskilled work at half the regulation wages.

I was with him five weeks and then the foreman accidentally discovered I was undercutting and ejected me, the boss not daring to interfere lest it should become known that he was making additional profits by employing quite a large proportion of ex-convict labour.

"I'm glad you've given it up," was my wife's comment when I returned home with the news. "If you can't get suitable work, it's better you should stay at home and keep your health. I'm going back to the restaurant."

They give her fifteen shillings a week and two meals, and as often as not she brings home the food allotted to her so that the four of us may share it. You see, as we are paying nine shillings a week for the furnished room every penny is as precious as a sovereign.

The only consolation is that the children and I are the best of friends now and that they are disappointed if I am not at the school gate to take them home every afternoon. They are not ashamed of me. Indeed, they are proud of the daddy who knows games, the daddy who plays with them every day because he is an ex-convict to whom the world denies the right to work.

I bear the prison taint, but my children do not see it. I am an outcast, but next to their wonderful mother I am their adored favourite. They do not know that I reduced them to the direst poverty, and if their mother does she never reveals her knowledge by word, act or sign.

No escape . . .

I should be happy if I could completely escape from prison, but no matter what I do or where I go I take my prison with me. It is as a prisoner I plead for employment; it is as a prisoner that I tramp the streets, and it is as a prisoner that I see in every glance detection and abhorrence of my shameful secret.

It is only imagination, of course, but it is very real to me, and that is why all sentences of imprisonment are sentences for life.

The number of warders in prison is limited; whereas in the world outside the prison it is unlimited, consisting as it does of the respectable, the people who have not yet been found out, as a cynic has expressed it.

And so my wife works about twelve hours a day in insanitary conditions and I, educated, considered intelligent, eager for work, sit at home and think or wander the streets and suffer torture. No one will give me a decent job. I could get one to-morrow if I cared to turn crook, but I am not even tempted by that prospect.

Condemned

Sometimes humour will creep in. . . .

Once my wife warned me not to get into conversation with any of my prison acquaintances, hinting at the danger of blackmail. Well, since I was discharged I have seen only one fellow-prisoner.

That was when I was on my way to make what proved to be a fruitless application for envelope addressing—two shillings per thousand—and a luxurious car drew up in front of a fashionable hotel.

I was just in time to see a fur-coated gentleman step out of the car and nod in lordly acknowledgment of the uniformed porter's obeisance.

The fur coat was so magnificent that it took me nearly ten seconds to place the figure it encased Then I remembered. He had been with me in the tailor's shop at Parkhurst, a bucket-shop swindler serving five years' penal servitude. And he is not likely to blackmail me!

I am still looking for a job, but who wants a man without a character?

Between my family and disaster there is only a fragile woman, and when her twelve-hour day breaks her up, heaven help us. For they won't have me, even as a slave. In our modern civilisation slaves have to be respectable. And I have "been in prison."

seemed to me to be as far from Blackheath as is America.

I started in at once to answer those advertisements which suggested that what was wanted was a man willing to use his hands and no questions would be asked. I knew it would be useless to try and resume my old occupation of accounts clerk or anything appertaining to clerical work. My conviction and imprisonment had robbed my brain of its market value, and the only thing I could hawk were my hands.

To my amazement I discovered that even for the meanest and worst-paid jobs there were scores of applicants and that my appearance—"too gentlemanly," one prospective employer described it—was a handicap. One experience may be quoted as typical.

"Your references?"

At four o'clock one morning I walked all the way to Bermondsey so as to be first in the queue of applicants for the post of porter in a warehouse. I achieved my object and was actually the first of the two hundred applicants to be interviewed, but when the manager asked for two references—the porter apparently had to deal with petty cash—I could only miserably mumble something and turn away.

It was only when starvation confronted us that I sank my pride and went to a philanthropic society. Its very name was an accusation, and the knowledge that it was under its auspices one interviewed people who had work to give was my greatest handicap.

With a hang-dog look I answered questions, kindly intentioned, patronising or insulting, with that subdued hoarseness which is peculiar to prison land.

One elderly gentleman, who owned

Homely Wisdom

by Canon R. J. Campbell, D.D.

THE VOICE DIVINE

On the night of March 4 I sat in a friend's house listening to President Roosevelt delivering his inaugural address at Washington, U.S.A. I heard every word as plainly as if he were standing beside me on the hearthrug.

The amazing miracle of the transmission of the tones of a human voice across thousands of miles of space and through stone walls and closed doors stirred one's imagination profoundly.

I wondered what Christopher Columbus would have thought of it. He took many weeks of perilous sailing to discover what was to him a new world, but nothing could have seemed more incredible to him than that we should ever be able to hear a man speaking from that new world to millions of auditors in the old.

* * *

When the address ended my friend and I sat talking about the marvel of the wireless wave. He said: "I think the speed of it is as wonderful as what it conveys; it is quicker than an ordinary sound wave; more than once I have sat here in London listening to Big Ben striking through the loud speaker of my receiving set, and an instant later to the same chime from Big Ben coming through the open window."

More thrilling still to me is the knowledge that every word spoken and every strain of music played from a broadcasting station is vibrating at this moment in the room where I write, and would be audible if I were to tune in to it.

It matters not where the speaker or singer stands—he may be in London, Vienna or Rome—I shall hear him as plainly as if he were here on the spot, and I shall hear all that he says or sings as fully as though he were speaking or singing to me alone.

Nor must we forget that this now familiar phenomenon is no mere human invention. Senator Marconi and the other men of scientific genius who have made it available for us have not created it, they have merely harnessed it to our perceptions; it has been in existence since the world began; it is part of the very structure of the universe.

Where is the music or the message that we hear when we turn on our wireless set? Is it in the ether? No: the ether is pulsing, but silent. Is it in our own minds? In a sense, yes; but in a larger sense, no.

We have the capacity for understanding the message or enjoying the symphony, but we are not the source of either. The thought and the harmony proceed from a fellow-spirit invisible to us, but with whom we are in communion because we are akin.

* * *

There is a helpful lesson in all this. Our experience of the wonders of the wireless wave has made it easier for us to believe in the reality of God and heaven and in the trustworthiness of our highest inspirations.

We are no more the actual authors of our purest ideals and noblest purposes than we are the composers of the speeches and melodies that reach us by radio. They come from a higher sphere and are breathed into our souls in our best moments, when we are truest to ourselves and most responsive to inspiration from above.

The best men and women in the world are they who live their lives in the firm assurance of this fact; and there is no one entirely without some personal acquaintance with it.

In all your daily doings, your joys and sorrows, your problems and perplexities, learn to listen for the Voice Divine. It will never lead you wrong.

What Are They Thinking?

The 'Varsity Boatrace once again. . . . How often have you seen photographs of the set, strained, agonised looks on the oarsmen's faces? How often have you wondered what they are thinking behind those masks of concentrated energy?

Now you can know, for David Haig-Thomas reveals the thoughts of an oarsman actually taking part in the Boatrace. He describes all his feelings and emotions in this week's *Passing Show*, out on Friday, March 31.

Hannen Swaffer's Open Letter to JOAN CRAWFORD

Your Hollywood LOVE Makes us Sick

MY DEAR JOAN CRAWFORD, — I wonder how much of this bunk about your "love affair" we are supposed to believe.

Nearly every Hollywood star I know is in some sort of heart trouble, every now and then. Your heads get so big, you know, that your wedding-rings don't fit.

What a game it is!

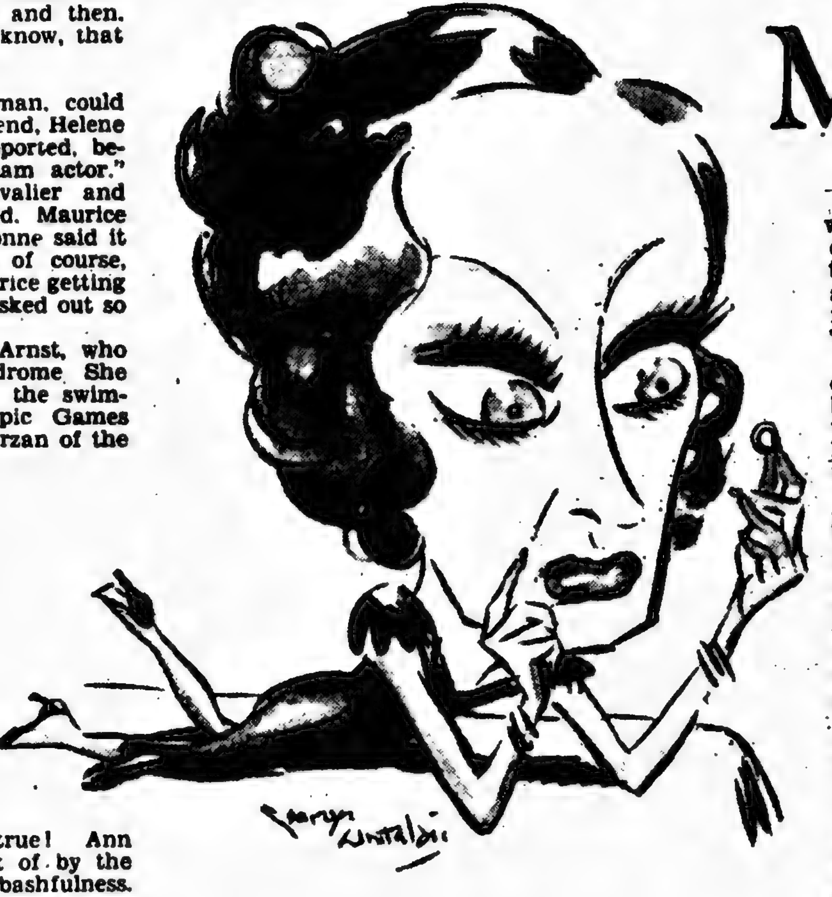
Your friend, Lowell Sherman, could not get on with your other friend, Helene Costello, it was solemnly reported, because she called him "a ham actor."

Now when Maurice Chevalier and Yvonne Vallee were divorced, Maurice said it was jealousy and Yvonne said it was cruelty. The truth is, of course, that Yvonne did not like Maurice getting all the limelight and being asked out so much

Now, I remember Bobby Arnst, who danced at the London Hippodrome. She married Johnny Weismuller, the swimmer—you know, the Olympic Games champion who rose to be Tarzan of the Apes. "His brother lived with them," it was solemnly said in court, was the reason for their quarrels.

When Ann Harding, a very clever actress, quarrelled with her husband, Harry Bannister, the world was told "marriage interfered with their careers."

Now, actually, this was true! Ann Harding had to be thought of by the silly film fans as all maiden bashfulness. The idea of her being married took away all the romance.



• • •

Fancy Jack Dempsey, world champion, and Estelle Taylor talking of "incompatibility," as they did Jack was incompatible with Gene Tunney and Jess Willard and all the other cave-men gorillas of the world, and made a lot of money at it. But incompatibility with a nice-looking woman upset his nerves.

All over the world, working women get married and endure hardship, and drudgery, and toil, and poverty. In Britain, the Means Test makes hundreds of thousands of their lives a torture.

Millions of them, to-day, live in a state bordering on starvation They do not complain. But if a woman like you—and you earn £1,500 a week, they assure me, or fifteen times the salary of Ramsay MacDonald—gets het up about something, reporters call you up on the long-distance telephone and you weep at the other end.

Then we read on the front pages all about how you said: "We just couldn't make a go of it."

"Doug." and you intended to separate a year or more ago, you say, but you thought you would have another try. So you came to Europe on a trip to see if that would work wonders, but it didn't.

Well, when you arrived in London, the film fans got so excited that, when you went to see "Cavalcade," police had to protect you from the mob and you were carried into Drury Lane Theatre.

And, all the time, no one knew that you were breaking your heart, or whatever it is called in Hollywood when it is not the subject of a plot.

All the pictures showed you holding hands with Duggie, and beaming, and enjoying it as though it were the Kingdom of Heaven. Once, when you went into the Savoy to have supper, everybody stood up to gaze at you!

And, poor little Joan, all the time, we didn't know that you were "trying to make a go" of it. Europe was broken. Millions and millions of people were unemployed. And you, flattered and kidded and worshipped by hundreds of thousands of silly girls, were breaking what you call your heart.

You were so important that, on the front page of a newspaper, loudly boosted, I read how you actually arrived in England with "a shiny nose," yes, and "shiny cheeks"—more than that, "a shiny chin," and, even still more than all that, "a shiny forehead."

Then, when the reporters met you, and you were asked, "How do you manage to stay married?" you said, "Because we are entirely tolerant of each other. If Doug chooses to dine with a blonde, well that is his business, and I don't ask questions."

Now, all the time, apparently, you were just acting a lie. That was only last summer—only eight months ago! And now the bottom has dropped out of your world, and you cry at the other end of a telephone, and we cry with you and say, "Poor Joan! Poor Doug.!"

Then Doug. says that he is still going to send you flowers every day, and chocolates, and hopes to win you back that way. Yes, and he is going all round the jewellers' shops, he says, to find you something that you really want.

Do you want him, or don't you?

Now, mind you, I am one of your admirers. I have seen you in several pictures, paid tribute to the cleverness of your acting and the intelligence of your looks. You are one of the best of them, not one of the duds.

You should know better, if the others don't. If you look intelligent, why not behave intelligently?

Try and remember that this poor old world is broken and bleeding. Catastrophe is all around us.

Doug. is quite a nice young fellow, I am sure. Some film stars are, you know, only perhaps you don't believe it, now.

• • •

Joan, dear, go home! There are love-birds there, and grand pianos, and statues and fountains all over the place, and the microphone staring you right in the face, and jewels and orchids and ermine, and perhaps even a Pekinese dog.

Lots of the women who endure things have nothing but just a bare room.

You want a little bit of Means Test. If you had a week in one of the distressed areas in the North it would do you good. Waiting in a queue outside an employment exchange might show you something that really mattered

Heavens, how sick of Hollywood we all are! But you must not get sick of it. Without it, you would be nothing.

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS

Col. JOHN BROWN,
Haig House, London

DEAR COLONEL,—I was glad to see that you, as chairman of the British Legion, made an eloquent plea for disarmament at the ex-Servicemen's demonstration at Geneva

The fact that eight million ex-Servicemen from fifteen countries were represented is evidence enough that the desire for peace is as strong among veterans who have graduated in the school of war as it is among freshmen in University debating societies.

JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. GEORGE LANSBURY,
Bow Road, London, E.

DEAR MR. LANSBURY,—I and all my readers share your grief at the death of your "sweetheart, friend and comrade." Mrs. Lansbury.

Her long life had been devoted not only to her family, but to the welfare of the poor, and I know how she was admired and loved in London's East End.

You are not left alone, you say, for she will always be with you in thought and spirit.

No one could have a finer epitaph.

JOHN BULL.

ARTHUR BENSON,
Hodgson Street, Hull

BENSON,—The magistrate described you and your wife as "two dreadful people," and he was right.

Though hospital treatment has been arranged five or six times in the last two years for your little son, who is suffering from tuberculosis of the spine, you have always refused to let him go.

Yet he could never recover at home, for five people are packed into your living-room, including an elder son in an advanced stage of tuberculosis.

Yes, dreadful, senseless people!

JOHN BULL.

SPIRO MORRIS,
Birmingham

MORRIS,—The fine you have been ordered to pay—£1,000—is one of the largest I can remember. You have also to serve two years in prison with hard labour

But you will get nobody's sympathy. For your false income-tax returns robbed the Inland Revenue of £20,000—which means that you robbed us all.

JOHN BULL.

MAYOR OF BRIDLINGTON: Your council has decided to hold all future meetings, except one a month, in private. Remember that secrecy breeds suspicion.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. WILLIAM BARTON,
Higher Ardwick, Manchester

DEAR SIR,—It seems that you have your own views on the best treatment for bandits who knock down women to rob them of their handbags.

For when a man named Glover was charged with this crime the police said you arrived on the scene and gave the ruffian some of his own medicine by knocking him out

Perhaps Glover will remember that longer than he does the sentence of six months' imprisonment passed on him.

JOHN BULL.

Ex.-Sgt.-Major JAMES CLARKE, V.C.,
Rochdale, Lancashire

DEAR CLARKE,—Not only did the magistrate discharge you for causing an obstruction with a barrel-organ, but it has actually got you a job.

That's fine. But what a pity that you should have to be unemployed for fourteen years and at last to be "moved on" by the police before anyone was sufficiently interested in your record to offer you a job!

JOHN BULL.

ROLAND BATTY,
York

DEAR ROLAND,—Five days after you blushingly received a certificate for rescuing a nine-year-old boy from drowning, your grandfather fell into a canal.

You found it impossible to get him out. But at the risk of losing your own life you held him up until help arrived.

You may be only fifteen, but you are of the stuff that makes fine men.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. JUSTICE McCARDIE,
London, S.W.

MY LORD,—Police rules prevent the truth from always being told at trials, you suggest. This is an amazing charge for a judge to make—but it has been made before in these columns.

People who are rendered unconscious in road crashes and so are unable to take the names of witnesses often have no remedy in the courts because the police refuse to supply witnesses' names.

This monstrous injustice is due to the short-sighted policy of a few chief constables. I wish they would look beyond their noses.

JOHN BULL.

HOME SECRETARY: Questioned about all-in wrestling, you pleaded, "I have no information that the contests are frequent." You'd get quite a lot of information if you read the newspapers. —JOHN BULL.

SIDNEY McLEOD AUTON,
Nottingham

SWINDLER,—You have the unenviable distinction of being the worst rogue who ever perpetrated a "dole" fraud.

You deserted your wife and children in 1924 and have paid nothing towards their upkeep since. But from 1928 you claimed benefit for them both in your own name and an assumed one, and in all obtained more than £230.

I don't quarrel with your sentence of six months' imprisonment, but I do wonder how you "got away with it" for so long.

JOHN BULL.

BISHOP OF WAKEFIELD: You want low wages to be paid to young clergymen to discourage them from early marriage. What, is even the Church to advocate the "starve 'em" policy?—

MUSSOLINI —New Style

by A. G. Gardiner

Will he be Europe's saviour?

WHETHER anything comes of Mussolini's new *Pax Romana* or not, his scheme puts him in the centre of the stage.

Europe, like the United States in the Civil War, is crying out for "a man." Never in its history has it been in such urgent need of leadership, and never in its history has it been so bankrupt of leadership. It is like a ship that, having been torpedoed in the War, has been drifting helplessly ever since without a captain on the bridge, and with all the officers and crew fighting like Kilkenny cats in the cabins below to save their own quarters from destruction.

This is insanity. Nobody's quarters are going to be saved unless the ship itself is saved. We shall all sink together if we cannot agree on swimming together.

If Signor Mussolini is the man who can bring that agreement about he will earn the gratitude even of those of us who have distrusted him most in the past. We shall not scrutinise the credentials of anyone who can throw Europe a life-line in its present desperate emergency.

And there is this to be said in favour of Mussolini as a new hope—that he has shown that he can learn with experience. He still rules Italy with an iron and a ruthless hand, but he is not the fire-eating bravo that alternately shocked and amused us ten years ago.

World conqueror

In those days he adopted the god-like accents of the ex-Kaiser, and assumed the pose of a new Napoleon. He threatened to "blot out the sun" with his fleets of aeroplanes. He trod on the toes of France, awed Greece with his menaces, talked of the Mediterranean as if it were an Italian lake, and summoned up visions of a Roman Empire that should rival the dominion of the Cæsars.

His attitude to the League of Nations was as scornful as his attitude to Parliamentary idea of government, and he seemed to be aiming at a dictatorship of Europe as well as of Italy.

Much of this was no doubt meant for home consumption. He, the son of a blacksmith of the Romagna, who had made himself notorious in turn as the most extreme of Socialists, Anarchists, Internationalists and Republicans, had suddenly changed his rôle to that of the violent Nationalist and Patriot.

He set out with his Black Shirts to redeem Italy from the wave of Communism that was sweeping over it from Russia, and having made himself master of Rome and put King and Parliament into cold storage, he had to assume the airs of a world conqueror in order to bring his people to heel.

He is above all a supreme actor. He set himself to create a popular legend of himself as the superman who must be feared and who must be obeyed. His inkpot was a skull and cross-bones. His paper-weight was a dagger. His eyes sent "an electric current running through the veins." His pets were lion cubs that would eat anybody less heroic.

When he went into the lion-cage at the Zoological Gardens at Rome to play with the formidable "Italia" as if it were a kitten, the other lions, we are told, circulated round him as if willing to wound but yet afraid to strike so imperious a master.

He talked in public like a god delivering oracles to a mob of terrorised children, and in private (I quote from the Sarfatti life) he raved in this fashion:

"If the Eternal Father were to say to me 'I am your friend,' I would put up my fists to Him. . . . I want to make a mark on my era with my will, like a lion with its claws. A mark like this! (scratching the cover of a chair-back from end to end)."

If a British Prime Minister talked like this and began scratching the furniture to show what a terrible claw he had we should laugh and put him into safe keeping. Even ex-Comrade Mosley, who aspires to become our Mussolini, will be well-advised not to play the tiger-claw stunt on us when he assumes the purple. We confine our histrionics to the theatre and our lions to the Zoo.

But though Mussolini can play the fool when it suits his purpose to play the fool, he is not a fool. He is a great actor, a great egotist, but also something of a great man. In this respect he is, I think, entirely unlike his imitator in Germany.

And being something of a great man he has the wisdom to learn and to alter his tune with circumstances. During the past two years a notable change has come over his utterance and bearing. He no longer rattles his sabre, and more than once he has spoken to Europe boldly as a good European.

"Revenge!"

For this reason his *Pax Romana* is to be welcomed as a serious contribution to the great problem that perplexes Europe to-day. That problem, in brief, is the ancient feud between France and Germany. It has bedevilled the world for two thousand years, and in our time it has brought European civilisation to the brink of ruin. If it continues and results in another war it will end that civilisation beyond all hope of recovery.

And that another war is possible is only too apparent. Fourteen years of Poincaréism have driven Germany into the arms of the wild men, and a fierce belligerency and clamour for revenge has swept the country.

Europe is now faced with the danger of being divided once more into two military camps arming feverishly for the next war. In the one camp will be France and the Little Entente; in the other Germany and Italy. But if the clash comes, we shall all be involved. Let the guns once begin to speak and there will be neutrality for nobody.

Two things alone can stop the catastrophe to which we are drifting. The first is the fulfilment of the disarmament undertaking of the Powers given when they disarmed Germany. If France, Britain and Italy do not disarm nothing on earth can prevent Germany re-arming. And once the race of armaments is begun war is inevitable.

A good move

The other chance of escape is to bring about something like a reconciliation between France and Germany. And it is here that the influence of Mussolini should be invaluable. He holds the key position in Europe. Without his help Germany would not have a dog's chance in inviting another war.

This gives him an overwhelming authority in the counsels of Germany, altogether apart from the fact that as the founder of the Fascist idea his prestige in the new Germany is immense. In declaring for a pacific solution of the Franco-German quarrel therefore he warns Germany that she cannot rely on his help if she runs amok.

With his pressure on Germany from the one side and with British pressure upon France to be reasonable on the other, there is still a hope of escaping Armageddon.

That is why, with all its difficulties, I believe that the Four-Power Pact is a good move and that we may yet be able to regard Mussolini as one of the chief instruments for saving European civilisation.

Not from the B.B.C.—Mr. David Webster, of Liverpool, on—

SIRENS of the STORES

LITTLE dabs of powder
Cleverly applied,
Rouge adroitly handled,
Hair discreetly dyed,
Eyebrows nicely blackened,
Lips the proper shade,
Help the shop assistant
And are good for trade.

Nature's, no doubt, clever,
But she makes mistakes;
Art all Nature's blunders
Quickly overtakes,
Giving girls fair faces,
Figures trim and neat—
Which will help the figures
Of our balance-sheet!

At the large Liverpool store of which I am the manager we are instructing our girls in the expert use of cosmetics. Each has been coached in the art of make-up, for I consider that beauty behind the counter is half the battle in selling goods.

Doubtless some of our rivals will also offer counter-attractions on these lines; but others profess to believe that there is nothing commendable in beauty which is not even skin deep.

I do not say that a shop assistant's services should be assessed solely on her face value; but in business the time is coming when neglect of beauty will amount to neglect of duty.

It is absurd to suggest that we wish to turn our girls into vamps. If male customers buy socks and ties they do not want because they admire the chemically-produced complexion or hair of an assistant, that is their affair.

My firm, however, is not seeking to discover whether gentlemen prefer blondes of the calcium powder variety, for most of our customers are women, and we are relying upon the keen professional interest these will take in the renovations and repairs effected by our beauty experts.

Other firms of course, may go further by not only engaging coiffeuses, manicurists and modistes, but by providing such additional aids as face-lifting operations, gold-plated frames (such as are now obtainable in America) for altering the shape of an unsatisfactory nose, and artificial lips which, I am informed, can be superimposed on the lips that nature has provided and will stand the "roughest treatment" for twenty-four hours.

At present we have no intention of experimenting with these accessories, for, carried to excess, the cult of artificial beauty in business may become more of a hindrance than a help.

Miss Gibbs, now acknowledged the belle of the Stores,
No one could have labelled as beautiful
When first she began to sell ribbons and lace;
But soon to the task of re-making her face
She turned in a manner most dutiful.

Her hair and complexion are such as ne'er fail
To bring to the stores many visitors;
To gain those full cheeks, with the tint of a rose,
The tortures she suffered were like unto those
Inflicted by Spanish inquisitors!

Her nose, once a tragedy, now is a dream—
She bought the best sample procurable!
Apollo himself might her lips wish to share—
They cost our Miss Gibbs seven shillings a pair,
And worth it, since warranted durable!

But, still, there's a "catch"; if she's out in the wet
For hours she must hide from the multitude,
Till spare parts are found for those ruined by rain
And experts at last reassemble again
This marvel of chemical pulchritude!

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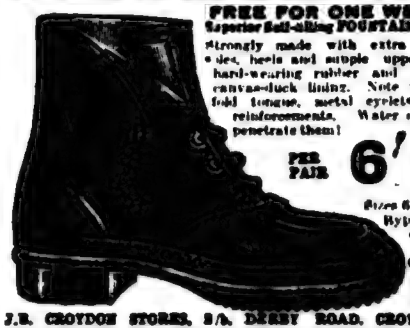
IDEAL SUBSTITUTE FOR WELLINGTONS
For Farming, Gardening, Policemen, Garages, etc.



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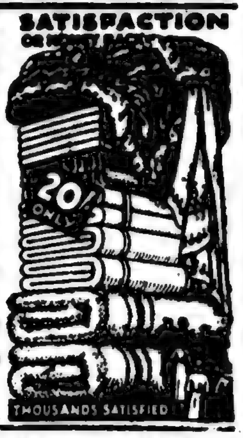

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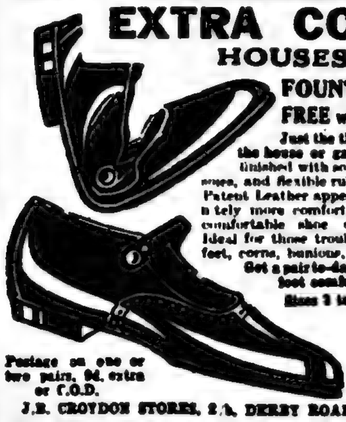

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Get a pair to-day and know what foot comfort really is.

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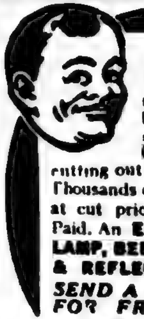

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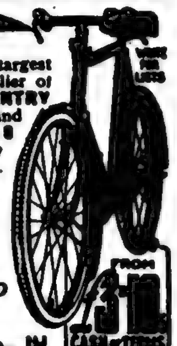

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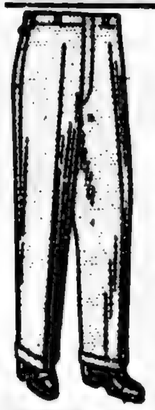

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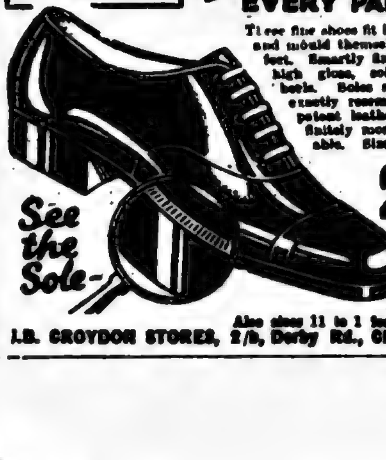

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A SQUARE GUARANTEE
FOR A STRAIGHT LINE

MORE GUARANTEED BARGAINS APPEAR ON PAGE 18.

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Everybody is Playing the Harmonica
3/6
SEND FOR YOURS TO-DAY

The most popular instrument of the masses to-day. Join the crowd—you can learn easily. This model has lovely tone, like miniature piano accordion; fits in pocket. Carry your own band wherever you go. Double sided, 80 reeds, 2 keys giving varied and beautiful effects. Just the thing for your summer outings.

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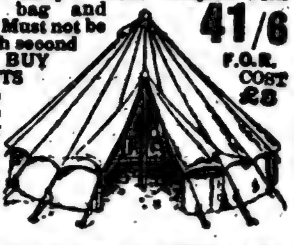
GUARANTEED FIRST GRADE ONLY.

Used for Manœuvres only. 9ft. 9in. high, 42ft. circum. Sleep 21 men. Complete with pole, pegs, bag and ropes, 41/6. Must not be confused with second grade Tents. BUY THESE TENTS NOW, as the price will rise 30p.c. during the season. Satisfaction or cash refunded.



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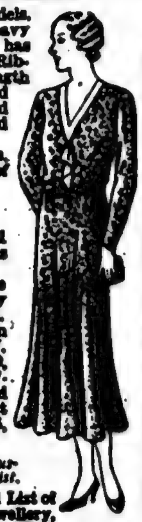
£1 10 0 value for **7/11**

Special Purchase of Exclusive Parisian Design Heavy Art. Silk Frocks. With Free Gift of Lady's Patent Shoes to every Purchaser.

Stylish Spring Models, in Finest Quality Heavy Art. Silk. Bodice has Medium V Neck, Self Ribbon Finished. Full Length Sleeves. Fully Flared Skirt with All-Round adjustable Belt. Trimmed Fancy Slide. Full length Stylish Sleeves. Offered in choice Shades of Nigger, Almond, Navy, and Black.



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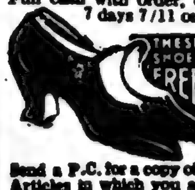
Send 6d. Deposit, and 6d. for postage for 7 Days' Free Approval. If satisfactory you pay 1/6 fortnightly until 8/9 is paid. Full cash with order, or balance within 7 days 7/11 only. Sizes S.W., W. Lengths 38, 40, 42 & 44, but 3/- extra charged for O.S., Bust 46, Lengths 46, 48, 50.



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We will send you on Free Trial this Beautifully Highly-polished 18-ct. Gold-case Hunter Watch timed to a minute a month. Lever movement. Opal Dial, Pen Steel Hands, Double Spring Front Case. 10 years' warranty. If satisfactory you pay 1/6 on receipt and 1/6 fortnightly until 29/6 is paid.

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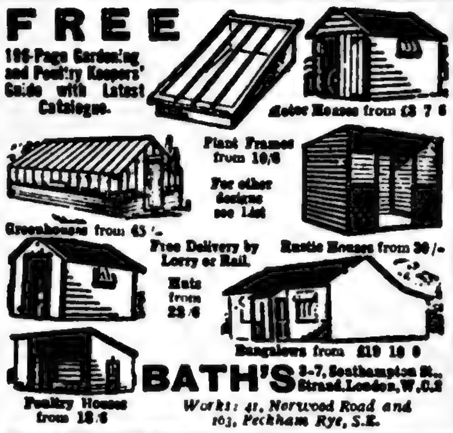

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Works: 41, Norwood Road and 103, Peckham Rye, S.E.

CANNOT BE REPEATED

This Shoe is **UPSIDE DOWN— SO IS MY PRICE**

NOT 11/6 **ONLY 4/11**

Here's a Bargain! Tan Willow (or Black Box) Shoes. Leather uppers, Natural Crepe Rubber Sole, machine sewn and stitched. Satisfaction or Free Gift of 1/-. Send for a pair now. If not satisfied return them and I will refund your money plus 1/- for your trouble. Every pair guaranteed. Men's sizes 6 to 11, Ladies 3 to 7. This week only 4/11 per pair. Boys 2 to 5 (ideal school wear) 4/6.

Postage on 1 or 2 pairs 9d. or C.O.D. Sizes 6-11.

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Join the "Popular" 5 in 1 Club

We deliver £5 worth of goods to Club members on receipt of first weekly payment of £1. NO TWENTY WEEKS' WAITING! CLUB AGENTS WANTED EVERYWHERE. BIG COMMISSION AND BONUS. Send TO-DAY for catalogue and particulars of this sensational offer.

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No. 1140. The "Popular" Bedding Bale, guaranteed to give most excellent service, comprises one pair best quality Fleecy Cotton Blankets, one pair stout unbleached Sheets, one Alhambra Quilt, two white hemstitched Pillow Cases, and one white Bolster case, all double bed size.

ONLY **20/-** POST PAID

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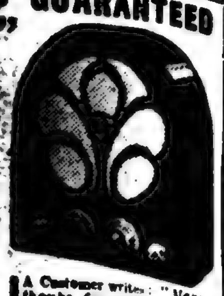
THIS FAMOUS GUARANTEED "ELECTOR" SCREENED GRID 3 VALVE

95/- CASH

10/- DOWN and 10 monthly payments of 10/- or 2/6 weekly



Carr. Paid. Ready for use. GETS 30 STATIONS ON INDOOR AERIAL. ALL BEST PARTS. EXIDE ACCUMULATOR. DRYDEX BATTERY. COLUMBIA or AMPLION SPEAKER.

A Customer writes: *"Many thanks for set received in perfect condition. I am very pleased with same, it has such splendid tone and the number of stations one can get is remarkable!"*

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"The Aircraft" WRIST WATCH SMART RELIABLE

The new type moving dial wrist watch at manufacturers' price. Gives time to the second at a glance. The movement is identical to most expensive models, and is modernly cased in fashionable Chromium, now preferred to gold. Absolutely shockproof, non-magnetic, and fitted with the new clip spring which prevents over-winding. Complete with strap. Three years' written warranty. Send this advt. and secure this increasingly popular watch now. Also Pocket Model, 4/6. Post 6d. Ladies' Dainty Model with silk band, 11/9. Post 6d.

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2/6 Post. 9d.

MONEY BACK IF NOT DELIGHTED. Sent C.O.D. if preferred.

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8 SECTIONAL BUILDINGS

Prices again reduced. Buy now before they rise. Carriage Paid.

GARAGES.

10' x 7'	£4 5 6
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6' x 4'	£1 16 0
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Planed Rebated Weatherboard.

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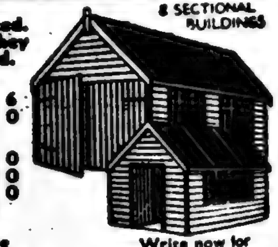

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A 15/- FREE GIFT COUPON

WRITE FOR FREE LISTS
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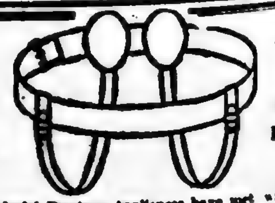
HERE is a chance to save shopkeepers' profits. Hundreds of Cycles of all kinds, many fitted with Sturmey-Archer 3-speed gear and Dunlop tyres. Approval willingly carriage paid. As an advertisement a 15/- Free Gift Coupon will be given to all who Write for my FREE CATALOGUE

Chas. T. Robey Ltd CYCLE WAREHOUSE, 24, COVENTRY

10/- SINGLE Postage 4d.



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These wonderful Rupture Appliances have met with such response that we are going to continue the offer of them. Consisting of a strong elastic body band, fitted with soft unpuncturable rubber pads, velvet covered, they are without doubt the most wonderful appliances on the market to-day. Send your P.O. at once stating size round body, and whether left, right or double rupture.

A Customer writes: "Please send another appliance as before. I have found it the best I have ever had in my 45 years' experience."

Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

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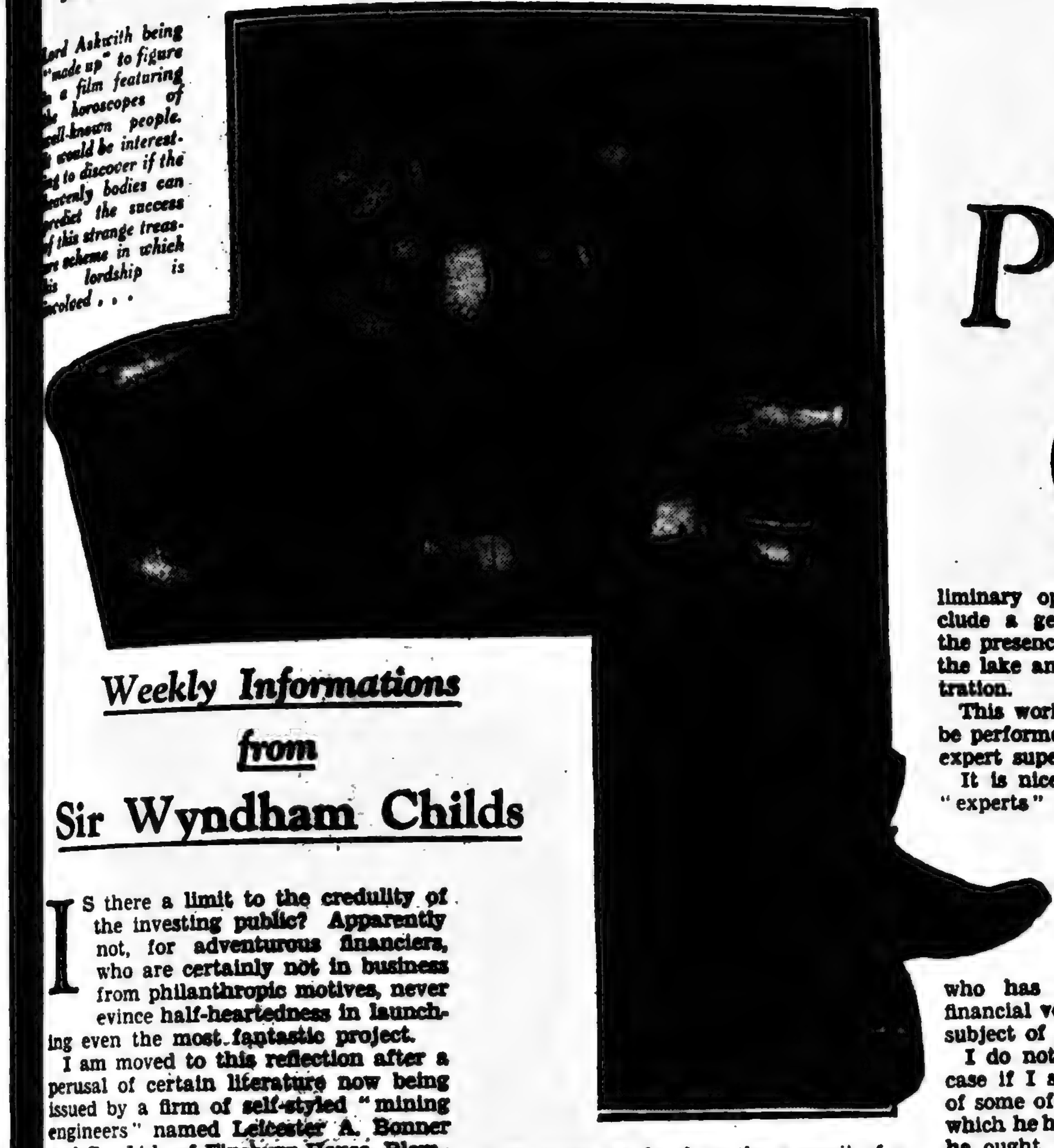

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is lordship is
nvolved . . .*

Weekly Informations from Sir Wyndham Childs

IS there a limit to the credulity of the investing public? Apparently not, for adventurous financiers, who are certainly not in business from philanthropic motives, never evince half-heartedness in launching even the most fantastic project.

I am moved to this reflection after a perusal of certain literature now being issued by a firm of self-styled "mining engineers" named Leicester A. Bonner and Co., Ltd., of Finsbury House, Blomfield Street, London, E.C.2.

In a brochure marked "Private and Confidential," and embellished with actual photographic prints, the public's interest is being sought in a scheme to recover a treasure from the sacred lake of Guatavita, Colombia, South America.

One historian is mentioned as having estimated the value of this submerged hoard at one thousand million pounds.

This, it is said, may appear highly optimistic, "but all students of the subject are unanimous in stating that the value must amount to many millions sterling."

Romantic details

While admitting that past attempts at recovering this huge hoard have failed, it is urged that this has been due mainly to engineering difficulties which are "easily solvable" to-day.

The historical authenticity of the facts given in the brochure is vouched for, and it is said that the proposition "must now make a very strong appeal to the enterprising investor."

Participants are told that their reward may well prove to be a world record and cannot fail to be very considerable.

It is given as a definite statement that Lake Guatavita contains a vast quantity of gold and jewels, so, the brochure states, "it now only remains to adopt the right engineering method" for the recovery of all this wealth.

All this is volunteered in the "foreword," and in support of these emphatic statements there are seven or eight pages of colourful and romantic matter calculated to fire the imagination of even the most diffident investor.

Hidden hoard

Under the heading, "Historical Evidence," there is an account of the Cacique of Guatavita, who, before the conquest of the country by the Spaniards, ruled over about a million subjects and maintained an army of 30,000 warriors.

These people considered Lake Guatavita, situated between 9,000 and 10,000 feet above sea level on the summit of a conical mountain, to be the residence of their protecting Deity, to whom they thought it necessary to make gold offerings twice a year.

This hoard was increased on the coming of the Spaniards, when the natives threw all they possessed into the lake rather than let it fall into the hands of their conquerors.

The Cacique himself is reputed to have sacrificed as much gold dust as could be carried by fifty men!

Another historian is quoted as the authority for a still more colourful story.

He records that in the seventeenth century the priests kept alive among the inhabitants a belief that a former queen, flying from accusations of infidelity, established herself in a wondrous palace below the lake.

This belief caused the Indians to make their lost queen offerings of their most valued jewels and possessions.

Indian legend

There have been various attempts to wrest this wealth from the deep. One company is said to have raised £16,000 over a period of thirteen years, but never had sufficient funds at any one time "to carry out an adequate programme."

In 1539, it is said, three Spanish captains attempted to force the natives to yield up their riches, and one chief who was found casting treasure into the lake was "boiled" on the spot!

A Spanish merchant next obtained a concession from King Philip II., and sought to drain the lake by widening a natural cutting.

He is credited with recovering a large quantity of gold and stones, including one magnificent emerald.

Now, after a lapse of centuries, the brochure tells us, a British syndicate is being formed. The name is not divulged, but it is said that when the final plan of campaign has been evolved, this syndicate will have the preferential privilege of providing the finance then required.

It is suggested that the ratio of reward to the amount risked should be sensational.

Meanwhile, money is required for preliminary operations, which are to include a geophysical survey indicating the presence of gold in the sediment of the lake and locating points of concentration.

This work, the public is assured, will be performed under the highest British expert supervision.

It is nice to know that, because the "experts" who are at the helm so far as the business side of the enterprise is concerned can hardly be described with equal eulogy.

One of the directors of Leicester A. Bonner and Co., Ltd., is Lord Askwith, who has lent his name to several financial ventures which have been the subject of serious comment.

I do not think I am overstating the case if I say that, in view of the fate of some of the disastrous concerns with which he has been associated in the past, he ought to be much more careful in selecting the ventures to which he lends his name and prestige.

I do not think he has ever sponsored anything quite so ludicrous as this present sacred lake treasure hunt.

Disastrous concern

At the same time it is not the first El Dorado scheme with which he has been associated.

He was a director of the luckless Bolivia Concessions, Ltd., a lamentable £300,000 fiasco, which I criticised in these columns nearly three years ago.

As a fellow-director on the board of the present Leicester A. Bonner and Co., Ltd., Lord Askwith has a Mr. H. J. Hardy, who has dabbled in a great many wretched financial undertakings.

He was associated, for instance, with a disastrous concern called the Anglo-American and Brazilian Mines Trust. This was supposed to hold very valuable concessions in Brazil, but from the investors' point of view proved a terrible fiasco

Lord Askwith cannot plead ignorance of Hardy's company-mongering, since four years ago they were associated together in a £750,000 venture, which occasioned much criticism.

You would imagine that the colossal treasure recovery enterprise would engage all the energies of Lord Askwith and Mr. H. J. Hardy for the moment; but no!

From the same office in Finsbury House, Blomfield Street, London, but in the name of the Hardy Trust, Ltd., they are busily sending out another "private and confidential" circular of a very different kind.

Eldorado?

This refers to the proposed exploitation of a 20,000-acre freehold mineralised area, containing gold, silver, copper and lead, the location of which is described with delightful vagueness as being "not far from Arizona."

The circular states that a mining geologist, Mr. S. B. Salter, has estimated that there are about £3,000,000 in alluvial deposits alone.

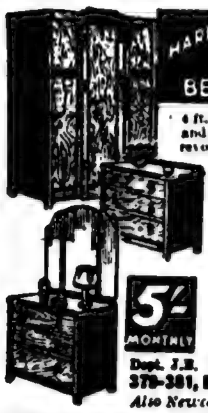
As in the treasure scheme, a preliminary fund is required, and it is said that original subscribers will be rewarded with shares in a big company ultimately to be formed.

Pending the birth of this big company, Lord Askwith and Mr. H. J. Hardy have obligingly "agreed" to act as trustees for the fund and subscribers are instructed to make their cheques payable to them.

In view of all the facts I have mentioned, I sincerely hope that investors will do nothing of the sort.

And I certainly counsel my readers not to participate in either the search for treasure at the bottom of a sacred lake or the gold, silver, copper and lead mining enterprises "not far from Arizona."

Here are pictures from Bonner and Co.'s brochure: Below, "The sacred lake of Guatavita," and, right, "a specimen of pottery such as is to be found there"

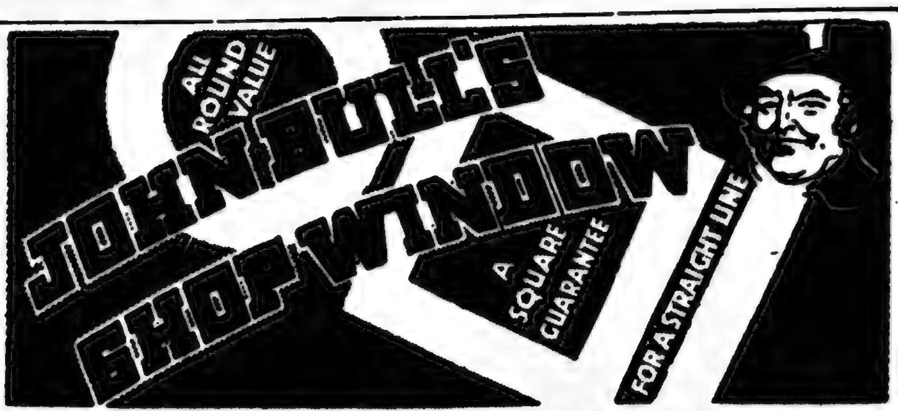


HARDY'S HALF PRICE BEDROOM SUITE!

6 ft. Wardrobe fitted hat shelves and 2 rails with sliding hooks (centre revolving hook); 3 ft. Dressing Table with 3 frameless mirrors and 3 deep drawers; 3 ft. three-drawer Linen Chest, heavy construction: finished deep Brown. Usual price 17 gns. CASH OFFER PRICE 8½ GNS. Packed and sent Free to any address except I.F.S. Send p.c. for FREE Brochure of Furniture Bargains.

5/- MONTHLY

HARDY'S
Dept. J.B.
379-381, Brixton Road, Brixton, S.W.9
Also Newcastle-on-Tyne & Stockton-on-Tees.



MORE GUARANTEED BARGAINS APPEAR ON PAGE 16.

WEAR FOR YEARS

EQUAL TO ANY SHOES AT 12/6.

Fine Willow Oxford Shoe, solid leather through middle sole, stitched for strength, with extra thick soles and heels of natural CREPE RUBBER. Extremely comfortable, well made, perfectly finished. An ideal shoe for Golf, Hiking, Sports and general wear. Outlast 3 pairs at double the price! BLACK OR BROWN. Superior Self-filling FOUNTAIN PEN FREE with every order!

5/3 Sizes 6 to 11.

Super Quality 1/-extra. Sizes 2 to 5, 4/9. Sizes 11 to 1, 4/- By post, 6d. ext. or C.O.D.

With Steel Leather Soles and Heels, 1/- extra.

Also Ladies' one bar, or Monk Brogue, 5/11, plus post.

J.B. CROYDON STORES, 2/b, Derby Rd., CROYDON

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THE ORIGINAL
'READICUT'

CUT INTO LENGTHS READY for USE FREE of CHARGE. (Or in the Hank if preferred.) The World's Best Value in Super Rug Wools. Cable and 6 fold in 100 Shades.

FROM **1/-** PER LB

FREE Rug Book containing 33 coloured designs & samples of Wool, Canvas, etc.

Send Postcard (1d. stamp) to:—

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STUPENDOUS CYCLE REDUCTIONS

Guaranteed-for-ever Cycles, 55/6. Wonderful specification. Equal to others at £3 15s. Exo Unpuncturable Tyres, guar. 2 years, 3/9, post 6d. Two 7/6, post paid. Chains 1/8. Dynamo Lamps 6/8. Send for FREE Catalogue. Chock-full of amazing bargains.

SPECIAL GIFT OFFER.

To all who enclose this advt. with a 1d. stamp for postage we will send ABSOLUTELY FREE a Steel Spanner which fits every cycle nut.

THE EXO
CYCLE TYRE

MOORHOUSES
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APPLIANCES WITHOUT UNDERSTRAPS

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GREATEST MODERN RUPTURE DISCOVERY.

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Sent Free SOLID SILVER LUMINOUS

£3.10 Value for **29/6**

Guaranteed Perfect Timekeeper. Specially tested before delivery. Smart SOLID SILVER CASE and handsome fully luminous dial. Strong double width leather strap. Bargain price whilst stocks last, 29/6. Plain dial, 27/6. 3/- discount for cash in 7 days.

LADIES' WATCH

same jewelled accurate movement as above. Dainty solid silver case and fancy dial on moire silk band. Wonderful value, 26/6. With solid silver expanding bracelet, 31/6. Special line only few left. 18 carat gold cased with moire band, 35/6.

All watches are fully warranted for 15 years.

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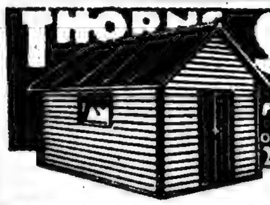

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A NOVICE CAN ERECT.

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Attention vs. Neglect

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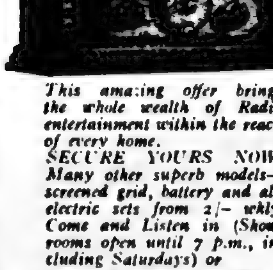
£8 Army Bell Tents 42/-



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Guaranteed perfect in every detail. Genuine Military stock, only little used. Complete in bag, with pole, pegs and guy lines. Made from exceptionally strong durable material. Also supplied, super quality, £3 Same pattern new, 60/-.

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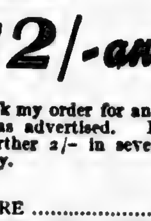

in a delightfully fragrant bath having the wonderful properties of famous Spa waters. Simply add a 'Reudel' Bath Cube to your usual bath. Acts as an invigorating and refreshing tonic.

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OF ALL CHEMISTS

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Catesbys have now reduced their Cork Lino prices so that the Lino is a bigger bargain than ever. Write at once for these latest reduced price details and big book of

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Lino, Carpets and Rugs all in full colour. Our new Floor Covering Catalogue is a masterpiece of beautiful colour printing. Specimen price 3½ yds. by 3 yds. 26/3. Easy Terms: 4/- with order. Other sizes at proportionate cost. Mention this paper.

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FREE! Best quality ELECTRIC CYCLE LAMP & BELL, with every machine

A CHROMIUM PLATED FULL ROADSTER CYCLE GUARANTEED 50 YEARS 70/- CARR. PAID

INCLUDING FREE Fire, Theft and Burglary INSURANCE. 3-speed gear 20/- extra. LOOK at the SPECIFICATION! FRAME: Best quality high grade steel tubes, low built cotterless bottom bracket, butted steering column. WHEELS: British made Dunlop rims, B.W. or Brampton hubs, black and red centres to rims. CHAIN: Renold, Perry, or Coventry. ACCESSORIES: Pump, Tool Bag, Oil Can, Spanner, Rear Reflector. TYRES: Genuine DUNLOP roadster. SADDLE: Lycett, Dunlop, Middlemore or Grose hammock No. 756. FINISH: Frame is first prepared with non-rusting preparation, making it absolutely rust-proof, then given four coats of best quality black enamel, lined red and gold. PEDALS: Phillips or Brampton, Rat trap or Rubber. HANDLE-BARS: Either ordinary or Raised or North Road Dropped or Raised with roller or short Brake levers.

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Dept. 39, SHEFFIELD.

MONSTROUS G.P.O. *Persecution*

Mr. Harry Letford. In the post-office sorting-room he came under false suspicion

A N urgent appeal came to the offices of JOHN BULL a few days ago. It was from a number of responsible people in Derbyshire who asked us, in the cause of justice and mercy, to undertake an investigation of the case of Mr. Harry Letford, of the village of Tideswell in that county.

We did so, and have in consequence to present the facts of a persecution as shameful and cruel as any in our records.

Mr. Letford, a man of 38, his wife and child, were found in destitution after four years of terrible suffering caused by the vindictiveness of a Government department.

A completely innocent man, Mr. Letford, who has for years been a lay preacher and Sunday-school teacher, is in a worse position than a convicted criminal.

After the Great War, in which, while serving with the Royal Engineers, he received five wounds and was blown up in a shell explosion, Letford was appointed to the wireless branch of the Mesopotamian civil administration.

Ten years ago he was transferred to the British Post Office, and after probationary service in the Channel Islands was sent to Bakewell in Derbyshire as a telegraphist and sorting clerk.

Bogus competition

All went well for a long time until one day Letford entered a crosswords competition conducted in London by a private syndicate.

The solution he sent in was correct and he claimed the prize of £1,000.

Although we were not aware of the case of Mr. Letford, JOHN BULL about that time had to expose this competition as bogus and fraudulent, and not long afterwards the chief promoter was sent to prison for swindling on a large scale.

Successful competitors did not receive their prizes, allegations usually being made that they had won by trickery. When cheques were issued they were dishonoured.

Learning that Mr. Letford was a Post Office servant, the promoter used the knowledge to suggest that he had tampered with the time-stamping apparatus to "back-date" the envelope containing his correct entry.

Detectives from the General Post Office in London descended suddenly upon Letford and subjected him to long cross-examination at his office.

Unlucky "winners"

They then went to his home, questioned his wife, searched the house, seized the dictionary from which he had compiled his solution, and even analysed the ink he had used to fill in the contest coupon.

Mr. Letford was afterwards informed verbally that he was free from suspicion. But he did not receive his prize, for the promoter was by that time in custody for his frauds upon other successful competitors.

About two years later, after six years' service, Letford became due for admission to the permanent establishment of the Post Office, carrying with it liberal privileges in respect of pension.

Instead, he was discharged on *medical grounds.*

It is true that he had required a certain amount of sick leave for treatment of the after-effects of his wounds, but it was not more than any Government department ordinarily allows for the relaxed standards of health of war-disabled men.

There was, however, no appeal. He had to go.

A relative of Mr. Letford, who conducts a country sub-post office at his place of business, immediately offered him a position as assistant.

An appointment of the kind is a purely private arrangement, but approval for it has to be obtained from the Post Office.

Without stating a reason, the department declined to sanction Mr. Letford for the job.

He pleaded for an explanation. None was forthcoming.

Next he asked for any temporary or seasonal employment, but his requests were refused

Disturbed by the series of rejections, Mr. Letford approached the Marquess of Hartington, and asked him to intervene, and, if possible, discover the reason.

The Marquess communicated direct with the Postmaster-General.

"Apart from any question of health," stated the reply, "Mr. Letford's conduct and performance of duties were far from satisfactory, and in the circumstances I regret that I could not offer him further employment in the Post Office in any capacity."

Conflicting

A more cruel and destructive letter can seldom have been sent out from a Government department.

Never once had Mr. Letford been challenged as to his ability, and his conduct had never been questioned, except on the occasion of the competition when he was cheated and slandered by a rogue.

Moreover, Letford happens to possess his official certificate of character from the Post Office. It clearly states that he was retired solely for medical reasons and that during his service *there was no reason to doubt his honesty and sobriety.*

Whatever reason the Post Office had for discharging Mr. Letford on health grounds, it certainly did not apply when, following the shock of the rebuffs and reflections upon him, he sought the help of the Ministry of Labour for employment elsewhere in the Government service.

Truth at last

That department wrote that the medical evidence furnished regarding him was satisfactory, and he was given a clerical appointment with the Traffic Commissioners of the Ministry of Transport.

It lasted for two weeks.

Because of his postal experience, Letford was given the work of opening and sorting the Ministry's mail.

A fortnight after he entered upon his new duties, one of the letters he opened was an official one—concerning himself.

It was an intimation that an adverse report had been received regarding him from the Post Office, but no details were given.

His new appointment was terminated at once.

Determined to get a reason for this intolerable and persistent persecution, Letford asked a Member of Parliament to make enquiries.

Then the truth came out. The M.P. was told that the reason for the boycott of Letford was that he was still under suspicion in connection with the bogus competition!

Homeless

Friends of Letford next made arrangements to buy him a rural business with a sub-post office attached.

Its transfer to him was refused because, it was stated, his name was on the Post Office black list.

So, after four years of this kind of hounding, he and his family are at starvation point and about to become homeless.

If the General Post Office was not a Government department, Mr. Letford would, of course, be able to obtain legal redress. This disclosure of the facts should, however, end his suffering.

A Man without a Country

THIS is the story of the man without a country, who is being kept apart from his wife and family by red tape and officialdom.

The man is Paschale Grazado, of Italian parentage, who has lived most of his life in South Shields, and who served in the British fighting Forces from 1915 to 1919.

Grazado was taken by his parents from Italy to America as a child.

The son worked in the pit continuously from then until 1923, save for war service, and in 1909 he married Ruth Coates, a Shields woman, to whom three children were born.

In the industrial depression of 1923, Grazado emigrated to Canada, and shortly afterwards went to the United States of America.

He sent for his wife and family, who joined him and became American citizens.

And now enters officialism gone mad! Grazado could not take out American citizenship, and was compelled to leave the States for Italy. Yet his wife and family were allowed to remain behind.

Officialdom was ready for him when he arrived in Italy. He had forfeited his Italian nationality when he preferred the British Army to the Italian, so he was deported back to England.

He was allowed to rest in his old home at South Shields till September last, when he was ordered, as an unregistered alien, to leave.

In vain Grazado addressed petition after petition to the Home Office. Ultimately he wrote to the Prince of Wales, who advised him to put the facts before the British Legion.

Two extensions were secured for him after indefatigable work by Legion officials, and the facts of the case placed before the American Consul in Newcastle and the Ministry of Labour in Washington.

The last extension expired a short time ago, still without word from Washington, and again the British Legion secured an extension in order that the American authorities might be persuaded to allow the much-harried Grazado to rejoin his family in America.

While he has borne his trials with remarkable fortitude, he is not unnaturally a little bitter about the treatment he has received.

Who will blame him?

WHO WANTS THE KING OF PRIZES?

Huge Life Pension, Fortune and Car for 2, 3 or 4 Words

A BRADFORD traveller, a Liverpool booking-clerk, an Enfield postal worker, an Upminster insurance expert, a York boiler-attendant, a London ex-chauffeur and a Hendon "Bulleteer"—these are the seven readers of JOHN BULL to whom every Friday we post Life Pension cheques to a total value of £36.

Now we want an eighth *Bullets* Pensioner!

To the man or woman who wins this lifelong blessing, we shall also pay a cheque for the huge sum of £1,000—and add a luxurious £215 motor-car to complete the record prize finally offered this week.

Should the winner prefer a single lump sum, JOHN BULL will break all records by paying the staggering sum of 5,000 Guineas for a few words.

The coupons on pages 42 and 43 are the last which will be published for this sensational contest closing on Saturday, April 8. Use one as your passport to a land of wealth and independence!

The GREATEST OFFER ever made

ALL-BRITISH CLOTHING

TWEED COAT only 235 2d. packets

BRITISH-MADE solely by British labour from sturdy North of England Tweed. Lounge jacket cut in new Spring Style. Three buttons on cuffs. Very attractive heather pattern. Chest measurements: 32, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 42. Take measurement *over* waistcoat.

PULLOVER only 45 2d. packets

A WARM LIGHT AND SNUG-FITTING GARMENT from a famous Leicestershire firm. Made only by British labour. V neck—no sleeves. In grey, blue and fawn.

grey FLANNELS only 125 2d. packets

BRITISH-MADE solely by British labour from a specially fine, hard-wearing All-British flannel of good mid-grey shade. Latest style, full-cut, belt loops and buttons, two sidepockets. Sizes: Legs, 28 to 33 inclusive; Waists, 30 to 40 (even numbers). When ordering please state waist and inside leg measurement required.

ALL *THREE* GARMENTS for 375 2d. packet fronts

"No foreign stuff for me"

IT WON'T TAKE TEN YEARS to get the unemployed back to work if you take advantage of this stupendous offer.

Two more examples of "SPORTS" All-British Gifts

SOCKS · · 25 2d. Packet Fronts
Full-length all-wool socks. British made with very comfortable but long-wearing ribbed knit. Black, Navy, Army Grey, or Heather. Sizes 10", 10½" or 11".

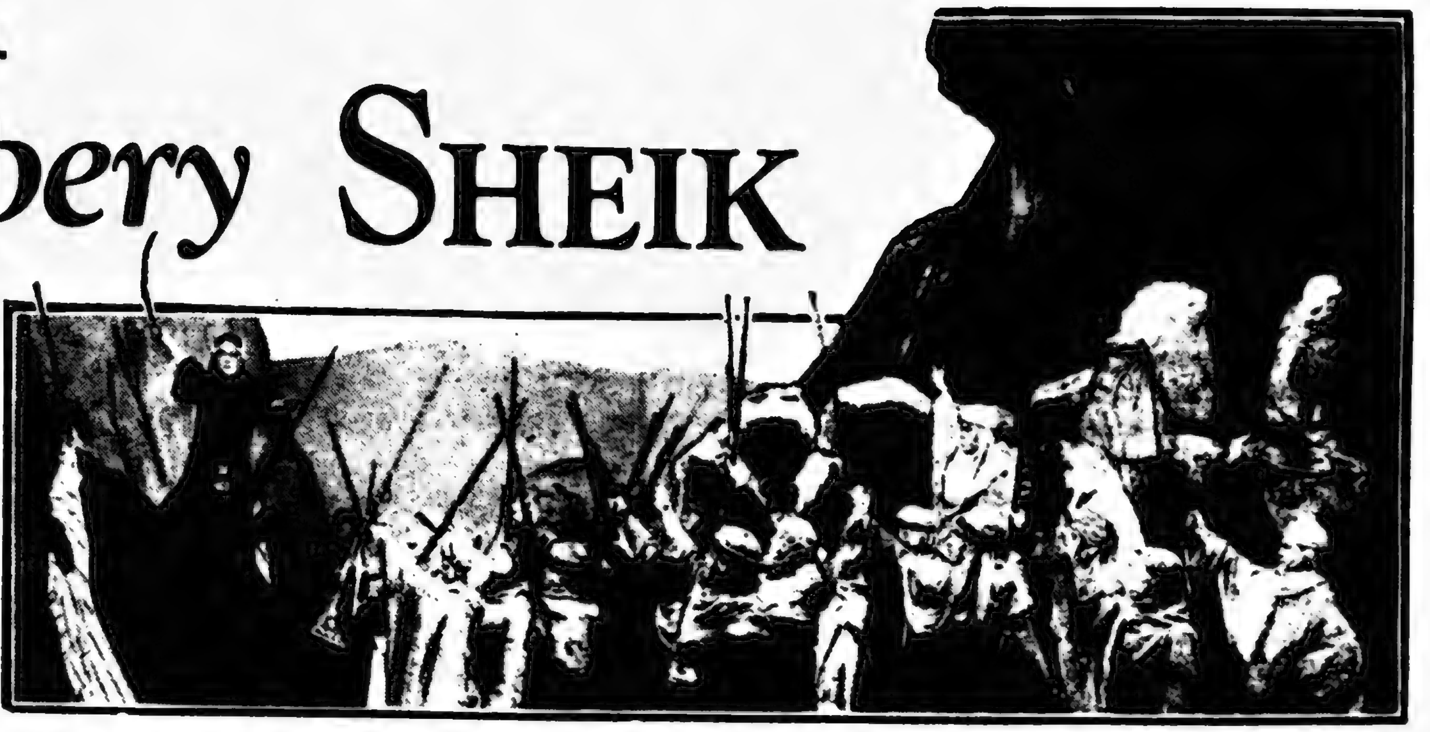
MUFFLERS . 75 2d. Packet Fronts
Wide all-wool fleecy mufflers 5 ft. long. Fast dyed in the colours of any Club in the English League, Scottish League, Rugby League or Speedway League. Tell us which colours you want.

B.D.V SPORTS CIGARETTES 5 for 2d

NOW ALSO IN CARTONS 10 for 4d.
(Each 4d. Carton contains 2 packet fronts).

GODFREY PHILLIPS, LTD., PROPRIETORS

A Slippery SHEIK



A scene from the famous Drury Lane production, "The Desert Song," from which Sheik Bates found inspiration for his audacious coups

A ROGUE who has slipped through the fingers of the authorities in several foreign countries is now actively pursuing his criminal career in our midst and defying our own police with equal audacity.

He is G. Whitley Bates, and his strong suit is Romance. He regales his prospective victims with glamorous stories, or, seated at the piano in an hotel music-room, entertains them with soulful songs. Then he robs them!

One story which he never tires of telling is how he scored a smashing success in the popular musical play, "The Desert Song," in the part of Pierre Birabeau, made famous by Mr. Harry Welchman at Drury Lane.

There is an ironic candour about this boastful claim, for Pierre Birabeau, many playgoers will recall, was a dual personality. The son of a French military officer by day, he became by night a dashing sheik, "Red Shadow," and leader of an outlaw band.

Spell-binding songster

So it is with G. Whitley Bates in real life. To the world he likes to be known as a polished, genial, accomplished gentleman of independent means. Secretly he is a dangerous criminal with all the guile of an Eastern outlaw.

So far as women are concerned, too, he has all the glamour and dash popularly associated with a desert sheik.

He has held many spellbound while singing "Red Shadow's" numbers from "The Desert Song," for he is gifted with an excellent voice.

Yet a more slippery sheik never existed, as this exposure of his methods will prove.

A few weeks ago he arrived, with an abundance of much-labelled luggage, at a provincial hotel and registered in the name of "E. Grosvenor," from Klang, Malaya.

He looked the part of a sun-bronzed and hard-bitten Easterner, and even suggested by his manner for the first day or two a certain "liverishness" that might be expected in one lately returned from long residence in hot climes.

He smoked endless cigars and showed an expensive taste in wines; then after an initial aloofness he began to unbend and enter into conversation with his fellow-guests.

A true globe-trotter, he talked eloquently of his adventures in many parts of the world—in the Moroccan mountains, in Ceylon, Australia and Malaya.

And his listeners could not help noticing that all his personal effects—wallet, cigarette-case, etc.—bore a crest depicting a half-rampant lion.

Gradually he gathered about him a little circle of admiring acquaintances, and he rose still higher in their esteem one evening when he gave a recital in the music-room, playing through the whole score of the "Desert Song," and singing all the numbers of the lawless sheik.

Having established himself at the hotel as a minor celebrity, Grosvenor next paid a visit to a local jeweller and confided that he had come home from Klang to be married.

Wedding farce

Explaining that he was "well known" at the hotel and to numerous local people, he asked to be shown some rings.

Having selected several styles of wedding rings, he chose some other articles of jewellery as "surprise gifts" for his fiancée and asked that everything should be sent up to his hotel so that the final choice could be made by his bride-to-be.

A few moments after leaving the shop he was back again to say that a lady's gold cigarette-case in the window had "caught his eye."

It was brought out for his inspection and he asked for it to be sent up to the hotel with the other articles.

Then, showing his own case, he remarked that he might want to have a similar crest engraved upon the new one should it meet with his fiancée's approval.

Having ascertained from enquiry that Grosvenor was really regarded as a guest of some standing, the jeweller felt no fears in sending so many valuables on approval.

But the next day he learnt with dismay that his customer had disappeared from the hotel, leaving a formidable bill unpaid and having cashed numerous worthless cheques.

Various other shopkeepers in other towns have also been victimised in much the same way.

Most of the cheques issued lately have been drawn upon the Sheffield branch of a famous bank, and have now been identified as part of the proceeds of a haul made by this clever impostor on a previous journey from Sheffield to London.

Having got into conversation with certain passengers and "pumped" them discreetly about themselves he had taken advantage of their temporary absence from the carriage to alight at an intermediate station with some of their smaller articles of luggage!

Some speed!

Some idea of this man's versatility will be gathered from the story of another of his exploits in which he posed as a speed-boat expert and negotiated for a special boathouse to receive his craft, which, he said, was being sent down from London.

Next he visited a big garage and, introducing himself and mentioning the hotel at which he was then staying, he placed an order for a supply of special aviation spirit for his speed boat.

He then hired a car, which, he said, would greatly facilitate his business as he had to keep running backwards and forwards between his boathouse and the hotel.

On the next day he again visited the garage, saying he was on the way to the river, but had decided to stop and settle up in respect of the aviation spirit he had ordered.

He tendered a cheque, said he would not trouble to wait for a receipt, and drove hurriedly away.

By this time his forthcoming speed-boat tests were being much talked about and he was becoming quite a familiar figure in the district.

He was at the garage again next day to request the proprietor to cash him a personal cheque, as he had unexpected charges to meet on certain accessories which had just arrived at the station for him.

The garage proprietor obliged and from that moment the active speed boat expert ceased to court publicity.

He abandoned his riverside workshops and hotel, leaving a flock of creditors. The cheques he had scattered were found to have been obtained, as usual, by fraud.

Through his pose as a wealthy man from abroad, too, he has developed a penchant for acquiring expensive articles of jewellery, which he disposes of through underworld accomplices.

In recent times he has "just returned" from Salonika, Ceylon, Calgary, Ohio, California and Mesopotamia!

He takes it all!

But while he varies his tales at will, and may be a tea planter one day and a rubber planter the next, he is always convincing.

Recently, at Brighton, he obtained various goods by fraud by posing as the owner of a vast estate at Chesterfield.

And in a northern city he gained admittance to a famous golf club house as a guest and repaid the hospitality by visiting members' quarters and helping himself to everything of value.

In the same way he has ransacked the rooms of fellow-guests at hotels and has even stooped on occasion to making a raid upon the players' dressing-rooms during an important football match.

Though his jewellery hauls and cheque coups bring him his greatest returns, he "handles" anything from cars to cameras or wireless sets to ladies' gowns. Apparently, no plunder is too big or too small for this veritable crook.

Countless garage proprietors, from whom he has hired cars from time to time, have been left unpaid, and he has even been known to make off with charity collecting-boxes from hotels at which he has stayed.

At both the University cities of Oxford and Cambridge he has claimed dupes while ostensibly there to visit relatives supposed to be studying there, and his plundering path may be traced through York, Harrogate, Chertsey, Scarborough, Bedford, Aldershot, Weymouth, Chichester, Southampton and Weston-super-Mare.

On deaf ears . . .

Victims are to be found, too, in the vicinity of royal Sandringham, which he recently had the impertinence to favour with his presence.

Among military guises he has falsely assumed the rank of lieutenant, captain, and even colonel!

Sometimes he poses as a barrister, but we doubt if he will have much success in this rôle when he is called upon, as we hope he soon will be, to answer for his many misdeeds.

Nor will his golden voice then avail him much, for the swinging airs from "The Desert Song," even as rendered by him to the regret of his many victims, will fall a little flat to an audience of judge and jury after his long list of frauds have been brought home to him.

Philanthropic CHEAT

IN the guise of a philanthropist, bent upon founding a convalescent home for invalids, a resourceful woman crook is claiming numerous victims in different parts of the country.

She calls herself "Sister Lilian Bevan," and claims to have retired from the staff of a famous London hospital.

Having been left a fortune by an uncle in South Africa, she hopes to realise her life's ambition by establishing a "model" convalescent home, to be run under her personal direction.

This was the substance of the story she related recently to a firm of estate-agents in Aylesbury, and on the strength of it she obtained orders to view a number of large houses in that locality.

She pretended to waver over her decision, and paid several visits to certain furnished houses with the ostensible object of comparing their relative merits.

In this way she established confidence with the householders.

One woman became so interested in Sister Bevan's philanthropic schemes that she was induced to lend financial support, and she received a rude shock when she found that the "philanthropist" had repaid this generosity by taking a lot of jewellery when making a "final" inspection of the property.

* * *

There have been many similar complaints, and "Sister" Bevan's victims include estate-agents, shopkeepers, hotel proprietors, medical men and surgical appliance manufacturers.

She is a daring adventuress who is known to have operated in places as far afield as Devizes, Torquay, Cleethorpes, Glastonbury and Harrogate.

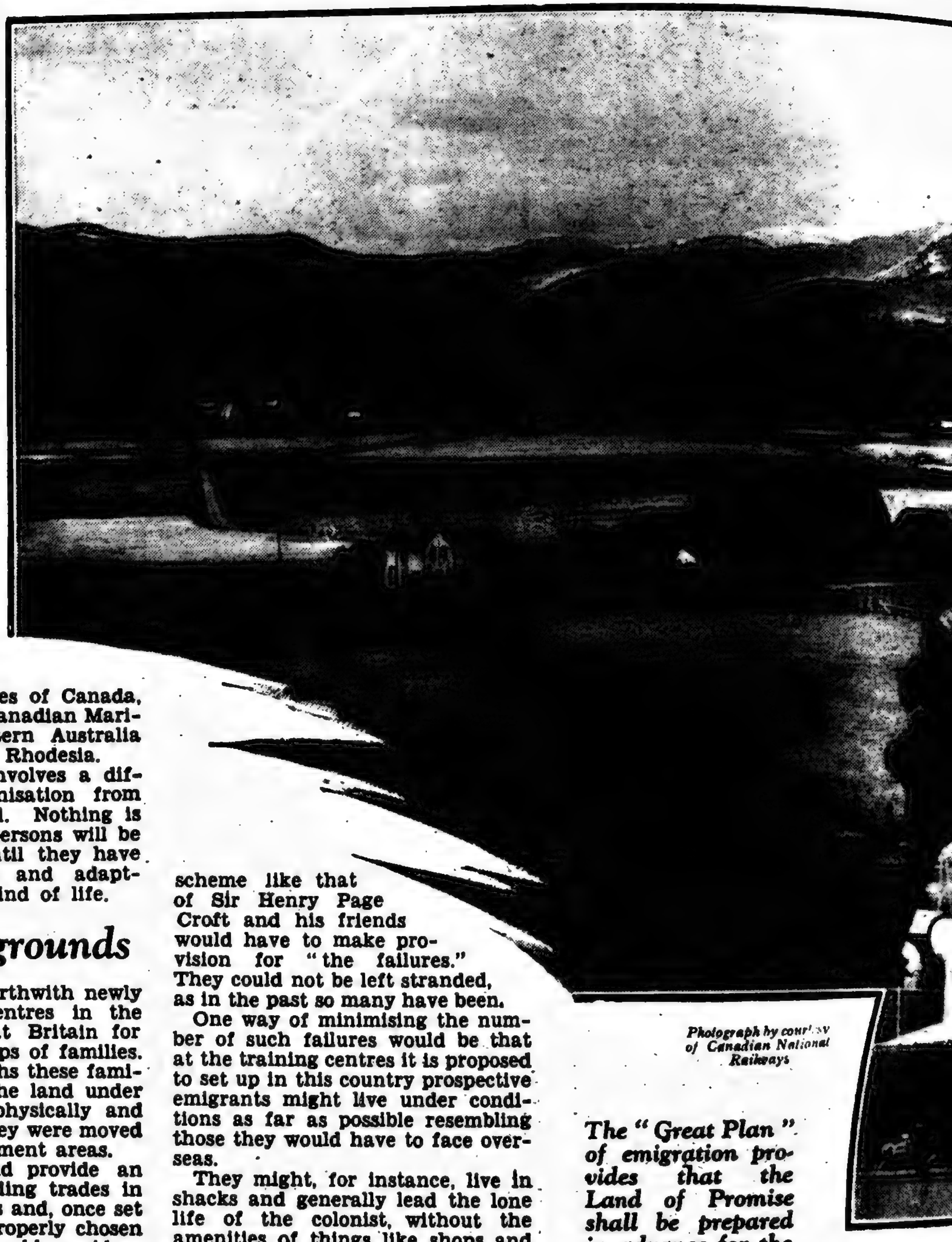
Of attractive appearance, with auburn hair, she sometimes dresses in the uniform of a hospital nurse to lend colour to her tales, which, needless to say, are false in every particular.

Planting NEW EN

THE great emigration stream that once emptied this country of its "surplus" population, and peopled the Empire overseas, has dried up.

Yet formerly, as Mr. Neville Chamberlain has pointed out, 300,000 of our people emigrated every year. If that were happening to-day 3,000,000 could leave this country in ten years. Instead we have 3,000,000 unemployed.

This article expounds a scheme which aims at finding a way out.



Photograph by court[illegible] of Canadian National Railways

The "Great Plan" of emigration provides that the Land of Promise shall be prepared in advance for the settler to begin his new life with all the advantages of being one of a complete community. . . . Will the big ship again be laden like this to populat New Englands?

EMIGRATION is not popular to-day.

The Government can hardly be blamed, since it has no power to enforce the admittance of emigrants to the Dominions and Colonies. Yet members of all Parties agree that something ought to be done, and the rare motion in the Commons advocating a policy is discussed on non-Party lines.

The Dominions and the Colonies for their part do not want emigrants. As it is, there are not enough jobs to go round. In fact, some parts of the Empire are worse sufferers than the Mother Country from the effects of the world depression.

So officials in Government offices, and workers with voluntary organisations, all tell the same story—emigration is not feasible just now.

But is this so?

What is wanted is a new view of emigration, a more enlightened vision, a bolder, farther-reaching plan. The old methods must be discarded. The main idea must not be the transportation of the individual, but the transportation of complete economic unities and communities.

New Englands must be planted and established overseas. New daughter communities that will be self-supporting, self-subsisting—new entities linked by economic and sentimental ties to parts of Great Britain and reproducing a similar standard of life, a civilisation as complex, as highly organised as the parent one, but with less strain, less wreckage, fewer casualties.

The "Great Plan"

This vision sounds like an idle dream. But is it? Plans already exist to further the accomplishment. Details are already being worked out, and JOHN BULL is able to reveal for the first time the extent and the nature of this new development in colonisation.

A group of men in this country, among whom is Sir Henry Page Croft, M.P., who, after making a thorough study of the whole problem, have evolved a definite working plan for the planting of New Englands overseas, want to start to prepare now — straight away. They call their scheme the "Great Plan."

Their idea is to move large sections of population to entirely new areas. These new areas are to be colonies within the Dominions.

They believe there are three, and possibly five, great areas, suitable for white settlement, possessing abundant and excellent land, where the scheme could be carried into effect.

Sir Henry was asked where these areas were. "I will not specify them as yet," he said. "If I did every land speculator in the world would begin operations."

JOHN BULL learns, however, that the most suitable areas for such colonisation are, in the view of the Dominions Office, the Peace River area of the North Western Prairies of Canada, certain parts of the Canadian Maritime Provinces, Western Australia and Queensland, and Rhodesia.

Sir Henry's plan involves a different type of colonisation from that hitherto adopted. Nothing is left to chance. No persons will be allowed to go out until they have proved their fitness and adaptability for the new kind of life.

Training grounds

He would set up forthwith newly constructed village centres in the rural areas of Great Britain for the reception of groups of families. For three or six months these families would work on the land under instruction, getting physically and mentally fit before they were moved to the overseas settlement areas.

These centres would provide an impetus for the building trades in the erection of houses and, once set up with a full and properly chosen staff of instructors, would provide a continuous stream of families pouring from these training depots into the new lands.

It is believed that in this way at least 50,000 families, or about 250,000 souls, could emigrate every year.

Compare this with the bare half-million emigrated in ten years under the Empire Settlement Act, at a cost to the Government of £6,000,000, and to voluntary associations of the same sum.

A foretaste

There is one problem, of course, that a chartered company would have to face, and that is what would be done with those emigrants who, even after home training, failed to "make good."

The life of the prairie and the backwoods is so vastly different from that of Old England that, as past experience has shown, many a zealous and hard-working settler finds it too much for him. Or, perhaps, it is his wife and family who fail to adapt themselves to the rigorous life of their new surroundings.

There is no doubt that any scheme like that of Sir Henry Page Croft and his friends would have to make provision for "the failures." They could not be left stranded, as in the past so many have been.

One way of minimising the number of such failures would be that at the training centres it is proposed to set up in this country prospective emigrants might live under conditions as far as possible resembling those they would have to face overseas.

They might, for instance, live in shacks and generally lead the lone life of the colonist, without the amenities of things like shops and kinemas, to which they are ordinarily accustomed.

Advance guard

This, at least, would go a long way to test out their suitability for life as colonists before they ever set sail.

Under Sir Henry's scheme an advance guard of selected workers would be sent to prepare the new settlements abroad—to build the houses and farmsteads and skeleton townships. As the areas grew, more building would be necessary and this would be executed under local supervision, from British and Dominion materials.

The areas would radiate from villages or a railhead with, if necessary, and in the future, central towns or cities to serve them. The houses and farms in each settlement would be, if possible, in sight of one another and the farming contemplated would be mixed and not a single crop.

"None of the areas," explained Sir Henry, "can be reached without railway development, and the settlement organisation—which would take the form of a chartered company or a series of chartered companies—will probably have to be prepared, with the good will of the local authorities, to construct such railways."

If, as contemplated, the organisation had to finance this railway construction it would claim the right, as far as possible, of using British materials.

How they'd pay

In this way great advantages should accrue to the British iron and steel industry; and work would be found for a considerable amount of British labour, diluted under Colonial or Dominion supervision.

The organisation would itself be responsible for financing the new communities until such settlements

GLANDS beyond the SEAS

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Sir Henry Page Croft, M.P., wants to get on with the "Great Plan" at once

Can EMIGRATION Start Again?

become productive and economically profitable. During the process of settlement or organisation all the settlers would be allowed to purchase their needs through the main organisation which would, in turn, control the marketing of the settlers' products.

Such debt as would be incurred by the settlers would be wiped out in not too long a period of years, after repayment of which they would become the owners of their own farms or lands or houses.

Pending the farms becoming economic successes the settlers would be financed in respect of original equipment.

Probably the most the Government would be asked to do would be to guarantee the interest of the original capital. This, it is believed, would be readily forthcoming with credit such as obtained under the Trade Facilities Act. Such interest should not amount to more than half what has already been spent on the emigration grant—namely, £3,000,000.

Lands would be reserved in every area settled and the resultant increase in the value of the reserved land should provide an adequate revenue for the ultimate repayment of the whole of the capital expenditure.

This revenue, coupled with redemption payments from the settlers from their own properties, would eliminate any financial risk.

Sir Henry and his friends, if they could get the necessary backing, would begin the preparation immediately. They would appeal to the local patriotism of a town like Bristol, or Durham, to found a New Bristol or a New Durham in the Empire overseas.

New "Old Country"

They believe that the spirit of the old Merchant Adventurers is still alive in this country to-day.

At any rate the colonies they propose to set up would be self-subsisting; their inhabitants could feed themselves, even if they did not, for a time, make profits.

Their scheme is really a return to the earliest days of British colonisation.

The first founders and settlers of New England, along the Atlantic seaboard, were small but complete communities. Their economics were primitive.

The Pilgrim Fathers, the seventeenth-century seekers after religious and political freedom, were not all farmers. They included craftsmen—builders, carpenters, tailors, shoemakers and all the representatives of the simpler yet technical arts.

Thus these early communities reproduced a copy of the England they left, a copy which can still be identified in the typical New England village.

The wrong policy

These settlements endured and flourished because of the completeness of their life.

The original idea was lost sight of and until comparatively recent years emigration policy concerned itself mainly with individuals and families than with self-contained communities.

This harmful twist was definitely given to emigration just after the Napoleonic wars; and it has survived officially till to-day.

A hundred years ago economic conditions were similar to those existing to-day. For some years the population of the United Kingdom had been growing rapidly, and after 1815 there was an increasing amount of pauperism and unemployment.

The large public debt, the cessation of war expenditure, and the natural reaction after the wars, together with a succession of bad harvests, dislocated trade and industry and increased distress. The new era of machinery was not stabilised and emigration was urged as a means of relieving the pressure of our population.

Two methods were employed: Government emigration and bounty emigration.

A tremendous outward flow began which lasted almost to the Great War.

In 1815 only 2,081 people left Great Britain; in 1852 the number had grown to 368,764, or over 1,000 a day.

From 1815 to 1875 the total emigration amounted to 8,286,720 persons, of whom 5,391,542 went to the United States, 1,536,683 to Canada, and 1,132,437 to Australia and New Zealand.

From 1846 to 1854 the failure of the potato crop in Ireland and the discovery of gold in California and Australia caused such a rush that the annual average was 286,000.

Right up to recent years the average was well over 100,000—until 1931 when there was actually a balance of immigrants to Great Britain.

The improvement in world communications, the growth of education, the rapid development of our social services, the growing unfamiliarity of the people of Great Britain with rural pursuits and rural life, and the inelastic nature of modern industrialism have all contributed to damp enthusiasm, to exaggerate discontent, to emphasise difficulties and failure and to paint emigration in its worst colours.

Yet something has to be done.

The average density of the population of England, Wales and Scotland in 1929 was 410 persons to the square mile. In the Dominion of Canada, allowing for the tracts unsuitable for white settlement, the average density is 7.25; and in Australia, making similar allowances, 3.75.

Try again!

Yet it has been calculated that Australia can easily maintain a population of 20,000,000 and Canada 30,000,000.

The most enlightened and far-seeing economists argue that fresh population is an absolute necessity for the new Dominions if they are to develop properly or even meet their present overhead charges.

Professor Gregory, of Sydney University, urges that despite the depression it is the wrong policy for the Dominions to discourage emigration.

Anyhow, with 3,000,000 unemployed on our hands, the time is ripe to try to bring back emigration again.

New Englands to Save Old England is a policy worth trying!

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"JOHN BULL" READERS' STORIES—29

My Race for LIFE in a MINE

UP to my present age—forty—I have had many narrow escapes from death, but the one which stands out most prominently happened in 1926.

Some people believe that the days of miracles belong to the days of the Testament, others that they are with us in the present era, but I leave you to sum up for yourself after reading my story.

I was employed by the —— Colliery Company, South Wales, as a timber-drawer, and worked on the night shift. I disliked my job for two reasons—because of the exceptional danger attached to it and also because I could not sleep properly during the day, and I knew this lack of rest was increasing my danger at work.

I was always in fear of being brought home a mass of mangled flesh and bones, but, happily, during my eighteen months of that particular work I received nothing more than a scratch or a small cut or two.

And the accident in which I nearly lost my life occurred when I was on my way to my working place.

I will try to explain a little of the workings of a mine, so that you will appreciate the difficulties a miner has to overcome before he arrives at his working place.

From the bottom of the pit to the numerous working places the distance varies. Some are as much as four miles distant, but I suppose two miles is the average.

Sometimes the travelling is on fairly level ground, but usually there are a good many gradients. Danger is ever present.

THERE are steel wire ropes which swing up and down, sometimes across the mains and headings, with sufficient force to cut a horse in two as it pulls along the "journeys" of coal or rock.

There are the timbers that break, with reports like gun-shots, as they let down a fall of rock. There are a number of small "falls," which you see *after* you have tripped over them, and a lot of other dangers.

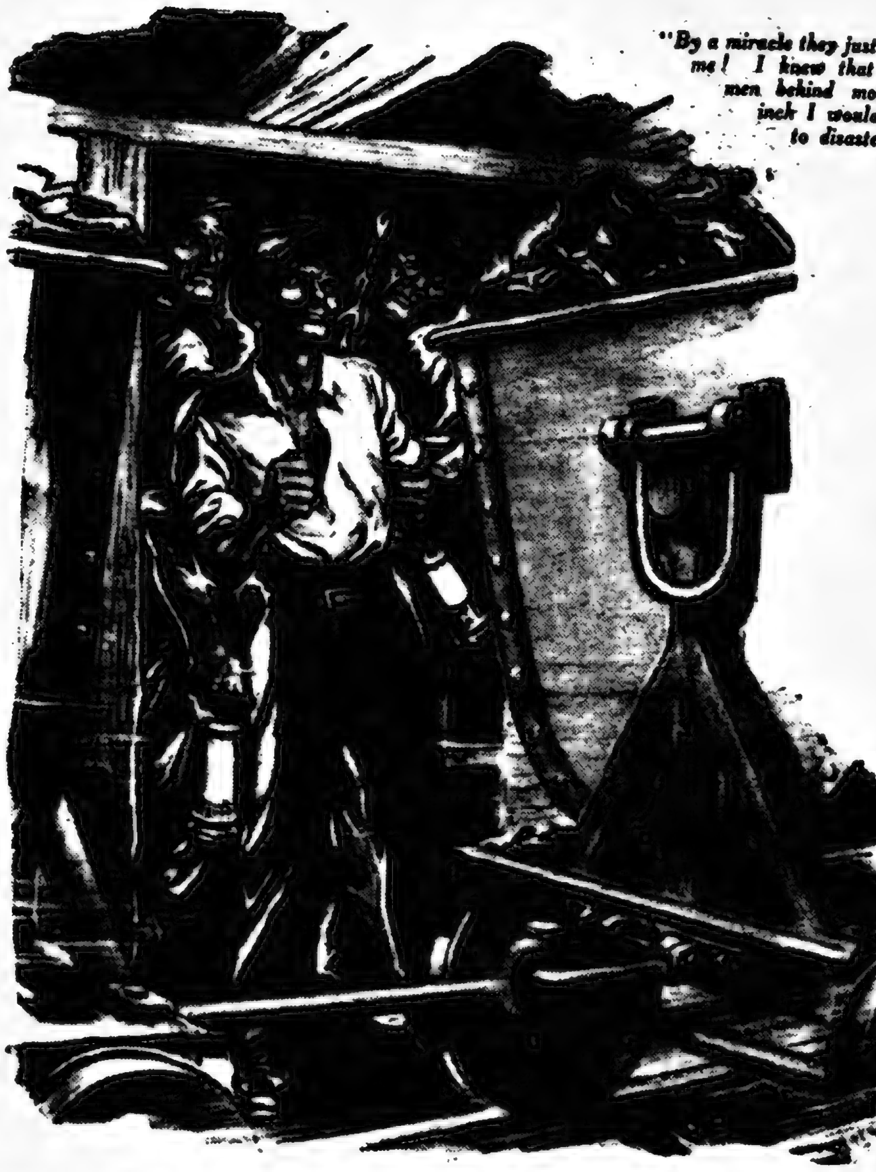
But before I finish this small illustration of the workings, I must add that every ten yards along the mains there are manholes cut into the sides, in which men can take shelter when the ropes are working. Each manhole will hold four men comfortably.

The weather was delightful on the fatal day of which I am to tell. I was supposed to be resting, but instead I tossed about in bed, ruminating on my luck, or the lack of it. I couldn't sleep, and couldn't enjoy the day for thinking of the night.

Evening came and reluctantly I got out of bed and prepared for work. Arriving at the mine, I met my mates, and when we had collected our lamps we made our way to the pit-head.

Eventually, with others, my turn came to enter the cage, and soon I found myself blinking in the sudden blackness, unconsciously holding my breath as the cage gained speed on its journey.

There was an increasing roar in the shaft as the cage slipped along the guides, to diminish almost immediately as we neared the bottom. Suddenly we found ourselves in a blaze of electric light, and the cage stopped to let us out.



"By a miracle they just missed me! I knew that if the men behind moved an inch I would topple to disaster"

Among other miners, a mate and myself set out to walk to our district, which was about two and a half miles from the pit bottom.

We walked about a hundred yards and arrived at a lamp station, where we had our lamps tested by an official of the mine, and after receiving the "O.K." we proceeded on our way.

FROM this point we had to travel up an incline for about half a mile, very gingerly picking our way, until we had got our "sight." Arriving at the top, we passed a large, powerful engine, the purpose of which was to haul the "journeys" from the inner workings. Then we proceeded down an incline that was very steep and a mile in length.

Having noted that the engine was not working, we concluded that it was safe to continue on our way. We had travelled about a quarter of the distance when my mate invited me to enter a manhole with him, saying that the "journey" was due to come up.

I foolishly pooh-poohed the idea and continued on my way, leaving my mate in the manhole, but it wasn't long afterwards that I fervently wished that I had followed his example.

As I have said, I kept steadily on, passing manholes that were now filling up with men, when, suddenly, the rope began to move.

That was the signal to get into a manhole as quickly as possible, but each one I came to was fully occupied!

The rope was now doing some speeding, and I knew that it wouldn't be many minutes before the "journey" of some thirty odd trams would be upon me.

To go back up the incline would be folly, knowing as I did that the manholes there were full. My only hope was to go forward, trusting to find one not fully occupied.

Imagine my feelings as I hurried down the incline, feverishly looking for

(Continued on page 26)

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Jif

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"MY RACE FOR LIFE IN A MINE" (Continued from page 24)

some haven of refuge. Those already out of harm's way kept shouting to me to take cover. But each fresh manhole I passed was occupied!

Panic-stricken, I raced down towards the oncoming "journey," straining my ears for the first sound of its rumbling wheels.

In my despair I tried to squeeze into one of the manholes already occupied, but there was not an inch to spare, and I could now hear the "journey" approaching in the distance.

Once again I bounded forward, and I knew that I *had* to get into shelter somewhere or be mangled to pieces within the next few seconds.

Gaining the next manhole, which, of course, was full, I jammed my back into the men nearest me, to the accompaniment of some choice language and the roar of the "journey" as it came into view.

My ordeal was by no means over. Only my back was in the manhole, my feet were about three inches from the near rail, and I wondered if the corners of the trams would miss my stomach. I hadn't to wait long to know.

ONWARD they came! By a miracle they just missed me! Yet I knew that if the men behind me moved an inch in their cramped space I could not hope to retain my balance, but would topple forward to disaster.

Subconsciously I started counting the trams as they passed me. One—two—three—four—five—six—and so on, until I could see the end of the "journey" coming into view.

I could now hear the bar work rattling behind the last tram—thirty-three—thirty-four—only two more now, then—horror of horrors! the "journey" stopped! But the pause was only momentary. Then, with a report like a pistol shot, the trams began to move backward.

Instantly I knew what had happened, the rope had parted; also, I knew that the bar-hook behind the last tram would do its work, and throw that tram off the road, thereby causing it to run into the side props.

Try to imagine the probable results!

SAVED— by a Miracle!

Timber knocked out . . . down comes the roof . . . trams tumbling over each other and knocking out more timber. Thousands and thousands of tons of roof falling, until everything is buried for yards each side of the overturned "journey."

Everyone has heard of people who, when suddenly faced with death, have had their past life revealed to them in detail. Nothing like that occurred to me, but instead, when the trams began their downward plunge, my mind was centred on what should take place—the bar-hook catching in a sleeper, and then the start of the shambles.

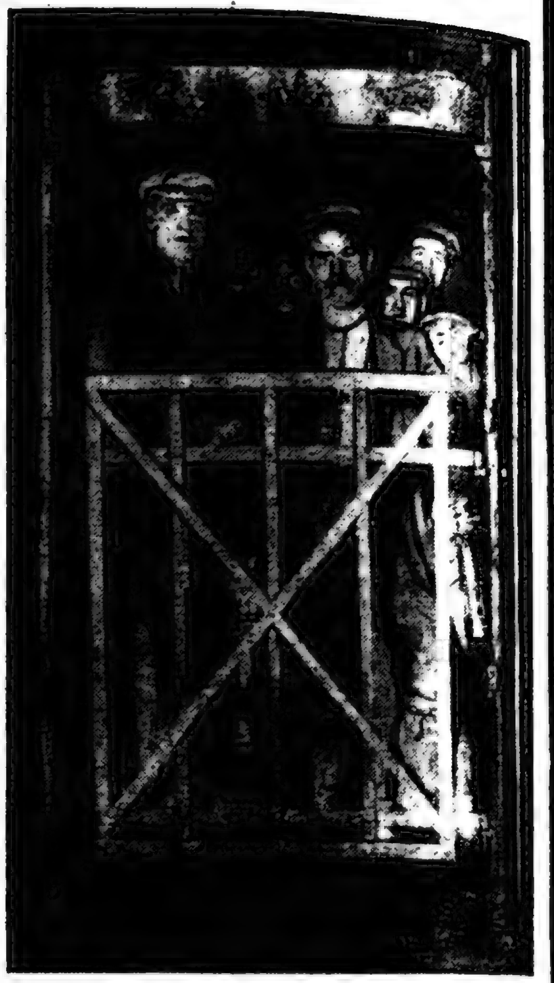
The trams raced by me, but, miraculously, no tram left the road, and I held my breath as I realised what had occurred. The bar-hook had snapped short of the hitching plate, but, even so, would the "journey" keep the road at the tremendous speed it had now attained long enough to pass our manhole?

Then came a nerve-racking sound, which told me the foremost trams were off the road, and tumbling madly. Were they far enough away for the others behind to pass us before they crashed into the timber and buried us where we stood?

As I saw the end of the trams come into view on the upward journey, so I saw the other end come into view on its mad rush downward. And coming closer was the sound of the tumbling trams and the falling of the roof. But the hoped-for miracle happened.

THE last tram passed us and came to a stop in a heap of other trams, one yard below our manhole, and we who had been the unwilling spectators of the *débâcle* suddenly came to life. With a mad scamper we vacated our temporary refuge, racing up the incline as the roof caved in. Not one of us was injured.

But what of the manholes below ours? Immediately repair gangs were put to work at both ends of the fall, while the rest of the men went to their working places by a different route.



"Going down!"

What a night I spent! My mind was filled with unspeakable relief at my miraculous escape and concern for those who were in the manholes below.

Eventually, the shift drew towards its close, and just as we were getting ready for our return journey to the pit bottom the news came through that not a soul had been hurt.

We found out later that we who had occupied man-hole 196 were the leading members of the night-shift gang.

I do not work at the mines now, but I never see coal, pass a coal-yard, or read some article about the miner without my mind being taken back to that night in manhole 196.

NEXT WEEK: *A reader tells how it once fell to his lot to box with two world champions in a single night.*

SIDE-SLIPS

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. When the same "slip" is sent by more than one reader, prize is awarded to first opened.

BOLTON EVENING NEWS:—"A big lumbering Irishman towering, with FISH raised."

SOUTH WALES ECHO AND EVENING EXPRESS:—"By using the HOUSE the firemen managed to rout the workers."

GLOUCESTER CITIZEN:—"Woodfull, the Australian captain, BATTED him on the back."

BANBURY GUARDIAN:—"The bride carried a SHELF of arum lilies."

EVENING CHRONICLE:—"It is not likely that the Bank of England would be constantly accumulating GOLF."

WEST YORKSHIRE PIONEER:—"There is something much more dangerous to the community than a habit of TIPPLING."

HULL DAILY MAIL:—"The Chairman said that there would always be about 300,000 tramway MANAGERS in the city whatever happened."

WEST LANCASHIRE AND EVENING GAZETTE:—"A terrific bombardment followed by Japanese cavalry charges failed to shake the MORALS of the Chinese troops."

DAILY MAIL:—"At Caterham, Surrey, the coaches could not CLIMB the steep hill, and had to drop their passengers at the TOP."

BRISTOL EVENING WORLD:—"She DISPERSED much private hospitality and charity."

SOUTH WALES SPORTING ECHO AND EXPRESS:—"His first ball was a wide, which was greeted with roars of DECISION by the crowd."

WEST HERTS. POST:—"Lost, a Black Bag. OWNER will be suitably rewarded."

NORTH-EASTERN DAILY GAZETTE:—"£23 to the Institute for the BLAND."

WAR STORIES MAGAZINE:—"Then with pistols drawn the submarine approached the lifeboat, demanding the captain, the chief engineer and the BUNNERY officer."

SCOTTISH DAILY EXPRESS:—"Mr. —— says he plays golf for his own AMAZEMENT."

The Human Machine Laugh Them Off

THESE are days when all the best qualities of men and women are being called into play. Those who will win through their troubles and their difficulties are those who have learned to use the powers that are hidden in them, who have learned to call on their resources and their reserves, and who have discovered beyond any doubt the truth that the human being can do what he will if only the determination and the pluck and the energy are there.

And if it is the English who are weathering the storms a little better than any of their neighbours, it is because the English, as a nation, have one trait that no one else has to quite the same degree. They refuse to be rattled. They refuse to panic. They have learned through centuries of storm and stress how to keep their heads in a crisis; and it is a lesson that is standing them in good stead now.

To learn coolness, imperturbability and ice-cold calmness in face of seemingly irretrievable disaster is one of the most valuable things anyone can do. For, however hopeless things may seem, there is always a way out—but you won't find it by worrying and panicking about it. You'll only make things worse if you do that.

It sounds simple when it's said like that—but it's not an easy gospel to carry out in practice. It needs iron discipline of oneself, sufficient strength of mind to avoid magnifying molehills into mountains, enough reasoning power to be able to sift true causes from false, and enough downright horse-sense to be able to see that moaning and whining are about as useful as taking a dose of poison.

Can all this be learned? Of course it can. Like everything else it is a matter of practice and training.

And the training and the practice must be done in small things. The man who is helpless when real trouble comes is the man who is for ever thinking the world has gone smash because some trifle of expected routine has gone awry.

Laugh your little troubles away, and the big ones won't scare you to death.

FRY'S MALTED MILK COCOA
4 FOODS IN 1

● BRITISH MALT EXTRACT
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● ENGLISH FARM EGGS
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In puddings or patties, hot or cold, they just love it.

Your gr cer will supply you

Libby's

COOKED CORNED BEEF

LCB 24-100

SOFTENS CORNS AND CALLOUSES LIKE WATER SOFTENS SOAP

"Refreshing to the feet as mountain air to the lungs. Aches, swellings and soreness, soon had to go," says former sufferer

After caustic liquids, cutting, plasters, and other temporary expedients had produced great pain but no relief, I consulted a well-known specialist. He explained that callouses and corns are simply hardened, partly dead skin. Such growths are without nerves or blood vessels themselves, but they cause acute misery by pressing on and irritating the extremely sensitive nerve tissues beneath. To remove callouses and take corns out, roots and all, it is merely necessary to rest the feet in a hot foot-bath, medicated and oxygenated by adding a little 'Reudel Bath Saltrates,' which can be got from any chemist. This immediately dissolves out the waxy substances from clogged pores, also the oil from hardened skin, and leaves the latter almost as soft as a piece of water-soaked soap. It also relieves swollen ankles, and any aches and pains, making the feet strong, healthy and comfortable. C. N. H.

A WORD TO ALL GOOD DAUGHTERS

Of course, mother is beginning to show her age. She knows the times are full of anxiety, and even little worries begin to tell more as one gets on in years.

But there's one simple thing you can do which any doctor will tell you is best for folk who are ageing.

And it is a pleasant way, too; one mother will like. Get her to take Wincarnis three times a day.

You will be amazed how soon you see the difference, how quickly she begins to pick up. The very first night she will have her best night's rest for years. And remember the good Wincarnis does is no mere temporary relief like a drug. There are no drugs in Wincarnis. It is just the finest of pure wine combined with the strengthening elements of beef and guaranteed vitamin malt extracts.

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HUMAN DOCUMENTS *Probed by* PHILIP INMAN

JEALOUSY —their Self-Made HELL

JEALOUSY, it has been said, is a sign of deep love. But, is it?

Personally, I very much doubt it. I am inclined to think it leads to the death of all real affection.

If we are going to love, we must trust. Mistrust breeds jealousy and jealousy means constant suspicion. And no human being can live, love or thrive in such an atmosphere.

Here is a case in point. It is that of a husband, who writes:

"My family life is being ruined through my wife's jealousy. Her imagination constantly pictures me in the midst of some love affair. If I am happy, she thinks it is because I am carrying on a flirtation. And if I appear despondent, she imagines that I am feeling guilty.

"Recently, a young girl friend of ours returned from Canada, and her arrival has made the position more unbearable still. My wife is convinced that I am having 'an affair' with her, and nothing will make her see the folly of her belief.

"We have a good home and a good income, and a family of three boys. I love my wife, and always have done. She is the only woman in the world for me. Yet my life is becoming intolerable. I dread being kept late at the office, for I know that she will think that I have been spending the time with some other woman."

My correspondent calls it "an intolerable position." And so it is. Here is a man with a good home and a good income, whose family life is being ruined by a groundless mistrust on the part of his wife. I am desperately sorry for him. But I am also sorry for her. Jealous people are to be pitied: they go through a hell of their own creating.

If my correspondent has given his wife no possible grounds for complaint, she should be made to see her folly. Let him tell her what he has told me—that "she is the only woman in the world" for him. Then he should point out gently but firmly that her unfounded suspicions are ruining their home life. Then he should warn her that if she persists he will have to think seriously of leaving her.

AT the moment, his life is obviously not worth living, and if this worry continues it may even affect his work. If his wife is a wise woman, surely she will see the sense of these things.

In the case of my second correspondent, the position is different. Here we have a young woman who has discovered that her husband has been taking out another girl. She writes:

"I was only seventeen when I married, ten years ago, and we have been happy ever since. My husband is kind and considerate and I have everything I want. But one thing bothers me very much. Before we were married he was engaged to a girl who has since come to live near us. As she works in the same office as my husband, he sees her daily. They also spend an evening together once a week. She often comes to our home, and sends me books and flowers. I am beginning to get jealous, as my friends lose no opportunity of telling me I am being made a fool of."

This is a situation which needs careful handling, for this young wife's happiness depends upon the issue.

Some people would advise one of two extreme courses. She might, for instance, create a scene. She might tell her husband that she knows the truth, and say that "two can play his game." Then threaten him that if he goes out with other girls she will find other men.

THAT, to my mind, is as dangerous as the second course that is often recommended in these cases—that of trying to cure her husband's infatuation for another girl by throwing them together at every possible opportunity.

I knew a young wife who by this means hoped her husband and a girl he was fond of would quickly tire of one another. But instead of that they became more and more attracted to each other, until what had started as a flirtation led to the divorce court.

I suggest my correspondent should adopt a third and wiser course. True, she has cause for complaint. Her husband has no right whatever to take out another girl alone, and it would be a good thing if my correspondent told him quite tactfully how unfair it is for him to do so.

She could let him know that while she trusts him implicitly, other people are trying to create a scandal. And she could add that her husband's happiness and welfare are her first consideration.

"My wife's imagination constantly pictures me in the midst of some love affair. If I am happy she thinks it is because I am carrying on a flirtation"

If this fails could she not ask some dependable friend to appeal to the girl? If the girl has any decency in her make up, she would surely see the force of this wife's grievance.

My correspondent says she is "getting jealous." Well, let her see that jealousy does not get too big a hold upon her. Let her read the first letter I have quoted. It will show her to what depths the green-eyed monster can lead its victims.

AND now for the problem of my third correspondent—a young widow who is thinking of marrying again and who tells me she loves a man and feels she should be happy with him but for one thing. He does not seem to have any affection whatever for her little girl—the child of her first marriage.

"He is so jealous of her," she writes, "that he does not even like me to mention her name in front of him.

"Recently, she had an operation for appendicitis, and he did not once ask how she was. On one occasion, when it seemed that she might die, he even accused me of thinking more of the child than of him.

"Do you think that, if I married him, he would change afterwards?"

Frankly, I don't! To see that mother caring for her little girl would only inflame the fire of jealousy. And life, under such conditions, would be a hell. In my opinion, a man who can be jealous of an innocent child is not worth marrying.

My correspondent adds that she is in good circumstances and able to support herself and her child, because, since the death of her husband, she has worked at her old job and attained a position of independence.

Until she meets a better man her best plan is to continue at her job for her own sake and that of her fatherless child.

PHILIP INMAN, JOHN BULL's "Humanist," is always ready to help our readers with their problems. Send your troubles to "Humanist," 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, and enclose a stamped envelope. £1 1s. is paid for each letter quoted on this page.

Race with "Silver Ring"

Totaig for Newbury

I HAD tantalising luck with my "Lincoln" selections, Winster and Totaig, as the bookmakers do not pay over horses finishing fourth and fifth. Happily, Patriot came up for Code followers at 7 to 1 an hour later, and saved the situation.

Apropos the Code selections, readers should note that they are the result of late information and take precedence over selections given in my notes.

I mention this as one or two readers wrote concerning my tips for the Imperial Cup at Sandown Park. I coded the 13 to 2 winner, Flaming, and gave in the paper Wenceslas, second at 100 to 7.

Wenceslas was given over a week before the race was run. Flaming was the revised selection the evening before the race.

The Newbury Spring Cup, the big attraction of the week-end, often provides some consolation for a Carholme failure.

Only a leaf or two of the new book of form is open for inspection, and although the pointer is Solenoid, I am going to rely on Totaig.

Other probable winners at Newbury may be Plucky Bill, Wenceslas and Mittagong.

"SILVER RING'S" CODE

The Code for this week is as follows. It covers the racing from Thursday, March 30, to Wednesday, April 5.

P	U	X	Z	R	98	T	F	O	A	Q	C	93	B	94	M
V	Y	97	L	W	N	96	G	S	K	H	J	I	95	E	D

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald* read those above or below, as the case may be: Example:

95Y98JQ would read BUNCH.

Where a double letter occurs in the name of a horse the figure 2 is substituted. KJ2WK would read ACCRA.

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● **One-fifth of all the tea drunk in Great Britain is English & Scottish Joint C.W.S. TEA!**

THERE is no more discriminating critic of good tea than the British public—hence this overwhelming preference for the blends that are grown, transported, blended and packed by the co-operative consumers' own organisation. You can't have a better drink, a healthier stimulant, than tea, and money cannot buy a better tea than—

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Issued by the English & Scottish Joint Co-operative Wholesale Society, Ltd.

Don't WASTE your week-ends

get out into the countryside or down to the coast

Every week-end is a new chance to cram more fun into your life . . . see new places, do new things. Why not this week-end? Hop on to a Raleigh—and the countryside is yours!

The RALEIGH costs £4 . 19 . 6—little more than the lowest priced bicycle.

Yet RALEIGH DESIGN and QUALITY are UNEQUALLED. The All-Steel construction, rich enamelling, heavier chromium plating and special exclusive refinements have made RALEIGH a name apart in cycling—the standard by which all others are judged.

RALEIGH RELIABILITY, again, is universally recognised. Increased sales of 81% last year prove it. The superior resources of the LARGEST and BEST EQUIPPED cycle factory in the World explain it.

Make no mistake about it, the Raleigh is this much better—it's a bicyle you will be *proud* to own.

From **£4:19:6** or **9/7** monthly (no deposit)—fitted with Dunlop tyres, Brooks' saddle and the best of everything. Specify the Sturmey-Archer 3-speed gear 20/- extra. Send for free copy of "The Book of the Raleigh."

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DEPOTS AND AGENTS EVERYWHERE

Fit the Sturmey-Archer 3 speed gear the gear that makes cycling easy

If I WERE YOU, Young Man

by

SIR ROBERT PERKS,

the 83-year-old Lawyer, Contractor and Railway Pioneer

HAS the young man of to-day greater problems to face than the young man of, say, fifty, sixty or seventy years ago? Is life really so much more difficult than it was? Are there now fewer opportunities for Youth?

We constantly hear these questions asked, and the answers usually show that people are inclined to over-estimate some of the obstacles that have to be overcome to-day.

Every age has its problems which young men have to face; but these problems are not worse than formerly. They are different, that is all.

If I were a young man to-day, the same qualities which helped me as a lad sixty years ago and later on when I had to settle what to do, would help me now. Doubtless, the same methods would pull me through. The truth is that, however much things around us may change and progress, human nature remains the same.

Modern inventions, greatly increased facilities for travel, and all kinds of new enterprises have opened the door to numberless fresh opportunities—that is, for those who possess grit and are prepared to work hard.

Young men of to-day should not think that because they have failed in one thing, or even more, they should not try again. Let me tell them something of my early story and its disappointments.

"Let us have fewer youthful pessimists and more youthful optimists . . ."

When I came to London from school at Bath seventy-one years ago I went to King's College and was keenly ambitious to enter the Indian Civil Service.

The first year it was expected that there would be about fifty candidates chosen. There were forty, and I was forty-second.

Another year's work and I tried again. Thirty were chosen and I was thirty-third.

Yet a third time I tried. Only twenty candidates were taken, and I was twenty-fourth.

Hard work; no pay

That might have broken the heart of any young man. And yet I do not think it even occurred to me that the world was a particularly hard place for young men.

"What are you going to do now?" a friend who was a famous City magnate asked me. "I think you might make a lawyer."

So the next day down I went with him to a firm of lawyers in the City, where I was articled.

I well remember waiting in the dusty outer office to be ushered into the august presence of the senior partner.

On the wall I saw an ordinary kitchen clock, which certainly could not have cost more than thirty shillings. It bore an inscription to the effect that it was presented to the firm for having successfully conducted a certain case, carrying it from court to court and finally from the Court of Appeal to the House of Lords.

I looked at this thoughtfully and wondered whether, if that were the kind of reward the Law had to offer, it was the right profession for me.

Anyhow, a lawyer I became. There was plenty of hard work, but no pay. For four years I had to support myself by writing for the Press.

"The Death and Burial of Mazzini" was, I remember, an article I had to write at very short notice. "You won't be able to write like that, young man, when you are forty," said the editor who commissioned it. "Why not, sir?" I asked. "Oh, you will have lost your belief in humanity."

Thank heaven, I did not lose it at forty. I have not lost it now, even though I am well over eighty.

A plea frequently put forward by the young man of to-day is that he has not—or rather believes he has not—the same opportunity as formerly of following in his father's footsteps. All I can say is that this gives a son a chance of showing his mettle by striking out on his own. Besides, do not think that young men always could, or did, follow their father even in my young days.

Too much play . . .

My father was a Methodist minister, and it would have been an easy thing for me to have entered his profession. But he knew only too well that no preacher could succeed unless he was certain he had a divine call to the work of the Christian ministry.

The curse of to-day seems to be that there are too many amusements to distract young men from work. They have not always the same will to work as we had in my young days.

I remember that I used to make a rule of not being in bed after five o'clock in the morning. And when, studying rather late, I found I was inclined to sleep beyond my allotted span, I rigged up a device whereby I attached a tube of water to an alarm clock over my bed, so that if I did not get up at once when it went off, the tube tipped up and the water came over my head.

One thing I should try to realise, were I young again to-day, is that I was personally benefiting more than our fathers and grandfathers from the past experiences of others. For that reason I should value the knowledge and judgment of the aged. Experience is always worth more than theory or mere book learning.

Intensive education? Scholastic degrees? I am not so sure that they mean very much. But young men should bear this in mind—whether passing a stiff examination or gaining a degree actually benefits them later in life, the character-building which ensues from the self-sacrifice and self-discipline which are necessary in order to win the prize matters a great deal.

Ever open door

Faith in God, faith in your fellow-men, faith in yourself are things that will help young men of to-day.

To those with faith, the gate of opportunity is always open.

Much, of course, depends on the company a young man keeps, the friendships he forms, and his skill in seizing the chances that come his way.

In my youth I met three great men—one at the head of the railway world; the second the foremost civil engineer of his time; the third the leading British constructor of public works. I owed much to them.

There are men of equal ability in this and other lands to-day, whose reputations and achievements in commerce, science, art and discovery are unsurpassed. Let Youth learn from them.

Let us have fewer youthful pessimists and we shall hear less about the obstacles that face the young men of to-day.

IT'S AN OLD CHINESE CUSTOM . . .

A Chinese wedding—costly and spectacular—was being celebrated in the restaurant. The women guests occupied one room, while the bridegroom and his male attendants sat alone in another part of the building.

At that time the bride had not yet arrived—and the bridegroom was looking bored. She was being carried through the streets in a gorgeous but unventilated windowless sedan chair.

For some mysterious reason all Chinese brides are given a two hours' ride in this fashion. Then the bridegroom is hidden and the bride has to find him.

This slight yet vivid sketch of a Chinese wedding is only one of many interesting accounts and descriptions written by that world famous "globe-trotting star," Douglas Fairbanks, which appears in this week's *Picturegoer*, out to-day.

From PUPPYHOOD TO OLD AGE

FROM the frisky days of their puppyhood, until they reach the age when you like to call them "old lady" and "old man," every dog should be provided with Bob Martin's Condition Powders. **And regularly too.** For, by purifying and refreshing the blood, Bob Martin's Condition Powders prevent and cure all common blood ailments, such as **loss of appetite, continual scratching, dull coat, sulky temper and listlessness,** which cause dogs so much unnecessary suffering. Remember, your dog's skin is non-porous, and he cannot purify his blood by perspiring. And now that he cannot get to the blood correctives which Nature provides among certain wild grasses in valley and moorland, he has no means of keeping really fit unless you help him.

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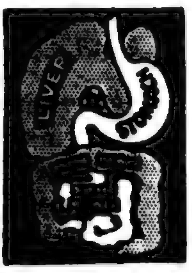

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In the above contest, solutions containing one error were received from the following seven competitors who share the £1,250 offered. To each of them, subject to the conditions of the Competition, a cheque for £178 11s. 6d. will be sent.

Mrs. H. Bagley, 121, Wheatland Lane, Wallasey; F. Barber, 23, Coverdale Road, Sheffield; Miss A. Entwistle, 34, Gladstone Street, Bury; E. Griffin, Betty Hundys, Corhampton, Southampton; A. G. Maisey, 1, Irnham, Road, Minehead, Som.; R. J. Mead, 4, Salisbury Street, London, S.E.; E. Young, 43, Gordon Square, Wallsend-on-Tyne.

Any other entrant who claims to have sent a solution eligible for a share of this prize must demand a scrutiny by First Post, Tuesday, April 11th, sending £1 Scrutiny Fee, copy of solutions and Postal Order number. Envelope to be registered, marked "Scrutiny" and addressed to the Competition Editor of "John Bull."

No scrutiny can be undertaken in connection with the Award of £100 to Runners-up. This prize has been divided between 66 competitors, from whom we received solutions containing two errors and who will each receive £1 10s. 4d. A list of these winners can be seen at the "John Bull" offices and all have been notified.

BONUS WINNERS IN CROSSWORD No. 202.—70 competitors qualified to share the extra £100 offered in this contest and payments of £1 8s. 7d. each will be despatched accordingly.

Another Splendid X-Word with a First Prize of a Life Pension of £100 a Year and £500 each and prizes for runners-up appears on Page 40. Try your skill now!

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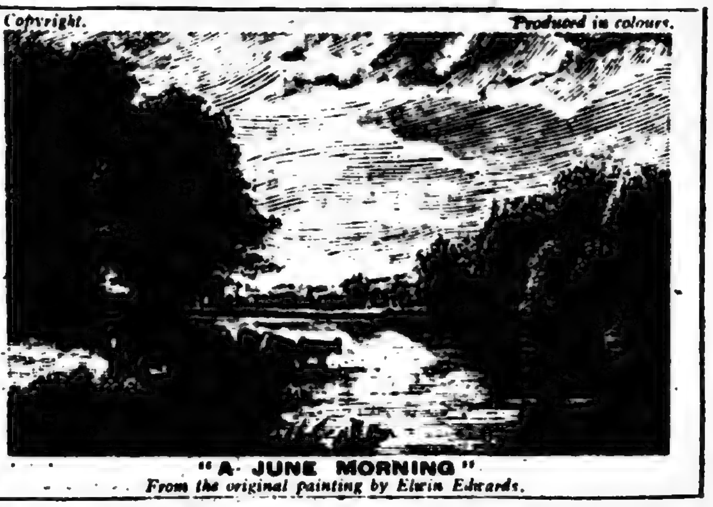

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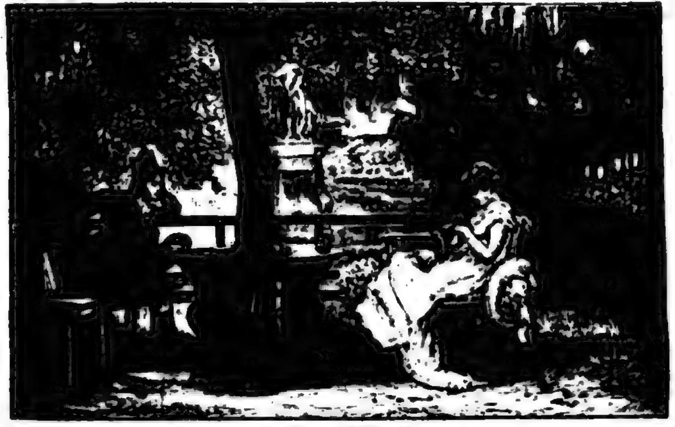

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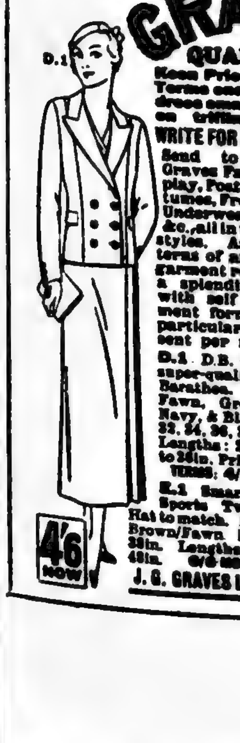

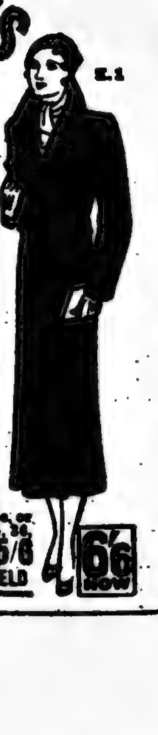

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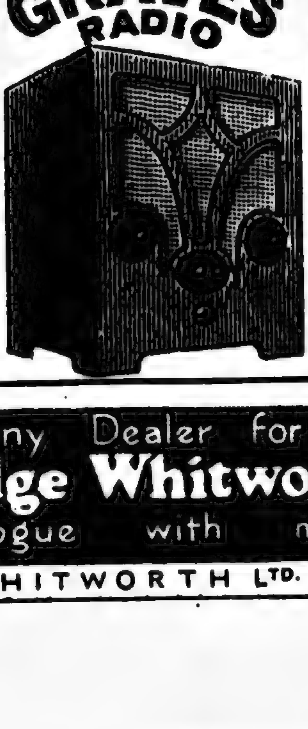

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"Every Picture tells a Story."

Backache and sharp twinges when you bend or straighten are signs of kidney weakness.

OTHER WARNING symptoms are urinary disorders, getting up at night, headaches, dizzy attacks, nerve pains, and nervousness.

Don't run needless risks! Neglect merely adds to the danger of bladder inflammation, gravel, dropsy, lumbago, rheumatism and sciatica. Strengthen the kidneys without delay by using Doans brand Backache Kidney Pills, the medicine that has been publicly recommended for fifty years. This special kidney tonic can be taken with confidence and safety, even by the most delicate.

Rid of Lumbago and Sciatica

On 27th October, 1913, Mrs. F. Fisher, 243, Mosslea Road, Whyteleafe, Surrey, said :—"Lumbago and sciatica frequently laid me up ; at times I was nearly mad with the pain, which ran down from my hip to my foot. The kidney excretions were disordered ; at times scanty and at other times too free and full of sediment.

"At last, upon a friend's advice, I took Doans Backache Kidney Pills. They eased the pain, and soon I was able to get about again. I am quite free from kidney trouble now."

On 2nd September, 1932, Mrs. Fisher said :—"I am still enjoying very good health, thanks to Doans Pills. (Sgd.) F. FISHER."

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Refuse substitutes. Insist upon

Doans BRAND Backache Kidney Pills

The genuine package bears the Leaf Trade Mark

MAN OF 60 CURES GASTRIC ULCERS

Was 6 st. 8—Now "In the Pink"

Think what it means to a man of 60, who came out of hospital weighing only 6 st. 8 lbs., with gastric ulcers—"they could not get at them with the knife"—to have cured his trouble, to have regained his normal weight and to be able to eat anything.

And Mr. G. S.................., of Cardiff, is only typical of thousands of men and women who have ended years of pain and suffering with this wonderful Maclean Brand Stomach Powder, the formula they are using in all the leading hospitals. This is what he writes :—

"I take pleasure to let you know that after a long while I am quite all right again. I have followed your treatment and taken your valuable Powder four times a day. I am once more in the Pink. I was six stone eight lbs. when I came out of hospital where the doctor told me he could not get at them with the knife. I am now near my normal weight. I am 60, and feel a new man. I have always felt fit since taking your powder."

You should try this Maclean Brand Stomach Powder to-day. Every doctor knows its formula and will tell you how good it is, what remarkable cures it has effected in his own practice and in all the leading hospitals.

But be sure to ask your chemist for the genuine Maclean Brand Stomach Powder under that exact name, with the signature "ALEX C. MACLEAN." It is not sold loose, but only in 1/3, 2/- and 5/- bottles, in cartons, of Powder or Tablets.

THE SHIP that Never Sails

"Hygeia" with her ambulance boat alongside. Below you see a "stretcher case" about to be removed to hospital ashore

WHEN influenza invaded Britain and carried off its victims at the rate of fifteen hundred a week, the scientists were powerless to stem the attack. For they could not discover how the epidemic had started, where the germ was born. . . .

But there are other deadlier scourges whose sources are known, and against which Britain, in her island security, can build up such strong defences that the enemy seldom succeeds in gaining a foothold on our shores.

Smallpox, typhoid, plague and the mortal fevers of the tropics have threatened us, but we are armed against them.

At all our ports strict precautions are taken to prevent any incoming boat from unloading with its cargo or passengers any of these dread diseases. And here is the story of one of our protectors, the story of *Hygeia*, the ship that never sails.

She lies, an unobtrusive hulk, where the Thames begins to broaden its leisurely journey towards the sea.

Year in, year out, this little vessel rides at anchor, while cargo boats laden with the produce of Great Britain steam past her on their way to battle for the markets of the world. She seems to take no part in the ceaseless bustle of the Port of London, for she has never put to sea, and never will.

She stands ceaselessly on guard against the invisible hosts of sea-borne disease germs.

Unsleeping watch

Every hour of the twenty-four, every day of the year, the *Hygeia* stands sentinel. No incoming vessel may dock in the Port of London until the medical officers from the *Hygeia* have satisfied themselves that there is no infection aboard. So well do these men do their work that during the last twenty years there have been no epidemics at all arising from the three hundred thousand vessels that have entered the Thames.

Vessels from every part of the globe are entering the river at the rate of between forty and fifty a day, and diseases known and unknown may be lurking in every one of them.

Deadly diseases have been spread among dockers by specks of dust flying out of cargoes of grain, and terrible skin and eye complaints have been contracted by contact with cargoes of bonemeal and copra.

Sometimes it is necessary to have the hold of a ship fumigated before it is safe for the dockers to unload the cargo, and no one is allowed to enter it until the medical men have decided that the poisonous fumes have dispersed.

There are only three medical officers aboard the *Hygeia* to undertake the onerous task of inspecting these ships and crews. Each of them takes it in turn to do a full twenty-four hour watch on board, after which he has two days ashore.

While on duty the staff of the *Hygeia* has a hard time. There is a wireless receiver aboard the hulk, and at all times of the day and night the operator is receiving messages from incoming boats.

The captain of an incoming vessel which has had cases of infectious illness during the voyage, or which hails from any port in the tropics or sub-tropics, must warn the *Hygeia* by wireless of the situation, and inform the medical officer on duty when he expects to reach Gravesend. The medical officer arranges to go aboard and inspect if he thinks it necessary.

He also has a further check on the invisible enemy. When a pilot boards an incoming vessel the first thing he does is to give the captain a special yellow form, which puts various questions regarding the health of the passengers and crew. As soon as it is filled in this form is sent at once to the *Hygeia*.

Many hours may pass when the medical officer on duty has nothing to do. Then suddenly yellow forms begin to arrive, and the wireless receiver taps out quick messages in Morse. There is a passenger boat from India with a case of suspected smallpox, a tramp steamer from the Dutch East Indies with a case of cholera, and a German vessel from Singapore two of whose crew are sick with some disease unknown.

Three vessels to be inspected, all due in at about the same time.

The medical officer jumps into his long seventy-foot launch and shoots off down the Thames at a good twelve knots. Although the launch rings no bell as she scuds along towards the open sea, she is equipped very much like one of those hospital ambulances which thread their way swiftly through the streets of London.

There is room for four stretcher cases aboard her, and presently she is making her way back to Gravesend with two of these stretchers containing each a dying Lascar. Deftly she is manœuvred alongside the special slipway which enables her to come right up to the isolation hospital on the bank of the river below Gravesend.

The stretchers are taken ashore, and a moment later the launch hurries back towards the next incoming vessel.

A day's work . . .

About 15,000 vessels from overseas ports enter the Thames during the year, but less than 15 per cent. of these have to be boarded by the medical authorities. Besides these 15,000 vessels, there are about 12,000 more touching in at the Port of London which are engaged in coastal trade, but, provided the master can certify that there is no infectious illness aboard, these vessels are usually passed without further investigation.

The average number of vessels inspected each year by the *Hygeia* is 2,000, and the number of passengers and crew inspected is between 100,000 and 150,000. In other words, between five and six vessels and between 300 and 400 men are inspected on the average every day of the year.

Of course, the *Hygeia's* task is made easier when an incoming vessel has a surgeon aboard, but even the eye of a ship's doctor may miss a case of infectious disease among a Lascar cre
for these men, ignorant of the con
quences of their action, sometimes t
to conceal a malady, and our watch
sanitary authorities dare leave nothi
to chance.

In 1931, the last year for which figu
have been issued, enquiries were ma
into 458 cases of illness during voyag
Cases landed for observation totali
162, and the isolation hospital took
forty-eight cases.

Detectives, too!

Passengers aboard liners on whi
cases of infectious illness have occur
sometimes complain that before landi
there is too much fuss and medical r
tape, but the *Hygeia* can retort by poi
ing out a complete absence of sea-bor
epidemics during the last twenty yea

It is one of those jobs in which a m
take is literally a matter of life a
death. One undetected case of sm
pox might spread the disease throu
out East London.

Nor is smallpox the only possi
scourge. Very rare or even quite u
known diseases may come under t
scrutiny of the *Hygeia*. Few doctors
the world can have such an exacti
task. They must be familiar with t
signs and symptoms of nearly ev
disease known to pathology. Moreov
they must be able to detect them, not
the leisurely comfort of a consulti
room, but in hasty outdoor inspection

To crown all, they must do their w
so thoroughly that they can even p
out sick men who are trying to conc
their maladies through fear of be
placed in quarantine.

In face of all these demands u
their skill, the staff of the *Hygeia*
triumphantly successful. Its work
known and recognised, not only by
medical profession in Great Britain,
by doctors all over the world.

The *Hygeia* and the whole of
sanitary administration of the Port
London are a recognised model of e
ciency for similar sanitary organisati
in far-distant quarters of the globe.

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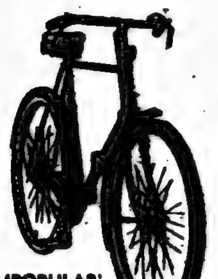

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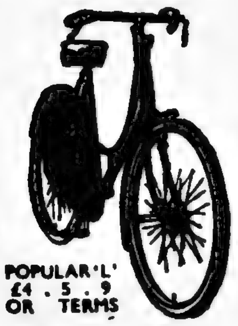

'POPULAR 'L'
£4 . 5 . 9
OR TERMS

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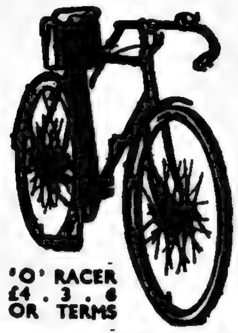

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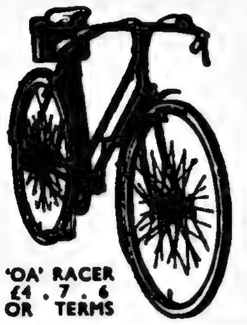

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FREE LEAFLETS tell you exactly how to use Robbialac on (1) Cycles or Motor Cycles (2) Cars. Send P.C. for whichever you need. ROBBIALAC WORKS (Dept. J.B. 3.), STRATFORD, E.15.

Smallest Man's Greatest Hour

George Lester and Princess Mignonette, "the sweetest little woman in the world."

by George Spooner LESTER,

Reputed to be the Smallest Man in England

IF you want to understand all my greatest hour meant to me you must try to imagine what you would feel like if you were only 3 ft. 4 in. high, weighed only 4 stone 8 lb., took a nine in boys' boots, an 11½ collar and a 5¾ in hats.

My father and mother were just normal folk, and my brother is not so far off 6 ft. Fate decreed that I should be small—the smallest man in England, in fact.

Being so small leads to a peculiar point of view. One is always looking up. And so, naturally enough, since it is human nature to envy in others what we lack in ourselves, I soon began to envy the big, the strong, and the brave.

When Lindbergh flew the Atlantic I dreamed about him. I sighed: If only I could work the joy-stick in the cockpit of an aeroplane, soar up aloft, and feel for once higher than everything about me.

And when Miss Amy Johnson made her first great flight she in turn became my ideal. I bought a picture of her; I wanted to see her in the flesh.

I decided to make an expedition to London from my home in Wednesbury. I had never been far from home owing to my size. My father was all against it. He liked me to stay near home, fearing that I would get myself hurt if I wandered far.

Unfortunately, though I have so small a body, my heart seems to be of normal size. I resented always these slurs, as I considered them, on my ability to look after myself.

Human sea

And so to London I came. First, I told myself, I will see something of the sights of the great city, then I will go down to Croydon and witness the return of Amy Johnson from her great Cape flight.

For me, who stands just a little higher than your dining-room table, it was a big adventure, for, besides my lack of stature, I had to face a lack of knowledge of the great world outside the small orbit of my own immediate neighbourhood.

Yes, it was a very adventurous little man who went with the stream of traffic towards Croydon that day. Once or twice, as the crowd swelled, I felt a bit nervous. You see, in a crowd I am quite unable to defend myself. However, I got to the aerodrome safely with nothing worse than a few bumps and the usual remarks about my appearance.

But now that the great hour was nearing, I knew real fear.

You, reader, at a football Cup Tie or some other such occasion, have probably known what it is to be jammed in a crush. And you have probably known how to use your strong shoulders against those who jostled you. But my shoulders came not so very far above the knees of those around me.

Generally, because I am so small, people are kind and gentle. They make way for me, see that I am not hurt. But on this occasion everybody was craning their necks skywards; nobody looked down. I was forgotten, there among that forest of legs.

Suddenly the rumour spread that Amy's aeroplane had been sighted, and the crowd moved slowly forward, carrying me with it. Now all thought of the purpose that had brought me on this adventure went out of my mind. I no longer thought of Amy, but of myself.

My problem was to save my life.

The crowd began to murmur and break here and there into a cheer. Every face was turned skywards. When I looked up all I could see was a mass of bodies, an ocean of humanity in which I was drowning.

Suddenly I lost my balance and went down. Somebody had caught my shoulder with his knee. I was menaced by an army of enormous boots that rose and fell perilously near my head and limbs.

Clutching a leg I managed to pull myself up. I shouted, asking somebody to lift me up. But I could not make my voice heard above the cheering.

A moment later I felt myself carried forward by the mass movement of the crowd.

A pain shot through my foot and a moment later I was struggling to keep up with the forward rush, minus one shoe, and plus one bleeding foot.

I heard shouts of "Here she comes!" and then deafening cheers and the sound of an aeroplane engine. I fell again and somebody trod on my arm.

I struggled to rise, but my coat caught in somebody's umbrella and was ripped from my back. Knees prodded me unmercifully, and so close were these vast bodies to my face that I could scarcely breathe.

Once more I fell, and this time before I managed to scramble to my feet I was kicked and trampled on until faintness came upon me.

I was bleeding now and very frightened. I could make nobody realise what was happening. I clutched desperately at the coat-tails of those pressed against me. I clung to pockets and embraced enormous legs. But I was defeated.

Once more I went down and this time I did not get up again. Blackness blotted out the scene. . . . I had fainted. . . .

Rescued!

It must have been a bad faint, for when I came to I found myself in the arms of a policeman. The crowd was dispersing. The excitement was still intense, but slackening.

Outside the aerodrome masses of people surged along the pavements and cars lined the road. The constable, who was gentle as a woman with me, put me in a taxi.

There, in security, I gathered my wits together. All that suffering, and even then I had not seen anything, no aeroplane, no Amy!

It sounds childish in a grown man, but I began to weep. It had meant so much to me, it had cost me much in money and suffering, all this, and I was defeated at the end. . . .

Then, suddenly, cheering broke out anew, and I rushed to the taxi door and craned to see out of it.

Yes, there she was, in a car, laughing and smiling and waving.

You may laugh, *but she waved at me*. . . .

Love steps in

Looking back, I reckon that was my greatest hour. After that it seemed that a bruised body and a missing shoe mattered little. I had shown that even the smallest man in England can have his greatest hour.

All the same, being as small as I am makes life hard. Often I had said to myself: "How if you fall in love?" I had seen girls who seemed very desirable to me. But how could I, who came far below their waist-lines, pay my court? They would have smiled kindly enough, no doubt, but that would have been all.

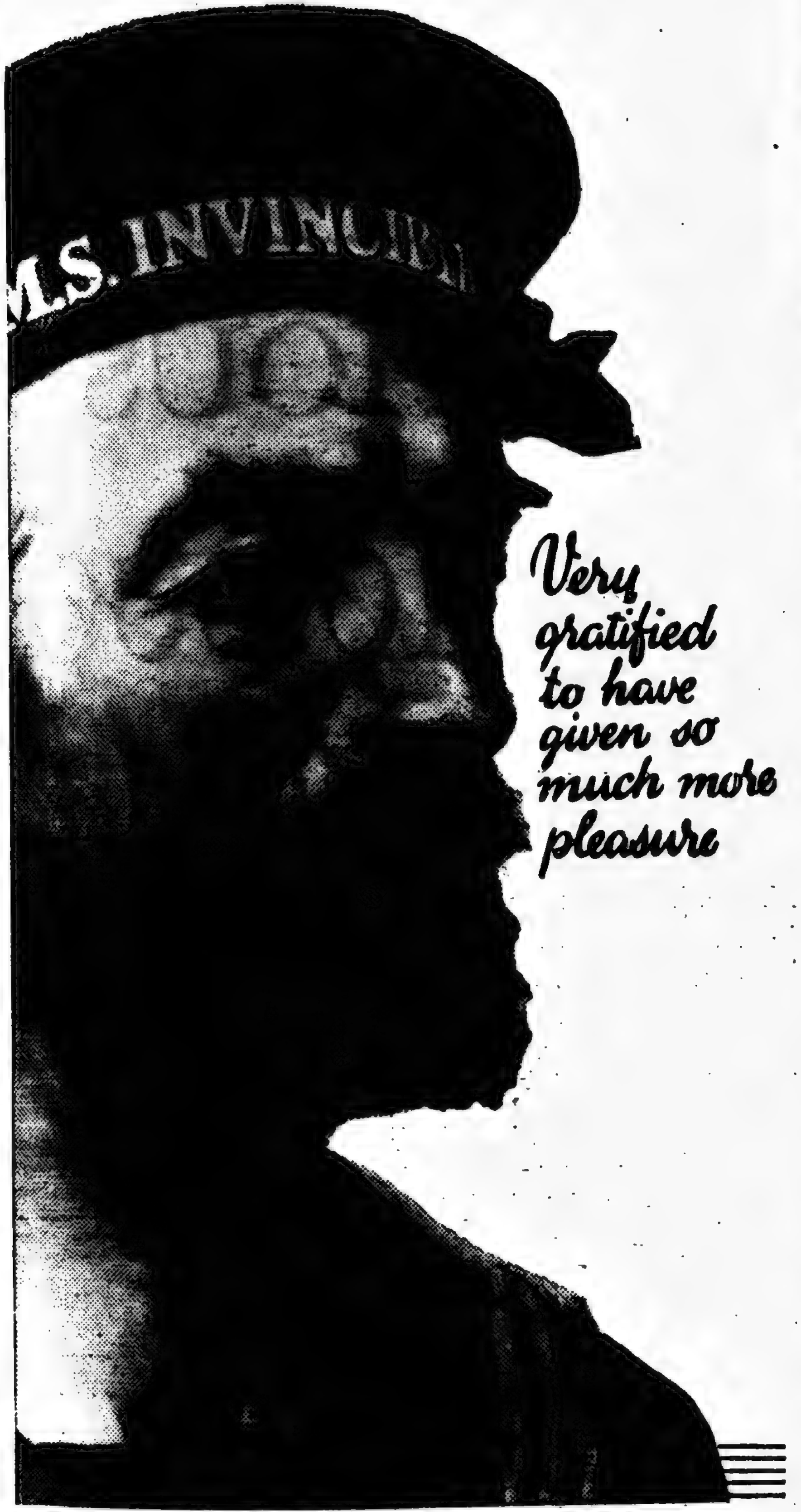
But that trouble is over now, for I've found a little lady who just suits me, and we are going to marry. She is twenty-three years old, 34 in. high and the sweetest little woman in the world.

So maybe my greatest hour does not lie in the past at all. Maybe it awaits me in the future. I rather think it does!

Launching the 'Mauretania'

With reference to the article entitled "Launching the *Mauretania*," which appeared in JOHN BULL of March 4, Sir G. B. Hunter informs us that it was not written by him and was published without his sanction or knowledge and is incorrect and misleading. At his request we publish this repudiation of the article, and we regret its publication without his permission.

[We received this article from a perfectly reliable contributor, who had an interview with Sir George Hunter.—Editor of JOHN BULL.]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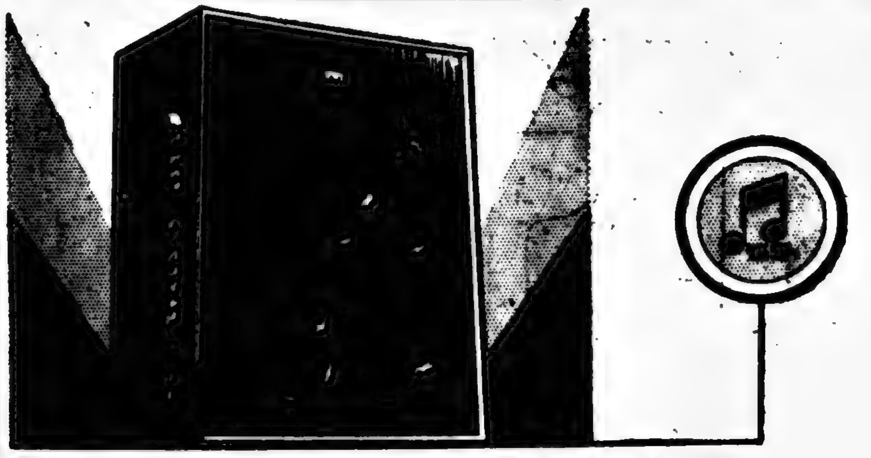

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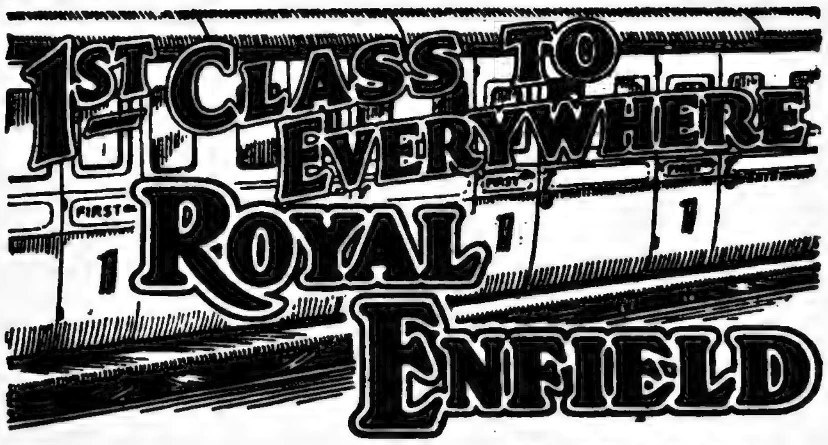

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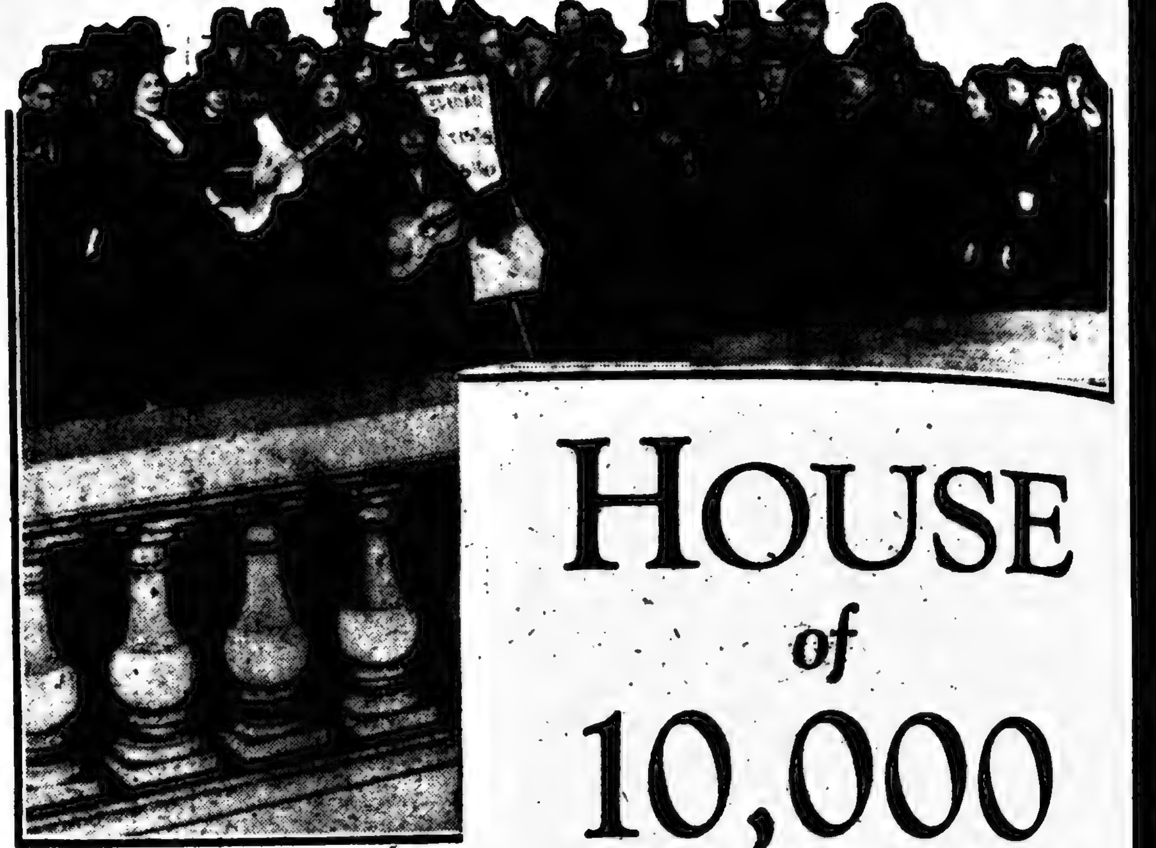


A striking illustration of the gravity of the depression in the City of Fashion — this photograph, taken last week, shows unemployed cutters and midinettes who have become musicians in the streets of Paris

IN the centre of Paris, beside the grey Abbey of St. Germains-in-the-Fields, is a tall old building which in the last year has become one of the most pathetic places in the world.

The history of this neighbourhood was never a happy one; the house itself stands on the spot where hundreds of wretched prisoners, who had been shut up in the Abbey, were dragged out to be massacred by the mob in the French Revolution. But to-day it has become the scene of a tragedy that is less vivid but just as real.

For to this house there come every day bands of seamstresses, designers, show-girls and mannequins who were thrown out of work when the Crisis smote the Paris dressmakers.

As long as the oldest Parisian can remember, women of all nations have flocked to this city to choose a smart dress or a new gown. To-day they have ceased to come . . . the great dressmaking houses, the places where the fashions are set, are empty. Two of the largest of them have closed down altogether; half the rooms in the others are shuttered.

Puzzled faces

More than ten thousand people in the dressmaking industry, most of them young girls, are out of work, and crowds of them come to the house beside the Abbey day after day with helpless, puzzled, pretty faces, crowding the winding stairway to ask pitifully if there is anything for them to do.

This is a strangely incongruous gathering of unemployed. They are young—most of them are still beautiful, all of them are smartly dressed.

That they have not lost that skill of which Paris holds the secret is evident from their own gowns, gowns that are the very latest word in fashion and design, gowns whose line and colour are keenly copied wherever women come to seek pretty things.

Here, on the site of the old massacres, I was in a gallery of fashion—a gallery, as it were, of ten thousand sighs. For many of these girls had not eaten that day, they said. They wondered how they were going to eat to-morrow. Their world had suddenly vanished all round them.

Still, they were somehow confident of their future. Women, they told me, would certainly come back to Paris.

No other city held that magic key to beauty. Let others try for a few months to design clothes in New York, in London, or in Berlin. They would soon give it up. They had tried it before.

"In 1914, monsieur, I had a rich client in Germany. She left me in July and said she would never return to France. In 1919 she was back in my *atelier*," a little dark-headed girl assured me with a defiant toss of her head.

I felt that she was probably right. But for the moment things look bad.

In 1931 France still exported silken garments for women to the value of 320,000,000 francs; in the first six months of 1932 the figure fell to 23,500,000 francs.

"The real state of affairs is worse than those figures indicate," the director of an employment agency assured me. "In 1932, many visitors still came to Paris, and most of them, if they were women, bought some clothes to take back with them to London and New York and Buenos Ayres.

Discounted luxury

"Those purchases, of course, do not appear among the export figures, but our fashion houses used to count on them especially at Christmas and Easter time.

"Unfortunately, Paris makes just those things that you are all being told to go without. Just now you will find the city choked with luxuries that can be had for a few francs. Naturally, when most costly perfumes are sold off wholesale at one-quarter of their value because of foreign tariffs, there is no work for our mannequins and designers.

"Many dismissed workers are now trying to set up dressmaking houses of their own, and they undercut the big houses and increase our difficulties."

The optimist

He showed me a fashion catalogue of creations that used to fetch 3,000 francs and were now offered at 130 francs.

"I wish some women I know were in Paris now," I said, laughing.

"I wish they were," he replied—but he did not laugh.

At the end of a long, low, gilded room I found the head of a famous fashions house sitting at a table. A shock-headed youth, with a silk bow, and a leather portfolio under his arm, was handing him sketches, which he turned over under a shaded lamp.

"Would you like to see the designs that will be worn next season?" he asked.

"Worn where?"

"Worn everywhere."

"You think the world will come to Paris again?"

"When it comes to its senses. I am not depressed. We have known depression in this house. My ancestors dressed the Court of Louis XV.—they designed the brocades and the red-heeled shoes that Madame du Barry took round before she met the king.

Will it come back?

"Then, when the French Revolution came and they were killing all our best clients where you have been talking with my poor unoccupied mannequins, what did we do?

"We designed the dresses for the return to normal times; we got ready to make things like these"—and he took a vivid fabric from a drawer. It was a vivid green, edged with silver braid and embroidered with bees worked in silver.

"That was worn at Napoleon's wedding," he said.

"Napoleon I. or III.?"

"Both of them," he replied.

"Then I remember how my father used to talk of the siege and the Commune of 1871—half the city was in flames and everybody told him he was mad to be thinking of tulles and chiffons—and you see," he waved his hand proudly round the great room, with its velvet curtains and heavy chandeliers.

"It will all come back," he said.

I wonder! G. E.

The "Greatest of These—" Fund

THE BROKEN SOLDIER

Dolly

THREE-YEAR-OLD DOLLY was born in Canada. She has three brothers, aged thirteen, ten and seven years. Their father has twenty-six years' long service to his credit, and holds excellent characters.

He joined the 1st Battn. Royal Berkshire Regiment when he was twelve years old. He was at the first landing at Gallipoli, and has the M.M. for bravery in the field.

How is it that this ex-soldier is now reduced to picking up sticks in the park near his dwelling to provide a fire, there being no money for coal; that he and his boys lack decent footwear; that their clothes are patched and done; that their rent is far behind, and that, to put it briefly, they are existing in misery?

Dolly's dad will tell you that it is due to his broken health. Again and again he has had to give up work to go into hospital. He receives no disability pension, for, having good prospects held out to him in Canada, he commuted part of his long-service pension to go there.

Again, he commuted a portion to set up his home in Canada, where he did well until he collapsed at work. Finally he sought deportation to England.

At present his pension amounts to 14s. a week. He receives a small allowance from the Public Assistance Committee. His rent is 25s. a week for a damp flat. His wife takes things very much to heart and says she cannot carry on much longer.

All that Dolly's father now asks from a country he has served so well is a few pounds to set him up with a pedlar's pack and licence, which we should like to give him if our readers will help by sending donations earmarked for Dolly.

These, and subscriptions to the fund generally, should be addressed to The Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, and will be acknowledged where names and addresses are given.

A Direct to Wearer Bargain

Matron's FROCK in printed Crepe ART SILK

1/6 WITH ORDER

This Matron's Model Gown is offered at the wonderful Bargain Price of 13/11, and will be sent on approval for 1/6 with order. If you are quite satisfied, balance may be paid by monthly instalments. (See Coupon.)

It is made in excellent quality Art. Silk with Crepe Weave, in a very smart printed design.

The round neck is piped with plain material to contrast, and has a circular collar of contrast through three tabs of self material. Similar trimming is adopted for the sleeves.

The full pleated Skirt is draped from a pointed hip basque. Adaptable belt at waist line fastened with erinoid slide.

Why not post Coupon NOW, while you think of it ?

HIP MEASUREMENTS : 46, 48, 50, 52, 54 and 56 inches.

LENGTHS : 44, 46, 48 and 50 inches.

COLOURS : Beige, Almond Green, Chocolate Brown, Navy or Black.

D.R. 73 Bargain Coupon.

Please send me, on approval, Frock No. D.R.73, at present Bargain Price of 13/11. A

Hip Measure..

Length..

Colour..

I enclose 1/6 deposit, together with 6d. for postage, and will pay balance of price either in one sum or by monthly instalments, of 2/6 or more. If not satisfied, and I return the Frock unworn at once, you will refund my deposit.

Enclose Coupon with name and full address and Postal Order crossed thus / /.

Overseas and Irish Free State, full cash only. "John Bull," 1/4/33. No. 509.

Post your Order to—

AMBROSE WILSON, Ltd., 509, Ambron House, 60, Vauxhall Bridge Road, London, S.W.1.

Handicapped BY ONE OF LIFE'S MOST DREADED COMPLAINTS —yet needlessly !

How can you hope to do the best by yourself in business in sport, in life's many activities, if you are burdened down and handicapped by Piles? There is no human evil so incapacitating and wrecking of happiness. Yet thousands suffer needlessly. Overwhelming proof has been given that Piles are caused by internal disorders. Correct these and the complaint vanishes, even in stubborn cases. The one dependable corrective is Pylitna Powders. They work upon the internal disorders which are the chief cause of Piles. They relieve the irritation and the pain. They bring permanent relief and lift that dread shadow of an operation out of your life for ever. Pylitna Powders have won the commendation of the medical profession and the enthusiastic praise of thousands of one-time sufferers.

PILES! PYLITNA PILE POWDERS

Pylitna Brand Powders, 5/- and 2/9 per box in U.K. Pylitna Tablets and Ointment 5/- each. Of all chemists or direct (postage 3d. extra) from Dept. 12, G. S. MUMFORD AND SONS, 103, Drummond Street, London, N.W.1.

GRAVES PRAM BARGAIN OFFER

Moulded Coach-built body of exclusive design, softly upholstered, loose seats, coil springs, leather cloth hood and apron, ball-bearing wheels, white ribbed cushion tyres, foot brake and mudguards. Price, Carriage Paid 80/- or 5/- monthly. Approval allowed for trial. Catalogue of Prams and Folding Cars Post Free. Keenest Prices. Easy Terms.

5/- NOW

Body 30ins long

J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD.

Kitchen Tragedies

"John Bull" pays £540

HOUSEWORK—surely the safest job in the world! Cooking, polishing, scrubbing, dusting, ironing—everything seems secure. But even as she does these domestic duties—the housewife may run grave risks and sometimes even death steps in.

On account of Home Accidents, "John Bull" has recently paid:—

£100 and an additional Bonus of £10* to Mr. J. Morrice, The Cottage, Burdell Mills, Milnsbridge, Huddersfield, whose wife was cooking the dinner when her apron caught fire. She died of her injuries.

£100 and an additional Bonus of £10* to Mr. E. Storey, 5, Marsden Street, Silver Royd Hill, Wortley, Leeds, whose wife's pinafore caught fire, causing injuries from which she died.

£100 to Mr. D. Thomas, 5, Blaennant-y-groes Road, Cwmbach, Aberdare, whose wife was burned to death through her clothing accidentally catching fire.

£100 and an additional Bonus of £10* to Mr. F. W. Taylor, 66, Hoxton Road, Scarborough, whose wife fell down a flight of stairs at home, and was killed.

£100 and an additional Bonus of £10* to Mrs. C. M. Cowan, 11, Hood Street, Gateshead, whose husband died from coal gas poisoning due to an escape from the gas main.

** A 10 per cent. Bonus is added to the benefit paid to readers who have been registered for three months or more at the time of receiving benefit.*

You cannot tell when calamity may overtake your household. But you *can* protect yourself and your family by signing the Registration Forms below. Bear in mind that, in addition to the Home Accident benefit, "John Bull" offers exclusive benefits, such as FIRE, STORM, FLOOD, CHILDREN'S ACCIDENT BENEFIT, SICKNESS and BURGLARY. Register Now, to-morrow may be too late!

Against Fire, Storm, Flood, Sickness, Accident & Burglary "John Bull" covers you free!

CUT HERE

JOHN BULL

Hand this Coupon to your Newsagent

To (Name of Newsagent) ....

Address ....

....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature ....

Address ....

....

.... Date ....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.
J.B. 1/4/33

CUT HERE

Post this Coupon to

"John Bull" Registration Department,
122, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an Order Form to my Newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

....
Reader's Signature.

Age ....

Address ....

....

....

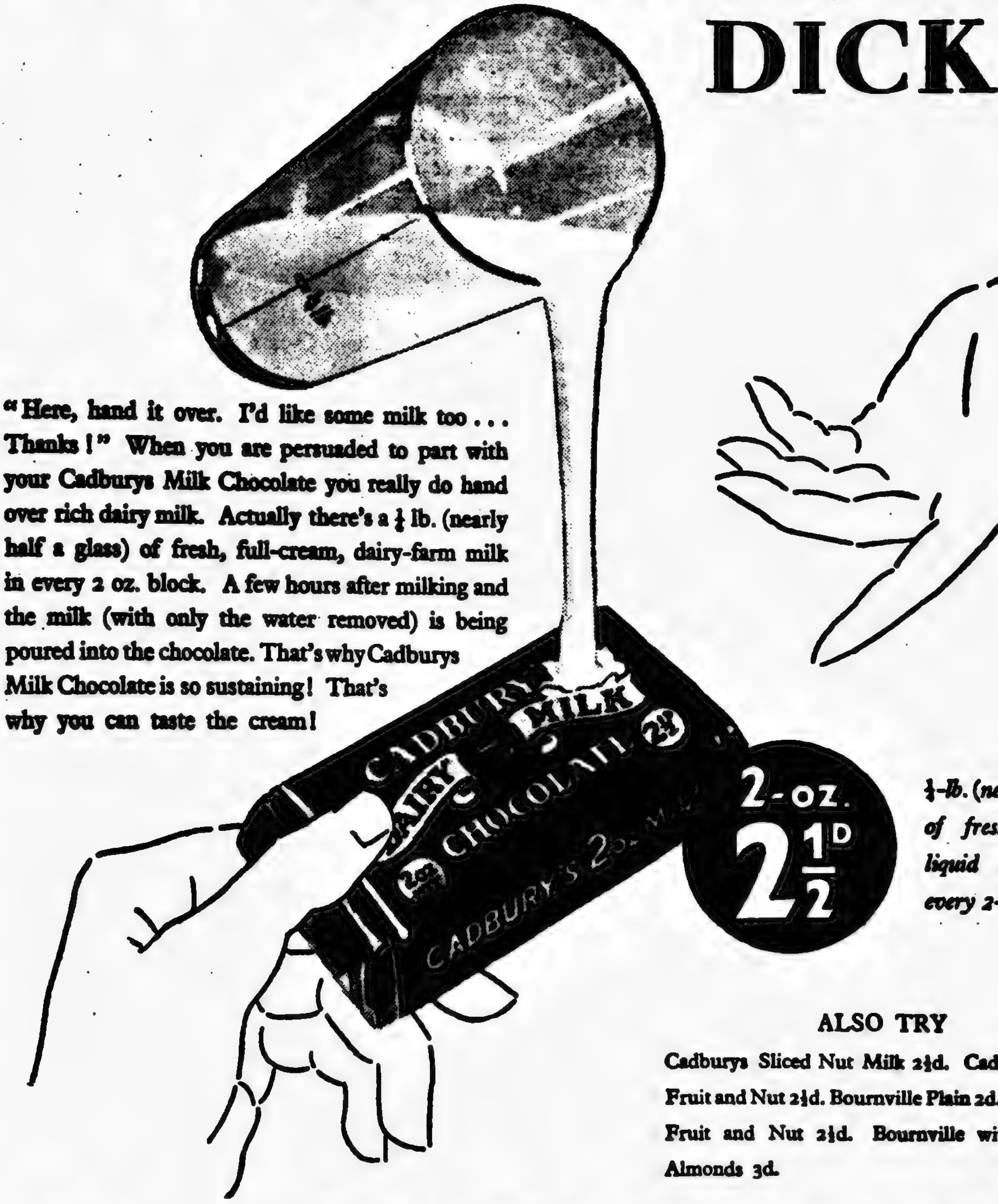
Name and Address of Newsagent. ....

....

.... Date ....

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return. PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.
J.B. 1/4/33

PASS THE MILK, DICK!



"Here, hand it over. I'd like some milk too... Thanks!" When you are persuaded to part with your Cadburys Milk Chocolate you really do hand over rich dairy milk. Actually there's a ½ lb. (nearly half a glass) of fresh, full-cream, dairy-farm milk in every 2 oz. block. A few hours after milking and the milk (with only the water removed) is being poured into the chocolate. That's why Cadburys Milk Chocolate is so sustaining! That's why you can taste the cream!

½-lb. (nearly half a glass) of fresh, full-cream, liquid milk goes into every 2-oz. block.

ALSO TRY

Cadburys Sliced Nut Milk 2½d. Cadburys Milk Fruit and Nut 2½d. Bournville Plain 2d. Bournville Fruit and Nut 2½d. Bournville with Roasted Almonds 3d.

TESTED JB

CADBURYS

2-OZ. BLOCKS

"John Bull" Guarantee

EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money-back" guarantee.

All goods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test which have been approved by our experts are marked—
In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.

Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona-fides of all advertisements in "John Bull." Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull," and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

ODHAMS PRESS LIMITED, Proprietors of "John Bull"

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5 Years' Warranty

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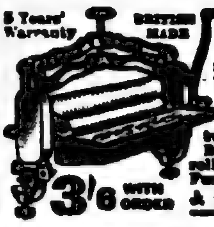
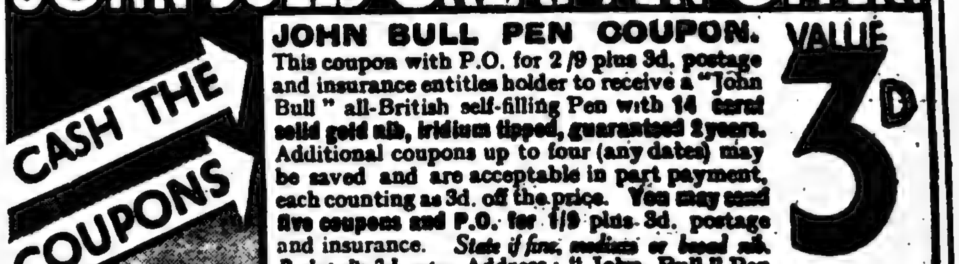


GRAVES 'EZEE' HOUSEHOLD WRINGER makes light work of all the wringing & mangling. Strong, compact, and easy running. Fits either table or tub. Malleable castings, cog guard, two mangling boards & trough. Best quality 16in. white rubber rollers. Price 21/- or 3/6 monthly. Furnishing Catalogue Post Free. J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD

3/6 WITH ORDER

JOHN BULL'S GREAT PEN OFFER!



JOHN BULL PEN COUPON. This coupon with P.O. for 2/9 plus 3d. postage and insurance entitles holder to receive a "John Bull" all-British self-filling Pen with 14 carat solid gold nib, iridium tipped, guaranteed 2 years. Additional coupons up to four (any dates) may be saved and are acceptable in part payment, each counting as 3d. off the price. You may send five coupons and P.O. for 1/9 plus 3d. postage and insurance. *State if fine, medium or broad nib. Pocket clip 3d. extra.* Address: "John Bull" Pen Department, 27, Floral Street, London, W.C.2.

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Women judge You

by your appearance, your health, your bodily and mental powers. At all times women have preferred strong, courageous and bold personalities, men with masculine attributes who are energetic and active. Women judge the qualities of a man instinctively, generally at the first glance.

STRONGFORT.

IF, however, you are weakly and sickly, nervous and without energy, good spirits and perseverance, unsteady and hesitating, without ambition—if you suffer from weaknesses, then, of course, no woman can regard you as a man of manly qualities, and the pleasures of life and real success will be beyond your reach.

STRONGFORTISM

The Famous Individual Method has changed thousands of weaklings into real men. Without medicines and apparatus, simply by employing Nature's secrets and awakening the slumbering forces within you. Strongfortism will enable you to overcome all the weaknesses and ailments which are a handicap to you. You will gain manly strength, great power and endurance.

STRONGFORT'S FREE 64-page BOOK "Promotion & Conservation of Health, Strength & Mental Energy" will reveal to you the health and strength-building secrets of the Human Body. You will learn how to build up your body, develop your nerve and will power, your individual talents and capabilities. It will show you the way to Energy, Vitality and Success.

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Please send, without obligation, my free copy of "Promotion and Conservation of Health, Strength, and Mental Energy." I enclose 3d. stamps for postage. I have put (X) before subject(s) about which I would like to have free special confidential advice.

......Energy & Strength
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......General Debility
......Increased Height
......Skin Disorders
......Despondency
......Rheumatism
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......Short Wind
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Other Ailments ....

Name ....

Occupation .... Age ....

Street ....

Town .... County ....

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From MARCH 1933
To MARCH 1934.

A MINE OF INFORMATION FOR ALL SPORTSMEN

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227 BATH STREET GLASGOW, C.2

WHEN I WAS "APRIL FOOL"

OUR LETTER PARLIAMENT

MY class of boys and myself were always on good terms with each other, but I always had to beware of April 1.

My monitor came in one morning and informed me that the inspector had arrived, but I was determined not to be caught.

I saw no one enter, but one of the boys said: "Please, Miss, there's a gentleman behind you." "Very well," said I, "he's welcome to stay there."

But my feelings can be imagined when I did turn round and saw that I had made myself an "April fool" that time.—*E. S., King's Heath.*

Big Blow

I was detailed as "cook of the mess" for April 1. My duty after breakfast was to prepare the food for dinner.

That day for sweet we had macaroni. The mess caterer instructed me in preparing it, telling me to blow out all the dust from the tubes.

There was 15 lb. to be prepared, and when "Fall-in" sounded I was still blowing hard. I looked the biggest April fool in creation.—*J. H. P., Hayes End.*

No Joke

The head of our factory used to come upstairs to our floor every morning to see if we had started work. I stood at the top of the stairs and shouted to my mates, "Look out! Here comes the old man."

I was enjoying the joke at seeing them scatter to their various benches, when a voice at my elbow said: "Well, what about the old man?"

I realised I was the only April fool when he sacked me for not being at my bench.—*F. M. M., Kingsbury.*

Bo'sun Lover

The youngest aboard a barque in mid-Pacific, I was astonished when the bo'sun handed me a letter, postmarked "Melbourne."

Inside was a note from a girl telling me how often she had passed me in Melbourne, and requesting a photo.

Being seventeen and swollen-headed, I wrote on arriving at Peru, sending my photo—and love!

Months later I received a letter from a Melbourne clergyman, asking me to refrain from writing to his daughter. The bo'sun had written—and postmarked—"her" letter.—*"Starbowline," Scotland.*

Risky Policy

I am an insurance agent. One morning I received a note from a friend advising me of someone who would be interested in a life policy. I was to see him at a certain address before noon that day.

When I reached the address I found my "prospect" was a murderer, to be hanged in a week. The name given me was a false one under which he had stayed at the address given, but was not the name mentioned in the case.—*K. B., Reading.*

. . . But he didn't deceive mother

Mother Knew

I decided to have my mother on a fool's stunt. I borrowed a suit from a friend, disguised myself with a false moustache and beard, and when it was dusk I called on my mother, introducing myself as a friend of her son.

She was pleased to meet me and showed me photographs of myself and sisters, and bade me stay to supper. So, after an hour, I took my departure, returning at my usual time.

Very conceited in myself and thinking how quiet each one was, I said to mother: "What about supper?" Her reply was "Surely you don't want another meal."—*F. N. L., Stowmarket.*

Hard Wear

Commencing work as a shop assistant in a large store, I found the hardware department interesting, and the fact that men were the chief customers was pleasant to a shy man.

It was April 1, and I was given a parcel to take into the ladies' outfitting department and to say it was the corset steels required.

The way one giggling girl assistant passed me on to another makes me blush even now. When one kindly girl finally drew my attention to a calendar, I fled in a panic, followed by peals of girlish laughter.—*"Cash," Hull.*

Biter Bit

A workmate said: "You are wanted in the office," and, wondering what I had done amiss, I walked into the office.

Seeing that the boss neither looked up nor spoke, I put some coal on the fire and walked out.

Going up to the man who sent me in, I said: "You are wanted now for sending me in and making a fool of the boss." He walked into the office greatly confused, and apologised for the trick he had played.

His feelings can be imagined when he discovered that he was the one who had really been fooled.—*C. W., Notts.*

Wrong Guess

That Donald intended to propose to me I felt certain. Latterly he had been more than usually shy, and I felt that he was trembling on the brink of a declaration of his love.

Somehow I did not want a proposal on April 1, but the night before he got no further than "I have something to tell you," before taking his departure.

On his arrival next morning his first words were: "I'm going to Kenya, Edna, and have come to say 'Good-bye.'"—*E. E., Southampton.*

Bank Tool

When I was a bank apprentice I was sent to an ironmonger's shop to ask for the "silver-test" belonging to the bank.

Thinking that this "silver-test" was some scientific instrument for testing coin, I went on my way, to find that the instrument had been given to a joiner. The joiner said he had sent it to the blacksmith for repair.

It was only when the blacksmith patted my shoulder and said the repair was unfinished that I realised I was an April fool.—*"Banker," Lanark.*

Squaring a Round

"See me fool that greenhorn!" said the smart bricklayer as he winked to his mates. "Mac!" he shouted to me, "go over to the public-house yonder, and ask for a loan of their round square!"

I went and had a chat with the landlord. Later, I left and went up the gangway carrying six bottles of beer, which I set down in front of the bricklayer.

"What d'ye mean by that, ye fool?" he shouted. "That's not a round square!"

"Oh, yes, it is," I retorted. "That's the 'round,' and you can 'square' it on Saturday!"—*A. M., Kirkcaldy.*

* * *

One of my workmates rushed in and said that my brother was being badly knocked about by two other men. I rushed outside, and saw two men beating their donkey.—*H. H., Pemberton.*

Thinking it was great fun playing a trick on my boss last April Fools' Day, I lost my job.—*W. A. P., Yarmouth.*

I discovered a message on a slip of paper that a Mr. R. Madillow would like to speak to me and 'phoned the number given. Having asked for "Mr. R. Madillow," the reply was: "Do you know this is the Zoological Gardens?"—*D. T., Herne Bay.*

ORIGINAL letters upon the subject below, not exceeding 100 words, are invited. 10s. will be paid for each letter published; 2s. 6d. for "Shorts." Envelopes, marked "Letter Parliament," must reach us by first post on Tuesday, April 4.

The Scandal I'd Expose

EXPERT SOCCER FORECASTS

Selections for April 1

FIRST DIVISION.

(1) EVERTON v. Middlesbrough.
**(2) WEDNESDAY v. Chelsea.
(3) W. B. ALBION v. Huddersfield.
(4) ARSENAL v. Aston Villa.
(5) Sunderland v. Wolves.
(6) Birmingham v. Sheffield U.
(7) BLACKBURN v. Leicester.
(8) BLACKPOOL v. Bolton.
*(9) DERBY v. Liverpool.
(10) Leeds v. Portsmouth.
(11) MANCHESTER C. v. Newcastle.

SECOND DIVISION.

(1) West Ham v. Stoke.
(2) BRADFORD C. v. Grimsby.
**(3) MILLWALL v. Bradford.
(4) BURY v. Forest.
(5) Chesterfield v. Hotspur.
(6) FULHAM v. Manchester U.
(7) LINCOLN v. Charlton.
(8) NOTTS COUNTY v. Preston.
(9) Port Vale v. Burnley.
(10) SOUTHAMPTON v. Plymouth.
**(11) SWANSEA v. Oldham.

SOUTHERN SECTION.

*(1) NORTHAMPTON v. C. Palace.
(2) Swindon v. Q. P. Rangers.
(3) Torquay v. Reading.
(4) BOSCOMBE v. Aldershot.
*(5) COVENTRY v. Watford.
**(6) BRENTFORD v. Cardiff.
(7) BRISTOL C. v. Gillingham.
(8) Orient v. Southend.
(9) EXETER v. Norwich.
(10) LUTON v. Brighton.
(11) Newport v. Bristol Rovers.

NORTHERN SECTION.

(1) HULL CITY v. Chester.
**(2) WREXHAM v. Rochdale.
*(3) GATESHEAD v. Mansfield.
(4) Darlington v. Accrington.
*(5) DONCASTER v. N. Brighton.
(6) HARTLEPOOLS v. Carlisle.
(7) HALIFAX v. York.
**(8) STOCKPORT v. Rotherham.
(9) Tranmere v. CREWE.
*(10) WALSALL v. Southport.
(11) BARNELEY v. Barrow.

SCOTLAND v. England.
At Glasgow.

SPECIAL STAR CODE

Probable winners are set in capitals. Where no distinction is made a draw is likely. Best selections are marked with two asterisks, and next best with one.

As injuries to players and consequent alterations in teams may affect the chances of different clubs we shall publish last-minute JOHN BULL selections in code in the *Daily Herald* and *Sporting Life* each Friday morning.

Example Code.—Div. I.—2 (*H*); Div. II.—3 (*H*); Southern Section 6—(*H*); Northern Section 8—(*H*) would indicate Wednesday, Millwall, Brentford and Stockport.

Old friend of the family brings another friend!

Quite a lot of people will remember that during the war the first advertisements for a very remarkable preparation began to appear in the newspapers. Its name was Milton, and the claims which were made for it were such that for a while they were regarded as being well-nigh unbelievable.

Could a simple, colourless and inexpensive fluid possibly be used for a "hundred and one" different purposes? To-day we know that the incredible was, in point of fact, entirely true. And there are few households nowadays in which the familiar brown bottle of Milton fluid is not the indispensable "friend of the family."

So welcome has Milton fluid been found, particularly as the only scientific cleanser of false teeth, that hundreds of people have asked the proprietors, "Why don't you make us a Milton *toothpaste*?"

The answer at first was that the task might prove too difficult. Obviously the Milton people could only give their name to a toothpaste which was head and shoulders above all others. And most other toothpastes were already pretty good, as you know from experience.

Now at last, after two years of ceaseless research, after analysing practically every brand of dental cream in existence, after trying out scores of ingredients and over a hundred and ninety-four different formulas—the new and immensely better toothpaste has been produced. Milton Dental Cream is now stocked by all dealers—confidently and proudly recommended to you by the makers.

What you will like about it in particular is its delightful refreshing flavour—its taste is so good you could almost eat it! The makers tell you frankly with every tube that there is none of the famous Milton fluid in this paste—and they tell you why. But you should also notice this—that its tremendous whitening effect on your teeth is obtained without the use of any grit or any other ingredient that could damage the enamel.

Milton Dental Cream costs sixpence for the ordinary-sized tube, and a shilling for the big tube (more than twice as large).

BONDMAN

—A SUSSEX PIPE SMOKER SAYS—

is a sweet, refined and not too strong smoke

Whether you choose Virginia or Empire tobacco your choice should be Bondman—the tobacco of a thousand testimonials. Either Bondman Rich Ruddy Virginia or the Blend of finest Colonial & Virginian tobaccos gives lasting satisfaction and flavour. Every ounce—in Vacuum Tins—is always fresh, cool and dependable.

RICH RUDDY VIRGINIA 11½D PER OZ.

LLOYDS' BONDMAN
EMPIRE BLEND
RICHARD LLOYD & SONS, L
BRANCH OF COPE BROS & CO

★**FREE TRIAL** *packet of Empire Blend sufficient for four pipes sent on receipt of P.O. with name and address in BLOCK capitals.*

A BLEND OF COLONIAL & VIRGINIAN TOBACCOS.. 10D PER OZ.

1oz. VACUUM TINS

Richard Lloyd & Sons, Andrew Tobacco Factory, Clerkenwell Rd., London, E.C.1 (Branch of Cope Bros. & Co. Ltd.)

If you do not smoke you are entitled to eat FOX'S GLACIER MINTS

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If smoking is not allowed you cannot do better than eat FOX'S GLACIER MINTS

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If you do smoke you will enjoy it all the more after eating

FOX'S GLACIER MINTS REGD

GRAVES LADY'S CYCLE BEATS THE WORLD FOR VALUE

Same build as our man's 'Flight' model with Dunlop Tyres, Dunlop Waterproof Saddle, Hans Renold Chain, bright parts Chromium Plated, and set of Accessories. Bargain Price is £3:17:6. No charge for instalments. Delivered Carriage Paid for 5/2 now, and 14 monthly payments of 5/2. Gent's model same price. Write for CATALOGUE Gent's, Ladies' & Children's Cycles

J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD.

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ASPRO
REG. TRADE MARK

LUMBAGO - SCIATICA - NEURALGIA - AND HEADACHES QUICKLY YIELD TO THE SOOTHING INFLUENCE OF 'ASPRO'

Painful complaints are common to-day. In many cases they are the after-effects of 'flu. How to banish them is the question. 'ASPRO' is the answer. Thousands have testified to its efficacy and thousands more have proved by use that 'ASPRO' definitely soothes away the excruciating pains of Lumbago, Sciatica, Neuralgia, Headaches, etc. It quickly stops the pain. There is no waiting, no delay; furthermore, 'ASPRO' is safe. It harms neither the heart nor the stomach. It can be taken by anyone, anywhere, at any time. The reason is because after ingestion in the system 'ASPRO' is an anti-pyretic (or fever reducer)—a solvent of Uric Acid and a powerful germicide. So why worry? Let your slogan be—

GET 'ASPRO' AND GET RID OF PAIN

3d., 6d., 1/3 & 2/6 PER PACKET.

The cheapest way to buy 'ASPRO' is the 2/6 packet. It contains 60 tablets, equivalent to 3/- worth of 'ASPRO' for 2/6. The next cheapest way is the 1/3 packet which contains 27 tablets.

HOW TO GIVE 'ASPRO' TO THE KIDDIES

Two simple methods of giving 'ASPRO' to the kiddies are: (a) with a little milk; or (b) break the tablet up and administer in a teaspoonful of jam. The dose is: children 3 to 6 years, ½ tablet; 6 to 14 years, 1 tablet; 14 to 18 years, 1½ tablets. 'ASPRO,' like any other medicine, should not be given to babies under 3 years of age without medical advice.

ALL LEADING CHEMISTS AND STORES STOCK AND DISPLAY 'ASPRO.'

FREED FROM RHEUMATISM AT 76 YEARS OF AGE

3, Ermiston Villas,
Rosmead Street, Hull.

Gentlemen,

I wish to let you know the good results I have had by taking your 'ASPRO.' For years I was held up by rheumatism and always in great pain, and could not do my work properly or sleep at night for it.

Three years ago I tried your 'ASPRO' and finding I got relief through them I took them regularly and I am pleased to say that now I am free from the grinding pain and can do a good day's work and feel better altogether. I always have some on hand and take them occasionally when going to bed to keep me fit for next day. I always recommend them to anyone I can as I have found the tablets all you advertise them to be. I am 76 years of age.

B. GIBSON (Mrs.).

'ASPRO' PRICELESS FOR CHILDREN

11, Great Dover Street,
Borough, London.

Dear Sir,

Re your 'ASPRO,' I have found them marvellous for numerous ailments including nerves, rheumatism and neuralgia. They are also priceless for children's colds, etc., and I shall always be glad to recommend them to anybody.

Yours truly,
H. MARTIN.

'ASPRO' consists of the purest Acetyl-salicylic Acid that has ever been known to Medical Science, and its claims are based on its superiority.

Agents:
GOLLIN & CO. PTY. LTD.
(Aspro Dept.) Slough, Bucks.
Telephone: SLOUGH 608.

No proprietary right is claimed in the method of manufacture or the formula.

Made by ASPRO Ltd., Slough, England.

TRY 'ASPRO' FOR

INFLUENZA
HEADACHES
SLEEPLESSNESS OR INSOMNIA
NEURALGIA
SCIATICA
GOUT

COLDS
LUMBAGO
IRRITABILITY
NEURITIS
HAY FEVER
NERVE SHOCK
TOOTHACHE

RHEUMATISM
ALCOHOLIC AFTER EFFECTS
PAINS PECULIAR TO WOMEN
MALARIA
ASTHMA

HUGE PENSION·PLUS·CASH PRIZE

£100 A YEAR FOR LIFE and £500 CASH

Or one lump sum of

£1,250

£100 BETWEEN RUNNERS-UP

£100 BETWEEN RUNNERS-UP WHO HAVE SENT TWO SIXPENNY ENTRIES IN THE SAME ENVELOPE

AND UNLIMITED £5 BONUSES

WIN AN EXTRA £5

QUALIFY WITH THIS BONUS COUPON

A big Extra Bonus of £5 will be added to any prize you win in Crossword No 207, provided that by Thursday, April 6, you have registered as a reader of "John Bull's" free weekly "Crossword Gazette". Entrants registered for "Bullets" Bulletin, with which "Gazette" is enclosed, are already qualified and must not re-register

I enclose 6d. P.O. No .... crossed "& Co" and payable to "John Bull," covering postage on 12 weekly issues of the new free weekly "Crossword Gazette"

NAME ....

ADDRESS..

POST TO-DAY TO "CROSSWORD GAZETTE" DEPT 30, BEDFORD ST., LONDON, W.C.2 Do not enclose with Crossword entry.

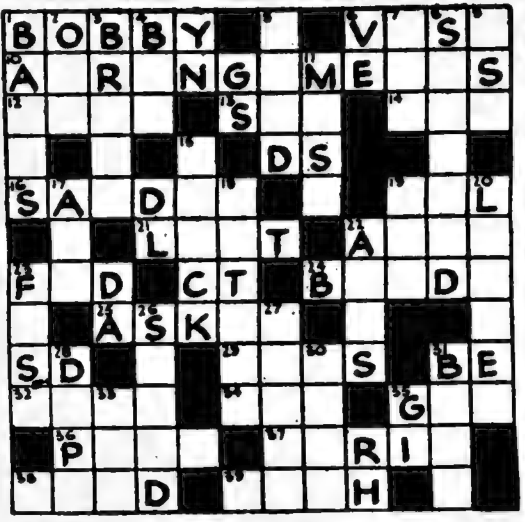
N.B. If preferred, give above details on plain paper.

"John Bull" will pay a Life Pension of £100 a year and £500 cash (or a lump sum of £1,250 cash) for a correct solution on one square of the puzzle below. Failing a correct solution the prize will be awarded to the reader whose entry is the nearest correct solution. An additional £100 will be divided between those competitors who enter squares containing one error only, or only one error more than the winning solution. An extra Bonus of £100 will be divided between Runners-up from whom we have received two sixpenny coupons in same envelope. Solution of puzzle will be published in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, April 13, 1933, and winner in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, April 20, 1933.

A SETTLED income for life of £100 a year and a big cheque for £500 to provide all the luxuries you need—both can be yours if you enter for "John Bull's" amusing Crossword Contest within the next few days, while £200 will be distributed as announced among the Runners-up. And registered readers of the "Crossword Gazette" who win any prize this week will each receive an extra Bonus of £5.

Start now, solve the first Clue—then complete your solutions and see that your entry is in by noon, Thursday, April 6.

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 207—CLOSING (NOON) THURSDAY, APRIL 6.


JB-207

JB-207

In entering this Competition I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and

enclose P.O. value......No.........

Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

ENTRY FEE
for 2 Squares
6D.

SIGNED ....

ADDRESS..

....

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 207—CLOSING (NOON) THURSDAY, APRIL 6.

JB-207

JB-207

In entering this Competition I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto and

enclose P.O value......No.........

Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

ENTRY FEE
for 4 Squares
1/-

SIGNED ....

ADDRESS..

....

ADDRESS ENTRY— "JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 207,
57, Long Acre,
London, W.C.2 (Comp.).

If entering two Double Entry Forms cut them out separately—add name and address to each.

CLUES ACROSS

1. Policeman
6. You need this on a passport
10. Matters which have been fixed
12. Peruse
13. The ocean
14. Pinch
16. Horseman rides in
19. Hell with the lid off
21. Cobbler sticks to it
22. Part of basement house
23. Served with food
24. Gardener's enemies
25. Inquired
29. Used by crossword compilers for "ages."
32. Underground railway
34. Plan of district
35. Often heard in Parliament
36. Describes her dress beautifully
37. Promotion should depend on
38. Keep this when racing
39. Will smarten up old car

CLUES DOWN

1. May keep trespassers out
2. Crude mineral
3. Often indicates grade
4. Avoid such men
5. Is enjoyed by birds in garden
7. Tavern
8. With sound suppressed
9. Serpent that bit Cleopatra
11. Animals feed on
15. What you get amongst coal
17. Don't let this get a grip on you
18. Regard with respect
19. Make a mistake
20. What eyes they make!
22. Some of the B.B.C.'s are too high-brow
23. Draws attention to a grievance
26. Gets us over the ground
27. Serious play
28. One who is tricked
30. Monkeys
31. Often used for games
33. Feathers worn round neck

READ THESE RULES AND CONDITIONS

1.—Complete Puzzle in ordinary ink, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil, cut out the whole entry form whether both puzzle squares are used or not. Entry fee for two squares is SIXPENCE—for Four Squares send ONE SHILLING. Make Postal Order payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and cross it /& Co./; write name and address and date of posting on back of P.O. and fill in the number upon Entry Form; send Entry Form by post, as directed, to reach us not later than NOON, Thursday, April 6, 1933.

2.—In addition to the two sixpenny entry-forms on this page, each entrant may submit TWO EXTRA SIXPENNY ENTRY FORMS, provided these are taken from "John Bull's" free weekly "Crossword Gazette." No entrant may submit more than TWO ENTRY FORMS from this page, plus TWO from "Crossword Gazette." Squares left incomplete, mutilated, indistinct or altered will be disqualified. No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered or mislaid, and no correspondence will be entered into.

3.—Winner of this contest will appear in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, April 20, 1933. Should any competitor not announced as a winner have entered a coupon eligible for a share of the First Prize he must demand a scrutiny by first post, Tuesday, May 2, 1933, in accordance with directions given with result. Any such scrutiny, which may amend the result, must be accepted as final. No scrutiny can be conducted in connection with the additional award of £100 to be divided between the Runners-up. Competitors should note that errors are computed according to the number of words which wrongly answer the Clues given.

4.—In the event of a tie, a prize will be divided, but no competitor may receive more than one share of it. Should First Prize be shared, £1,250 cash will be paid instead of the two-in-one award.

5.—Readers in Scotland are debarred from and cannot enter this competition. Any entry form bearing an address in Scotland will be disqualified.

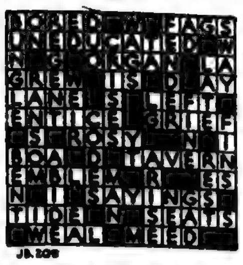
6.—Failure to comply with any of the conditions involves disqualification.

7.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

NO CLAIMS REQUIRED

ENTRY FEE.

With 2 squares send Postal Order for 6d. With 4 squares send P.O. for one shilling See Rule 1.

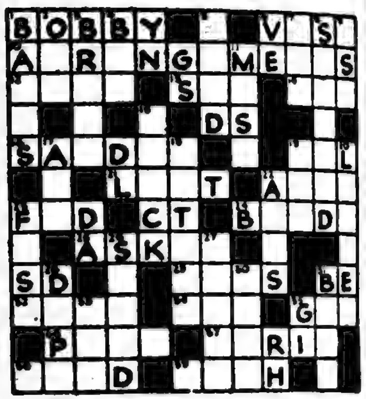

JB.205

Solution of "John Bull" X-Word No. 205

Winners in 204 on page 31. Result of 205 will be published next week. The solution of "John Bull" X-word No. 205 is given herewith as a matter of inte est to our X-word Competitors. We wish to emphasise that no claims are required for this X-word, as all entries are being carefully examined.

KEEP YOUR COPIES BELOW.

These miniature reproductions of this week's Puzzle are only to be used for keeping copies of your solutions.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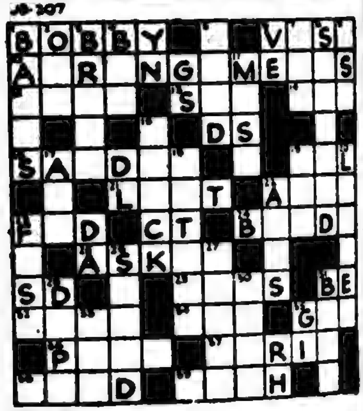
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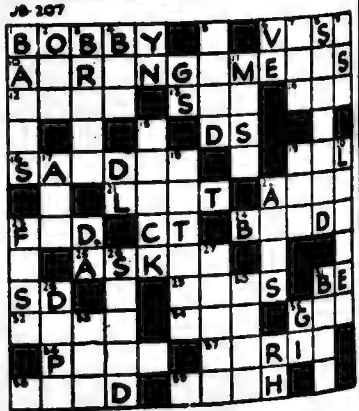
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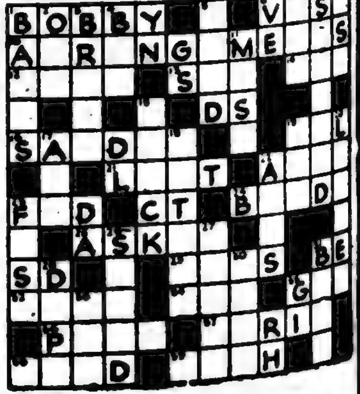
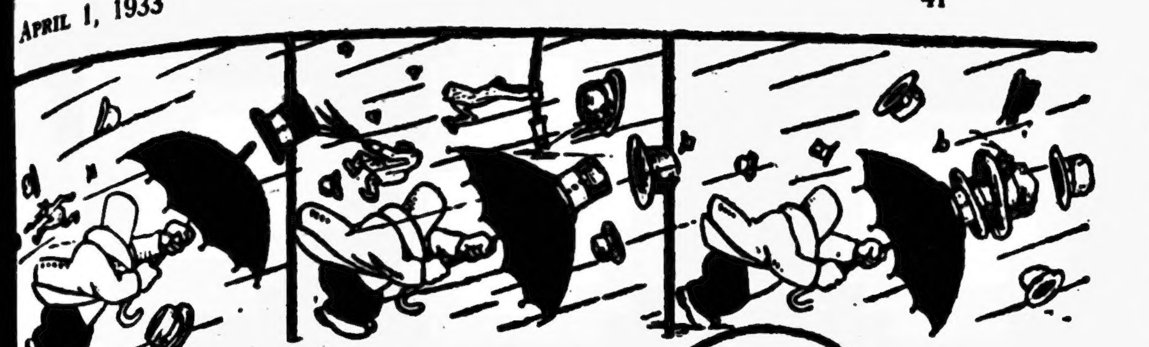

JB-207

NEWSAGENT'S PRIZE.

A special prize of £5 will be awarded to the Newsagent from whom this contest's first prize-winner usually purchases his copy of "John Bull." Should the first prize be shared, the £5 will be divided between shared Newsagents.

BRITISH MUSEUM 11 MAY 33



The Editor Laughs LAST

April Showers on ADAMSON

IF you are troubled by any matter you can obtain free expert advice that will help you. A stamped and addressed envelope is all that you have to send with your query. JOHN BULL does the rest. Write to-day. The replies given on this page to facetious correspondents are for your entertainment.

S. B. (Colchester).—"My wife keeps lim by skipping." Meals?

M. M. (Shiplake).—"A woman always ays." Many grocers beg to differ.

Mrs. C. (Buxton).—"Everybody has a rthstone." For most men it's a grindtone.

T. E. (Ludlow).—"I've written as many ords as Shakespeare." But Shakespeare read.

J. F. L. (Boscombe).—"The good die oung." But they are not always good n Chicago.

E. Y. (Oxford).—"The theatre will cease o exist if it doesn't get a move on." Or movie on.

R. N. (Truro).—"Your paper improves ery week." Yes, but we will publish is as a favour.

W. G. (Dartmoor).—"An open van conying five burglars to prison overturned." hen thieves fall out.

Ronald M. (London).—"I have knocked bout all over the country." So you're door-to-door canvasser, then?

T. N. (Yarmouth).—"I have been turng things over in my mind lately." Including the soil in your garden?

R. G. (Romford).—"What makes a rge party go?" An indignant man in e flat above banging on the floor.

J. M. (Aldershot).—"A thin ear shows at a man has a weak character." And thick ear that he has a weak defence.

R. H. (Preston).—"In a recent American zoo broadcast I got all the animals erfectly." Including your neighbour's at?

Kitty (Goole).—"I told him I wouldn't arry him if he had a thousand pounds the bank." And is he trying hard to t it?

Newly-Wed (Bristol).—"I have asked y husband to be frank and tell me erything." Well, you be generous and lieve it.

V. B. (Wembley).—"Most variety ogrammes are changed every week." me theatres change their plays even icker than that.

B. D. S. (Prestwich).—"The new dialling ephones are a wonderful advancement." s, they even beat the old operators at ing wrong numbers.

N. D. (Leeds).—"I have been on the ge for many years and have never been oed yet." But, then, there are many ople who would not say "boo" to a ose.

G. N. (Bodmin).—"My other is a prosperous bookker." Is there any other nd?

T. N. (Taunton).—"Which your lucky day?" Sunday here is no delivery of ters.

W. C. (Crewe).—"I always istle in face of danger." w long have you been an gine-driver?

Mabel (Surbiton).—"All family object to my ure husband." Perhaps car is only a two-seater.

S. B. (Bolton).—"Why s one seldom see a smart n sitting on a jury?" cause the smart ones get cused.

T. (Hampstead).—"For last time, do you intend r accepting any of my d jokes?" Yes, the first e you send us some.

H. N. (Kettering).—"I find rnalism has its ups and wns." Yes, most of your orts we crumple up and ow down into the w.p.b.

R. M. (Hitchin).—"What is more likely to spell disaster than over-confidence?" D-i-s-a-s-t-e-r.

Acrobat (Bow).—"I entertain theatre queues and make over £4 a week." That's not a bad turnover.

D. G. (Leicester).—"Whatever will the supporters of the losers in the Cup Final say?" What a team!

S. H. (Bedford).—"The modern domestic servant has plenty of intelligence." Travel broadens the mind.

Motorist (Leeds).—"Every car has its moods." Just so; no car will run downhill unless it feels inclined.

W. A. (Chelsea).—"The modern poet does not look like a poet." And he doesn't write like one, either.

Tom S. (Hanwell).—"Having eaten a hearty meal, I'm afraid I can't write very much." You should eat more.

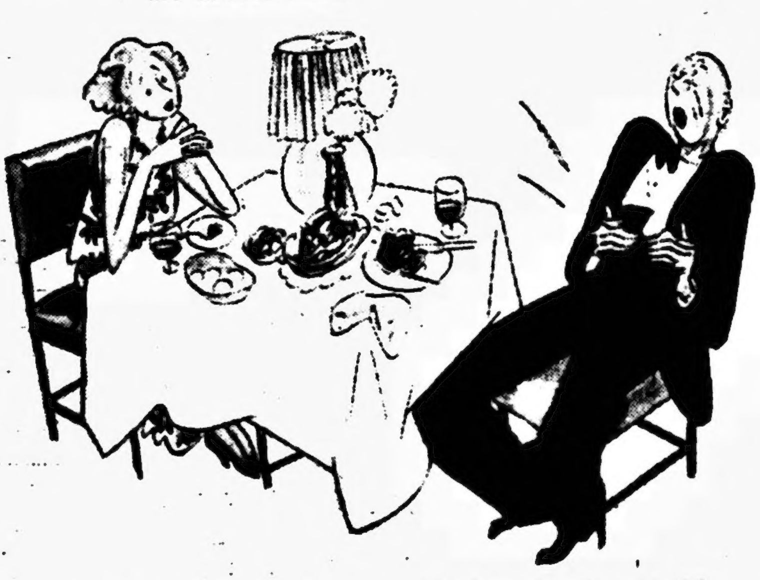
E. D. (Southampton).—"A schoolboy in America recently married his teacher." Now she'll teach him something.

G. M. (Grendon).—"Good looks can often be marred by incorrect speech." Especially if it is addressed to a bigger man.

Alice (Andover).—I wonder why she laughed when I showed her my engagement ring?" Perhaps she recognised it.

M. M. (Fleetwood).—"A German scientist is going to try again to turn a he-goat into a youth by black magic." The average maiden, however, needs no magic to turn a youth into a goat.

Traveller (Mayfair).—"I have seldom heard an amateur vocalist singing at a ship's concert without wanting to throw something at him." That is probably why, on most ships, the chairs and tables are screwed down.



N. C. (Thornbury).—*"What books would you say had brought most trouble to man?" Cookery books.*

R. B. (Ayr).—"What makes pessimism suddenly change into optimism?" The non-arrival of one of your letters.

H. J. (Dumfries).—"What is a complete spring outfit worth to the average married woman?" Oh, about six sulks, four good tiffs, and a couple of cries.

G. S. (Margate).—"A Berlin couple who met in a night-club at four a.m. were married at noon and had separated by dinner-time." Now then, Hollywood!

Scientist (Glasgow).—"Dropping broken ice on clouds can produce rain." But what's wrong with the much simpler method of booking holiday accommodation for Easter?

F. H. (Sutton).—"It costs me £1,000 a year to live." It hardly seems worth the expense.

N. R. (Manchester).—"Englishmen will never submit to a dictator." Still, most of them get married.

J. L. T. (Worthing).—"I'm putting something away for a rainy day." Yes, summer will soon be here.

L. G. I. (Dulwich).—"The modern girl is going from bad to worse." Then she should be coming your way soon?

R. N. (Reading).—"I am giving up big game hunting in order to get married." Well, we suppose you know best.

B. N. (Dartford).—"When I showed the enclosed drawings to my baby son he clapped his hands." Over his eyes?

F. M. (Morden).—"A recently excavated coin has the same design on both sides." Nobody can make head or tail of it.

Composer (Swansea).—"My music will be heard long after you are gone." That is something we have to be thankful for.

A. D. (Dawlish).—"Few comedians compose their own patter." Then they are not so much to blame as we thought.

E. L. (Ealing).—"In parts of the South Seas sugar is used as money." The stuff melts quickly in this country, too.

D. S. (Coatbridge).—"Politicians seem to have an excuse for everything." Except living.

E. B. (Lyme Regis).—"Congratulations on your new 3-in-1 *Bullets Bulletin*." If you want our congratulations on securing another 3-in-1 prize, be quick with your entry for *Bullets* Record Offer—see pages 42 and 43.

Tailor (Southall).—"I send demands in verse to my defaulting customers." If that doesn't make them pay up, nothing will.

P. N. (Finsbury Park).—"Some warm water should be drunk before every meal." It's called soup at many restaurants.

Miss A. (Elgin).—"I am sending you my latest portrait. Is my face exceptional or is it my imagination?" Your face isn't; we know nothing about your imagination.

Miss H. (Perth).—"A French girl who shot a wealthy bachelor recently pleaded insanity." Any girl who shoots a wealthy bachelor these days is insane.

Miss D. (Everton).—"I sang six times at the farewell concert we gave to our vicar who is going abroad." That should make his going easier for him to bear.

T. M. (Retford).—"What's up with the English climate?" Umbrellas, generally.

F. T. (Ealing).—"A music-hall escapologist has become engaged to a widow." Let him try to wriggle out of that!

H. M. (Glasgow).—"Wireless has added hundreds of words to our language." We have a lot of trouble with our set, too.

T. L. (St. Annes).—"I have sold my dog, and he leaves a gap that cannot be filled." Our wretched hound has been tearing up our bulbs, too.

J. L. (Hampstead).—"Matrimony has lifted many a back-row chorus girl out of the rut." And given her her first big speaking part!

W. S. (Paisley).—"The most welcome sick-bed visitor is the man who possesses a cheery grin and a pleasant voice." Not to mention a keen dislike of grapes.

YOUR GREAT CHANCE!
John Bull's £1,250 CROSSWORD
It's SOLVED FOR YOU
in this week's issue of
The Leader
The Paper that
NEVER MISSES AN ALTERNATIVE

WHY let an overlooked alternative spoil your chance of winning the magnificent crossword prize offered by JOHN BULL this week? Before posting in your entries, check up with a reliable solution given in THE LEADER—on sale NOW at all newsagents.

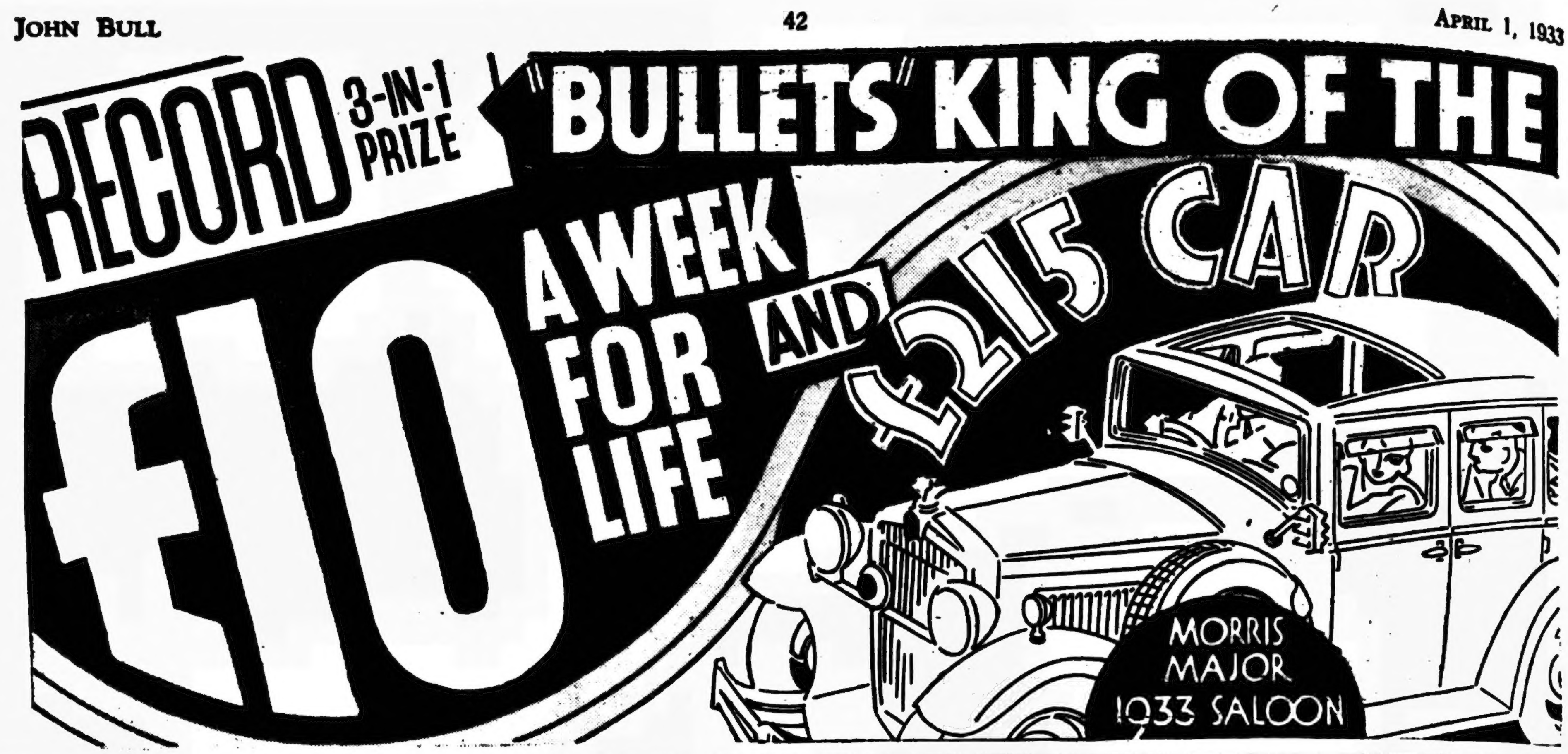
BULLETS £5250

You will also find pages of advice to help you win this week's gigantic "Bullets" offer, together with further coupons which you may use for your lines. No other paper provides so much assistance.

"JOHN BULL'S" RECENT £3,000 X-WORD WINNER READ THE LEADER FOR SIX YEARS!

Once you have seen a copy of THE LEADER you will realise why its sales are far in front of those claimed by any other competition-solving paper. Every newsagent sells it

Now on Sale 2d
ALL NEWSAGENTS



Enter by Saturday, April 8 for this Mighty Prize!

THIS copy of JOHN BULL brings you one last opportunity of entering for *Bullets* King of the Giants. Here is the final offer of a Record three-in-one First which eclipses all others in the long history of our famous competition.

The coupons provided will be useless to you after Saturday, April 8. But if you have made your entry by that date, it may be to you that JOHN BULL's thrilling First Prize telegram will flash on Friday, April 21.

To the man or woman who enters the best *Bullet* that magic message will bring lifelong ease and independence. It will herald the arrival of an unparalleled prize for a few words, comprising a huge Life Pension of £10 a week, a fortune of £1,000, and a luxurious £215 Motor-car!

You will not be wasting time if you use the next ten minutes to consider all the blessings which a big income for life, a four-figure cheque, and a motor-car would mean to you and yours.

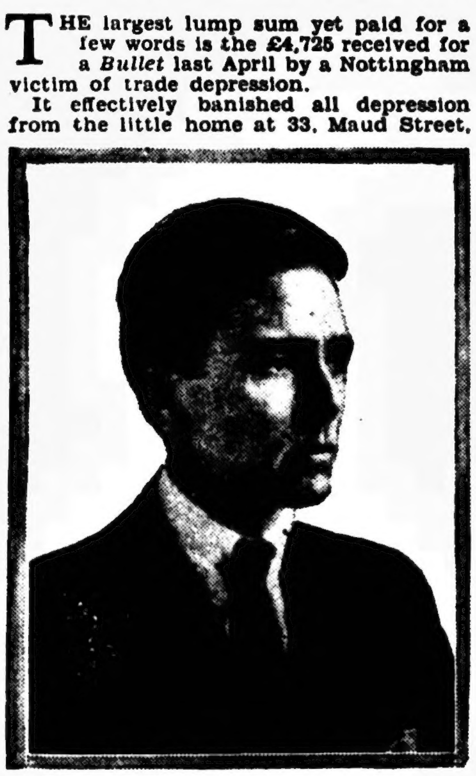
But after those ten minutes, get down to work and, guided by the simple instructions on the opposite page, prepare to soar to *Bullets* fame and fortune.

You will not see this announcement again, so keep these pages carefully, see that the *Bullets* you enter by Saturday, April 8, are the best you can produce and in less than a fortnight you may be declared the winner of the King of the Giants!

YOU CAN BEAT HIS £4,725 RECORD!

THE largest lump sum yet paid for a few words is the £4,725 received for a *Bullet* last April by a Nottingham victim of trade depression.

It effectively banished all depression from the little home at 33, Maud Street, New Basford, where Mr. T. Roberts had been wearily struggling to keep things going, despite long spells of unemployment.



He's independent for life

To-day he and his wife have not a fear for the future. With his huge fortune safely tucked away in securities, Mr. Roberts can snap his fingers at those bogys which used to worry him—and even the Budget does not seem to matter!

His passport to this new world of comfort and security was the coupon he entered for our 845th Contest bearing that inspiring *Bullet*, IF WE WANT PEACE—LET *Meek Greet Meek*.

Mr. Roberts could not tell you himself how he came to think of those telling words, the truth of which becomes clearer every day.

He sat down one evening to enjoy his usual hour or two with *Bullets*, and those words "just came"—just as the words which win this week's stupendous prize may just come to anybody who tackles the *Examples* on the opposite page.

He owed his success, he told a JOHN BULL representative, to two friends. One of them was the friend who introduced him to *Bullets*, the contest which he recognised at once was *the* competition for him.

His other friend was that gay and cheery messenger from Long Acre that brings entertainment and practical guidance to hundreds of readers each Thursday—our free weekly *Bullets Bulletin*. "It is invaluable," were Mr. Roberts' words.

The coupon on this page enables you to secure *Bullets Bulletin* each Thursday, and if you would value free guidance from *Bullets* experts for the next twelve weeks you will be wise to post it off to-night.

In these two pages of JOHN BULL, however, you have all you need to carry off our record 3-in-1 First Prize finally offered this week—a huge Life Pension of £10 a week, £1,000 cash and a £215 Motor-car—or the colossal lump sum of 5,000 Guineas.

You have full instructions for making *Bullets*, a list of winners to study, the *Examples* to work upon and big new coupons for making your entry.

Now it is up to you!

Some man or woman will receive a thrilling telegram on Friday, April 21, bringing the staggering news that they have captured *Bullets* King of the Giants.

It can only be you if by Saturday, April 8, your entry for this historic contest is in our hands.

Treasure these pages, for you will have no further opportunity of winning this monster prize for a few well-chosen words!

OVER £1,300 AWARDED IN COMPETITION No. 885.

FIRST PRIZE £1,000 CASH AND £20 EVERY EASTER FOR LIFE.

Mrs. CLAYTON, 7, Vaughan Road, Wallasey, Cheshire.

Example:—THE RIGHT GIRL
Bullet:—CAN "MAKE HIM ANYTHING."

SECOND PRIZE OF £100:

Mr. T. W. ALLUM, 69, Lorrimore Street, Walworth, S.E.
Example:—On Edge
Bullet:—Father, In Wedding Group.

THIRD PRIZE OF £25:

Mr. R. C. CHARLTON, 23, Aske Road, Redcar, Yorks.
Example:—Upset Sonny
Bullet:—Rather Than Upset Future.
(Entered on "Target" prize coupon.)

10 PRIZES OF £5 EACH:

M. BEVAN, Rose Cottage, Newby, Scarborough.
Science—"Servant" *Giving* "Days Off."

A. D. BONE, 43, Highbury Avenue, Thornton Heath.
Hurtling To Disaster—Mankind—Debts "Locking Steering-wheel."

H. CHARLESWORTH, "Langdon," Bromley Lane, Congleton, Ches.
Science—Marching *Us* To War.

R. CLARK, 55, Parkholme Road, Dalston, E.
Deadly—War Germs—Warn Germany!

A. P. COLLETT, Hollesley, Woodbridge, Suffolk.
Face Of Europe—Geneva Saves, Not Soul.
(Entered on "Target" prize coupon.)

D. D. C. FLANIGAN, 73, Tideswell Road, Eastbourne.
The Dunce—Caning Only Makes Cunning.

S. FOWLER, 11, Rectory Lane, Wallington, Surrey.
Dry Old Stick—Grandpa—Sonny's Favourite "Perch."

W. A. KNOWLES, 4, Lea-Yeat, Lake Road, Kendal.
The Right Girl—"In Tow," My "Tug."

J. A. LUSCOMBE, St. John's College, York.
The Dunce—Stir--Steer—Perhaps "Star."

W. H. PLANT, 72, East Lancashire Road, West Derby, Liverpool.
Sweeping The House—Our Member—Of Members!

10 PRIZES OF £2 10s. EACH:

R. H. BAILEY, 6, Ousecliffe Gardens, York.
Hurtling To Disaster—Unless "Dropping Into Something."
(Entered on "Target" prize coupon.)

W. BANNER, Senr., 61, Dartford Road, Leicester.
Bearing Up—That's "Stoutness" She's *Cultivated*.

E. S. BROWN, Rowton House, Vauxhall, S.W.
The Right Girl—Still "Opening My Letters."

W. COLLETT, 9, Kingsley Avenue, Daventry.
On Edge—Britannia—Then Leaps Chasm.

A. E. DAVEY, 89, Princess May Road, Stoke Newington, N.
Science—Helped *Mend* My "Atom."

R. DAVIS, 5, St. John's Parade, Broxbourne, Herts.
Science—Exact—Thanks To Imagination.

H. GARDNER, 1, Greenlaw Avenue, Paisley.
The Right Girl—"Runs" Me—Races Sonny.

L. GLENDENNING, 39, Carr Lane, Hull.
Sweeping The House—Father, Because He's *Minority*.

Mrs. M. GORE, 115, Alexandra Park Road, Muswell Hill, N.
Upset Sonny—Offered Seat—Offered Knee!

D. LORD, 33, Ashton Grove, Leeds.
The Dunce—Till Tuck-shop Forgot Change.

A list of 25 £1 and 500 2s. 6d. Winners can be seen at these offices.

ALL WINNERS HAVE BEEN NOTIFIED.

NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £10, £5 and £2 respectively will be paid to the Newsagents from whom the winners of the three chief prizes in "Bullets" No. 885 usually purchase "John Bull"

The original cheque for £750 awarded to the First Prize-winner in Competition No. 884 will be displayed in the window of Mrs. Sanderson, Holywell Village, Seaton Delaval, Northumb'l'nd.

"BULLETS" RULES.—1. The First Prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor is the best Bullet received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges. 2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon, and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL, and crossed /& Co./ Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated. 3. The Editor's decision in any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press and their families are not eligible.

3 PAPERS FOR ½d.

For more than 200 weeks that bright little weekly, *Bullets Bulletin*, has been giving competitors practical help to the prize-list.

Now *Passing Show's* new *Complete Courier* and *John Bull's Crossword Gazette* have been incorporated with *Bullets Bulletin*—and still you have only to pay the mere ½d. postage to receive this three-fold budget of invaluable competition hints every Thursday.

POST THIS COUPON TO DAY!

I enclose P.O. value 6d. (crossed "& Co." payable to *John Bull*) to cover postage on 12 consecutive issues of *Bullets Bulletin*, commencing with next available issue.

Name ....

Address ....

Post to: "BULLETIN" DEPT., ODHAMS PRESS LTD., 39, BEDFORD STREET, LONDON, W.C.2.

[*Do not enclose this coupon with "Bullets."*]

GIANTS AWAITS A FEW WORDS!

AND

£1,000 CASH

...OR ONE RECORD LUMP SUM OF

5,000 GUINEAS

ENTER BY SAT APRIL 8

13,068 OTHER PRIZES

£200 | £50 | £40 | £30 | £25 | £20

£18 | £16 | £14 | £12 | £10 | £8 | £6 | 5 of £3

50 of £1 | 1,000 of 2/6 | 2,000 'RED SEAL' TARGETS | 10,000 'TARGETS'

HURRY TO WIN—THIS IS THE WAY!

LET each of the *Examples* below suggest a topic on which to air your views or make some pointed comment. Test the possibilities of them all, for any one may form the basis of the *Bullet* which wins JOHN BULL's Record First.

As you consider each *Example*, jot down all the rough ideas that strike you in close connection with it. Then, taking the best of your rough comments, turn them into TWO, THREE or FOUR words, remembering that a neat connection between *Example* and *Bullet*, plus originality of phrasing, will transform quite an ordinary idea into a brilliant effort.

Suppose, for instance, you were to work on the *Example* PEACEFUL WORLD. Your first rough comment might be *Would Repay Men Who Fought and Died*. This you could readily compress and improve into the finished *Bullet*, PEACEFUL WORLD—REMEMBERING THOSE "MEN ASLEEP."

Now read over carefully the winning *Bullets* on the opposite page, making sure that you fully appreciate their careful phrasing.

Having absorbed these winners, get busy with your own efforts—and remember you have only until Saturday, April 8, to get your entry to Long Acre.

ADD 2, 3 OR 4 WORDS TO ANY "EXAMPLE" BELOW

PEACEFUL WORLD
PROSPERITY FOR ALL
OLD AND NEW
STILL
IN THE DAY'S BATTLE
WITH A SMILE
MAGIC WAND
PLAINLY
HURRY UP, GENEVA
IN FUTURE
A JOB
IF ROOSEVELT'S WISE
THE SEEDS
FROM THE FIRST

THINKING PEOPLE
AMONGST THE DEBRIS
VOICE THAT IS STILL
RISING SUN
DOWN IN THE PIT
RETURNS
FOR LOVE OF HER
WHEN WE LOSE
THE WISER WAY
TO THE LAST
THE HOME TEAM
HIS BEST PAL
BABY'S FIRST

BRISTLING WITH DIFFICULTIES
CAUSE OF THE DEPRESSION
LITTLE BIT OF HEAVEN
FOR SERVICES RENDERED
PANIC IN THE PUB
TO BREAK THE RECORD
SCRAP THOSE GUNS AND
WOMAN WHO'S WAITING
BLOODHOUND OF THE LAW
INTO THE JAWS OF DEATH
TO BRIDGE THE GULF
REINS OF GOVERNMENT
BRITANNIA'S SPRING-CLEANING

ENTRY-FEE.—You must enclose a Postal Order with your entry at the rate of 6d. for each coupon submitted. This should be made payable to "John Bull" and crossed "& Co." Write your name and address with date of posting on the back of the Postal Order.

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET
(888) Closing SAT., April 8
P.O. No. ____________
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on page 42. With 1 Coupon send P.O. for 6d.
Signed ....
Address ....

CUT OUT EACH COUPON SEPARATELY.

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET
(888) Closing SAT., April 8
P.O. No. ____________
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on page 42. With 2 Coupons send P.O. for 1s.
Signed ....
Address ....

NEXT WEEK : **Huge Offer of Cash and Radio Gramophones**

USE THESE BIG NEW COUPONS

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET
(888) Closing SAT., April 8
P.O. No. ____________
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on page 42. With 3 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. 6d.
Signed ....
Address ....

"Bullets" must consist of TWO, THREE or FOUR Words.

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET
(888) Closing SAT., April 8
P.O. No. ____________
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on page 42. With 4 Coupons send P.O. for 2s.
Signed ....
Address ....

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET
(888) Closing SAT., April 8
P.O. No. ....
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on page 42. With 5 Coupons send P.O. for 2s. 6d.
Signed ....
Address ....

Enter full name and address on each coupon.

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET
(888) Closing SAT., April 8
P.O. No. ....
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on page 42. With 6 Coupons send P.O. for 3s.
Signed ....
Address ....

If you wish to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

Address Entry: "Bullets" No. 888, "John Bull," Long Acre, London W.C.2 (Comp.)

NO SOAP. SHAVEX NO BRUSH

REVOLUTION IN SHAVING

Mr. ROBERT LORAINE, the great actor, writes: "I have found 'Shavex' a great improvement on the old soapy creams, and it is splendid for speed, smoothness and keeping the skin in a good condition. It gives me perfect satisfaction."

A FEW years ago "SHAVEX" was unknown, yet it is in every part of the world to-day. Millions are now using "SHAVEX." "SHAVEX" is the most modern and up-to-date method of shaving.

What is more simple than wetting the beard with water, smearing a little "SHAVEX" lightly over the beard, and then shaving? You will get the smoothest, cleanest, and best shave you have ever had and your skin will feel like softest satin. No wrinkles will appear as "SHAVEX" is a skin food. It will also take only quarter of the time required with soap and brush.

The skin, after being shaved with soap and brush, often looks and feels sore, as the soap and brush have taken out all the natural oil and dried up the skin. "SHAVEX" gives the skin natural oils—all the creases smooth out with the use of "SHAVEX." Shavex is without doubt the most perfect method of shaving in the world. Shavex will give you the best shave you have ever had. Your face will keep young, as Shavex is a Skin Food.

All wrinkles disappear with Shavex, as there is no soda in Shavex to dry up the skin. Your skin will feel as smooth as satin, and you will shave in a quarter the time you would take with soap and brush.

Travellers who when on a journey find themselves short of water can always get a perfect shave when carrying "SHAVEX" and look fresh. After being in the sun and wind and the face is rough and sore and you have to shave, nothing is more soothing than a "SHAVEX" shave.

Never before has shaving been made so easy, so rapid and so pleasant. No after lotions are required. Never before have men been given the true secret of youthful looks. "SHAVEX" is a Skin Food, Skin Tonic and Skin Preserver, preventing formation of wrinkles and lines, and keeping away the ravages of time.

Wife: Good heavens Jack—how late you are—we will be too late for the Dinner and Theatre—and you have to shave too!

Jack: Don't worry, Dear, I will be dressed in fifteen minutes. I use Shavex and one shave in the morning lasts me until next day, and my face feels as smooth and as fresh as a daisy. Well so long, Dear, we won't be late—thanks to Shavex.

Mr. BRANSBY WILLIAMS, the famous character actor, writes: "Your 'Shavex' is a marvellous preparation. I have given it a good trial at home and on tour, and find it wonderful. I get a fine, close, comfortable shave, and have a chapped face no more. What a boon for travellers, especially an actor on tour."

SHAVEX
is sold everywhere in
6d., 1/- & 1/6 Tubes and 1/6 Pots

WONDERFUL REDUCTION
SHAVEX SUPER BLADES
of all Chemists and Stores.
ONE BLADE 3d. instead of 4d.
Packet of 5 Blades 1/3.

SEND THIS COUPON TO-DAY FOR FREE SAMPLE TUBE OF SHAVEX

Cut out this Coupon, attach it to a piece of paper on which your name and address are written plainly, and send with a 2d. stamp to the Shavex Zee-Kol Co., Ltd., (Dept R/11), 40, Blenheim Road, Upper Holloway, London, N.19.

SKIN DISEASES

Cured in a Night

WE HAVE A ROOM FULL OF TESTIMONIALS.

Many may promise a wonderful cure there is nothing like Zee-kol. Beware of imitations.

ECZEMA.
"I suffered from Eczema all over my face and body. I applied Zee-Kol and in three days the Eczema had gone."

VARICOSE AND OTHER ULCERS.
"For years I could not walk with Ulcerated Leg. Zee-Kol cured it in a week."

ABSCESSES.
Zee-Kol instantly draws out all inflammation and the abscess is healed in twenty-four hours.

ERYSIPELAS.
This alarming skin affection will disappear in a few days with Zee-Kol applied night and morning. Its effect is marvellous.

Zee-Kol is, without doubt, the most wonderful skin remedy of all time. The cruellest Skin Diseases, such as Ulcers, Eczema, Abscesses, Erysipelas, etc., are rapidly and completely banished. And Pimples, Blackheads, Boils, Rashes, etc., disappear like magic. Never was known any remedy like Zee-Kol. Where it touches, the skin takes on a finer and healthier glow. It destroys everything unhealthy to the skin. No skin disease can resist it. Forget it being a Patent Medicine. This is the only way we have of letting the world know of Zee-Kol's marvellous power of skin healing. We are supplying the big London Skin Hospitals, for there is nothing in the world to compare with Zee-Kol. Do not hesitate. Go straight to your chemist and get a box of Zee-Kol and rest absolutely assured that your skin trouble will speedily be banished. Zee-Kol cures in record time, Eczema, all kinds of Ulcers, Hæmorrhoids, Chilblains, Bad Legs, Severe Burns, etc.

ZEE-KOL

4 FREE GIFTS COUPON

For sample of ZEE-KOL Ointment and Pills send 2d. stamp for postage. If sample of ZEE-KOL Medicated Soap and Doge Face Cream are also desired, send 4d. for postage and packing. Write to the **Shavex Zee-Kol Co., Ltd. (Dept. Z.K. 18), 40, Blenheim Road, London, N.19.** Of all chemists: Zee-Kol Ointment at 1/3 or a large tin 3/-.

BURNS.
Zee-Kol takes all pain away and no blister will form.

BOILS, ETC.
Boils cannot resist the wonderful healing properties of Zee-Kol, and in two days they disappear.

PIMPLES AND BLACKHEADS.
"I always had Blackheads and pimples. Zee-Kol cured them in a night—they vanished."

LUMBAGO, STIFF JOINTS, ETC.
Splendid for Stiff Joints rubbed in gently by the fire, and for Rheumatism.

ALMOND OIL ZEE-KOL TOILET SOAP

Beautiful and Talented Woman's Evidence that it CREATES BEAUTY AND PRESERVES BEAUTY

A revelation in transforming the worst skin in three nights into a most beautiful satiny and peach-like complexion.

Never before has a soap of this description been given to the public. It is made of the purest oils.

This is the wholesale price of the material used in most of the advertised soaps. Compare this price to Almond Oil, which is 5/6 per lb. and which is used in Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap.

PALM OIL
costs 4d. per lb.

ALMOND OIL
costs 5/6 per lb.

Now it is easily seen why Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap is the most expensive to make, as it is very rare to get Almond Oil in a soap at all. The price of Almond Oil will prove to everyone that there is no soap in the world so marvellous as Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap.

Jack: "You are really the most glorious creature under the sun, Neda, and I am not the only one who thinks so. All the evening people have been gazing up at our box looking at you."

Neda: "You are most ridiculous, you know I am no longer young, Many think I am only 26, but I shall be 44 next month. I study the soap I use. All my life I have only used cream to cleanse my face. The ordinary soap has a lot of soda, so I found a marvellous soap called Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap, and it is perfect for my skin. It is composed of Almond Oil and I should advise you, Jack, to use it yourself. It is not 5/- per tablet—only 6d., and has a most delightful perfume, and this is the secret of my perfect complexion that you admire so much."

It has taken years to know how to blend the oils in this soap, because it is not like other soaps to-day, which are only ordinary soaps. Its oils are a marvellous tonic to the skin. Blended with the most exquisite perfumes, ALMOND OIL has been chosen for this Zee-Kol Super-Toilet Soap. It contains the purest and the most natural oil for the skin. When washing the natural oil is replaced and the skin keeps firm, smooth and beautiful. No ordinary soap can do what Zee-Kol ALMOND Oil Soap does, yet it is sold everywhere to-day at half its former price—6d. instead of 1/-. Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap is a perfect Shampoo. All dandruff disappears and the hair shines with health.

1/- LARGE TABLET NOW 6d.

Obtainable from all Chemists and Stores or direct from
SHAVEX ZEE-KOL CO., Ltd.
(Dept. S.14),
40, Blenheim Road,
Upper Holloway, N.19.

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